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VOL. VII PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT VANCOUVER, B. C. NO. 8

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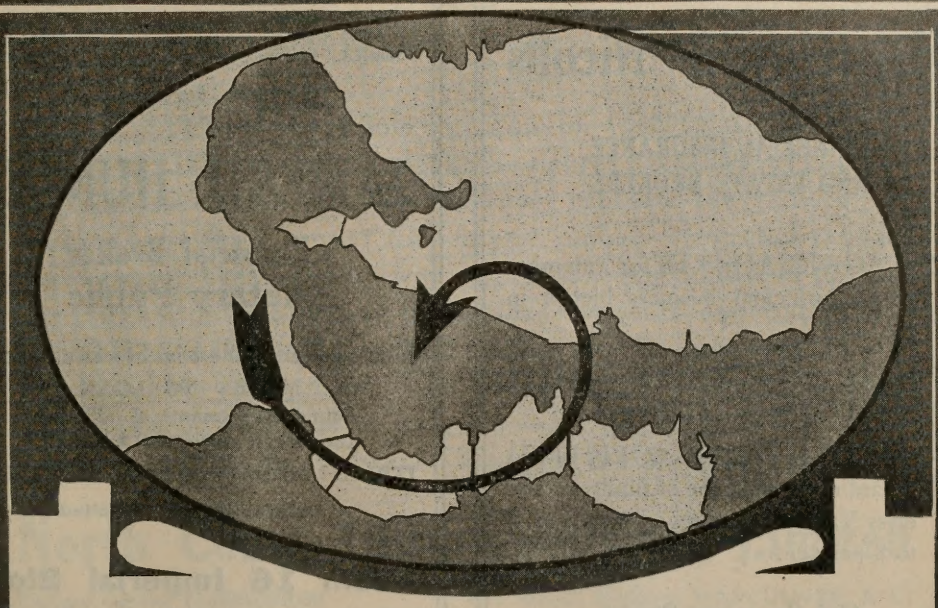

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY MAN-TO-MAN)

VOL. VII

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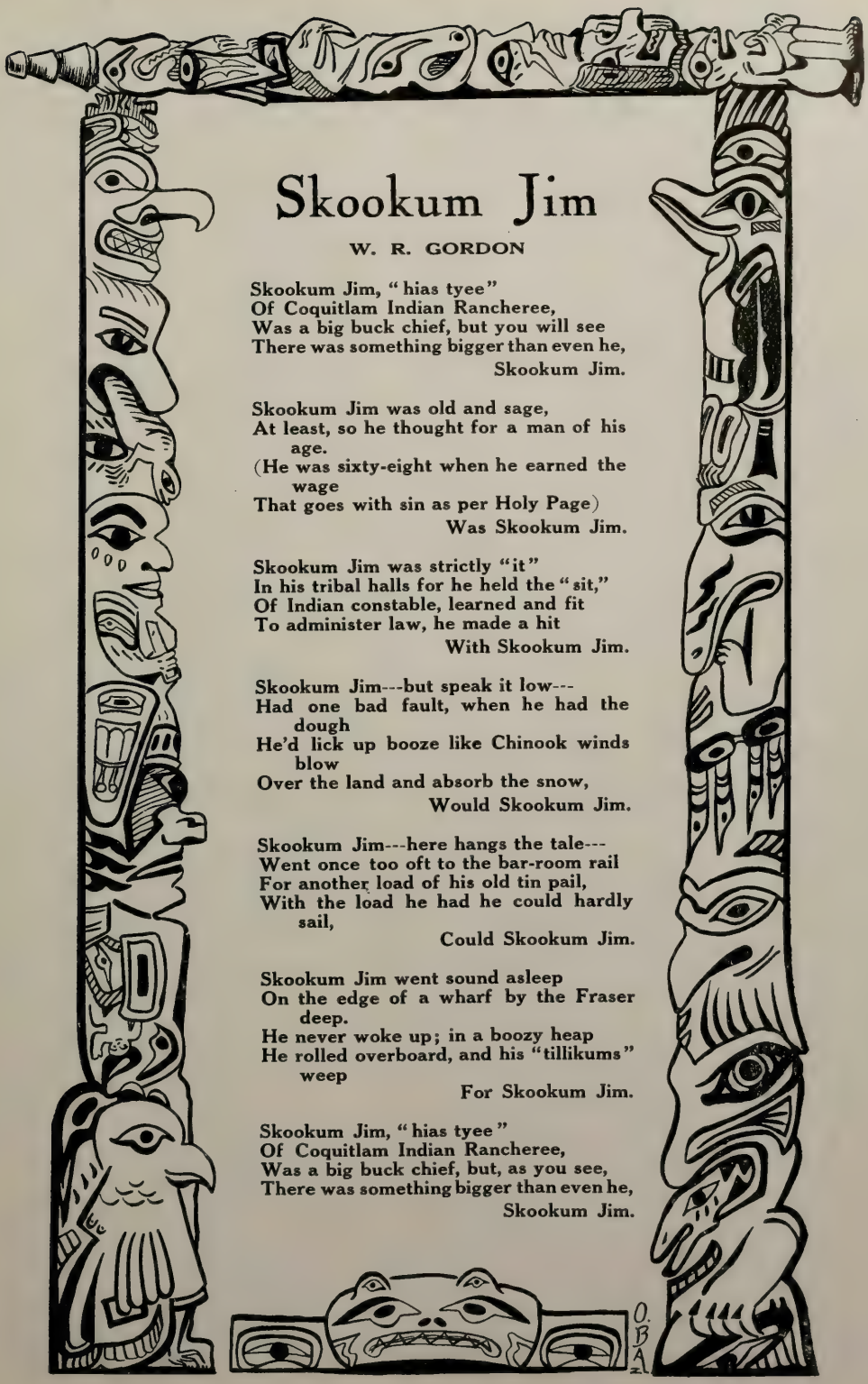


Skookum Jim

W. R. GORDON

Skookum Jim, "hias tyee"
Of Coquitlam Indian Rancheree,
Was a big buck chief, but you will see
There was something bigger than even he,
Skookum Jim.

Skookum Jim was old and sage,
At least, so he thought for a man of his age.
(He was sixty-eight when he earned the wage
That goes with sin as per Holy Page)
Was Skookum Jim.

Skookum Jim was strictly "it"
In his tribal halls for he held the "sit,"
Of Indian constable, learned and fit
To administer law, he made a hit
With Skookum Jim.

Skookum Jim---but speak it low---
Had one bad fault, when he had the dough
He'd lick up booze like Chinook winds blow
Over the land and absorb the snow,
Would Skookum Jim.

Skookum Jim---here hangs the tale---
Went once too oft to the bar-room rail
For another load of his old tin pail,
With the load he had he could hardly sail,
Could Skookum Jim.

Skookum Jim went sound asleep
On the edge of a wharf by the Fraser deep.
He never woke up; in a boozy heap
He rolled overboard, and his "tillikums" weep
For Skookum Jim.

Skookum Jim, "hias tyee"
Of Coquitlam Indian Rancheree,
Was a big buck chief, but, as you see,
There was something bigger than even he,
Skookum Jim.

BEAUTIFUL GOLDSTREAM, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

The Greatest work of the Greatest River

By J. H. Grant

WE cannot estimate the importance of the Fraser River to the province of British Columbia. It wouldn't do us any good if we could. At the least, we know that it has ever been the highway upon which travelled the trade between coast land and "up country." From time unreckoned it bore the tribes and sachems from mountain fastnesses to the Pacific shores, where they met the Squamish tribes and fought or traded as their humor dictated.

But all this time, and for ages before, the great river was doing a greater work. Its headwaters and tributaries filched rock particles from miles of mountains, while its spring floods tore soil and vegetation from the valleys in its course. All this material the turbulent racing stream bore down to its mouth to build up new lands.

Thirty years ago these delta lands were great swampy tracts partly submerged and overgrown with coarse grass and rushes, where thousands of wild fowl bred and disported; now they are—but wait.

The Delta municipality includes about 40,000 acres. Within this area, besides the Delta proper, lie Crescent and Westham Islands, the latter being separated from the main delta by a branch of the Fraser known as Canoe Pass. About twenty miles of dyking, built at a cost of $115,000, protect these lands from the ravages of the sea and the great river that gave them birth.

If you wish to see this district at its best, visit it some day in June. Go via Steveston and take Captain Brewster's little steamboat, the "New Delta," across the Fraser's mouth. It is six miles from Steveston to Ladner, the chief landing on the main delta, and you have ample time to view the prospect from the steamer's deck. A soft shade of mauve is on the water's surface, and a calm stillness. You can scarcely conceive of this sleeping water being the same that tore up by root those giant trees even now reposing helpless upon those sandbanks and beaches. To the northeast and south purple mountains pillar the horizon and seem to circle admiringly about Mount Baker, while that mighty pyramid of white bores the blue of the sky. To the west, passing steamers trail black smoke wreaths across the open

GIANT TREES REPOSING HELPLESS UPON THE SANDBARS AND BEACHES

sea, while all about you in the river's mouth lie the verdant delta lands, like great flakes of green fallen from the jaws of some sleeping monster.

It takes three-quarters of an hour to make the trip on the "New Delta," and much less to see the principal sights of the city of Ladner. Immediately outside the town you will notice numerous small farms or gardens of from one to ten acres. Everything about them, from the straggling fence of pickets to the gnarled yellow workmen, bespeaks the Orient. Chinese gardens there, and gardeners. The ground does not belong to the gardeners; they rent it at the rate of from thirty to forty dollars per acre per annum. High as this rent may seem, the Orientals make gardening pay, and pay well. An acre of this ground has been known to produce twenty-six tons of potatoes, and twenty tons to the acre is a common crop. Some white men as well as Chinamen make a business of raising new potatoes for the early market. For these they receive usually about one hundred dollars per ton, and as soon as the crop is gathered the ground is sown with turnip seed.

Getting out beyond the circle of Chinese gardens, the fields green and broaden. All the air is heavy with a sweet odor. It rises with the song of birds and the buzz of bees from acres and acres of blossoming clover. These are the Delta farmers' hay fields, and hay is one of his principal crops. Of timothy and clover mixed he often cuts five tons to the acre, after having pastured his stock on the meadow until about the 24th of May. I told some farmers on the northwest prairies of a man I knew on the Delta who in July cut thirteen tons of hay from two and one-half acres, and later cut enough second growth from the same land to feed three head of stock over winter. They looked at me with mingled pity and incredulity. At the end of a three minutes' silence one of them said: "Say, young man, tell that to them as'll believe it. Us fellas knows better."

A DELTA FARMER'S HOME

FISHERMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES FROM THE LAKES OF DISTANT AUSTRIA

Oats is another staple produce, and the yield of this grain sounds like a fairy tale to the farmers of other provinces. One hundred and twenty bushels to the acre is a common crop, and sometimes the tally shows as high as one hundred and eighty.

Notice those fine herds of dairy cows grazing in the green fields. They are mostly of the Holstein and Ayrshire breeds. Last year the Delta shipped about 125,000 cans of milk, and the capacity of these milk cans averages fifteen gallons. See the flocks of poultry in every farmyard! Ducks and geese are there without number. The many ditches which drain the land and which can be filled at will from the river during high-tide afford excellent resorts for these birds.

The average farmer of the Delta is wealthy and wears a contented smile. When real-estate men come down from Vancouver and offer him $300 per acre for his farm, he fills and lights his pipe with great deliberation, and then, to the utter dismay of the expectant vendors, he drawls, "I guess we can't talk business at that figure, friends." The truth of the matter is that he doesn't want to sell at all. Why should he? He is making a capital living at the best occupation under the sun. He grows his own fruit, vegetables and beef, and be it known Delta-fed beef is considered second to none. His bees gather him a liberal supply of honey from his own broad acres of clover. His wood costs him nothing. The old Fraser, not content with having formed these rich lands, still heaps favors upon them. Miles of drift-logs, torn from "up country" shores or wrenched from the rafts of unfortunate loggers, lie bleaching in the sun along the outer dykes. Hither when he wants fuel the farmer repairs and, selecting that which best suits him, loads his wagon.

The Indian reservation at Cheewacin is situated where the land of delta formation joins the rock and sandy beaches of the former shore. The homes here are neat and comfortable, for the Indian, foreign to his reputation as progress may be, has shared in the general prosperity. Poultry of every variety run about their yards in plenty. Large droves of pigs may be seen feeding far out on the sand bars in front of the reservation. These have formed the unique habit of waiting for the full tide of evening and swimming tranquilly home upon it. Many of the Indians do considerable farming and own some splendid horses and cattle. In the native burying ground at Cheewacin neat mounds and costly marble slabs have replaced many of the ancient relics of wood.

Like that of most districts in British Columbia, the population of the Delta is cosmopolitan. Chinese, Japanese, Indian and white children attend school together, and are often seen ranged side by side on the lacrosse field. If you walk along the shores of Canoe Pass you will notice numerous scow-houses pulled up just beyond reach of the waves. In these dwell fishermen and their families from the lakes of distant Austria. Just across the bridge on the Westham Island shore are several salmon canneries, and about these live Swedish foremen and managers. Prominent among them is Mr. Paul Swenson, a pioneer in the cannery business of British Columbia, and the inventor of some adequate devices in the line of cannery machinery. On Westham Island also lives one of British Columbia's oldest pioneers, in the person of

BOAT BUILDING ON THE DELTA

A FIVE-TON-TO-THE-ACRE CROP OF CLOVER, JUNE 5

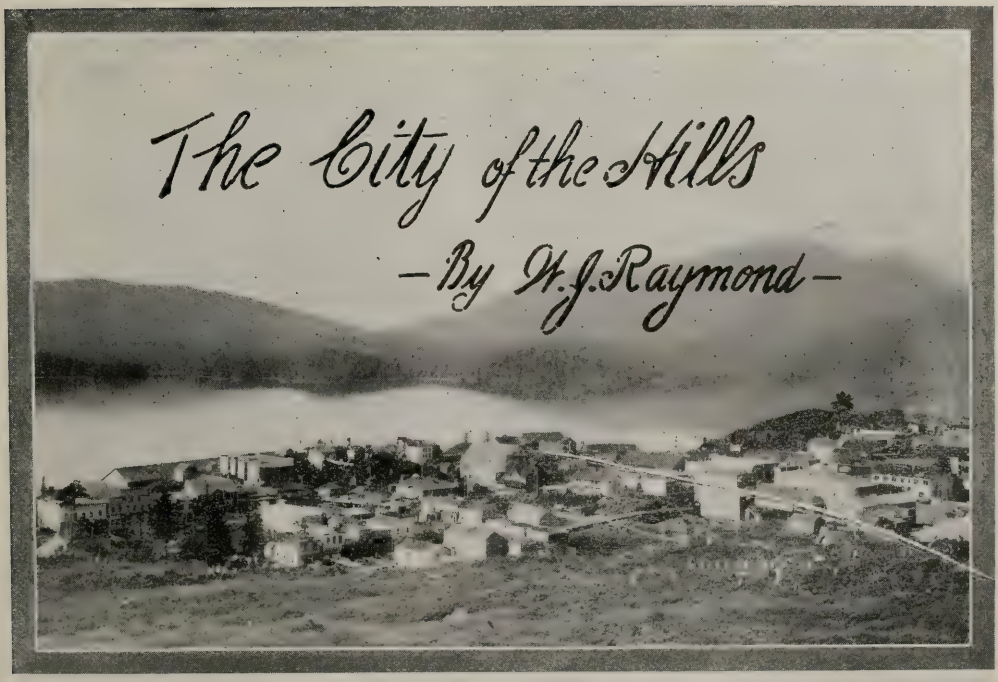
THE BRIDGE ACROSS CANOE PASS

Mr. Trim. He came to the province from San Francisco about '62, and since that time has travelled over most of it, sometimes as sea captain, sometimes as a prospector, and sometimes in the capacity of Indian agent. Three or four times has land which he staked as homestead or mining claim become townsite. Upon his pre-emption taken in '64 now stands the city of North Vancouver. Mr. Trim believes that his farm on Westham Island will some day be the site of a city.

If, after having wandered among the fields and herds and lawns and orchards, you have a desire to know something of this peerless farming country's school board, trade management, municipal affairs in general, etc., etc., call at the little office on the wharf and enquire of a man named MacDiarmid. He knows.

To appropriate another man's statement, it is impossible to write the truth about the Delta without the article seeming like a boost. Surely the forming of this fertile portion of British Columbia was a work worthy of her greatest river.

MILES OF DRIFT LOGS LIE BLEACHING IN THE SUN AGAINST THE OUTER DYKES



PRINCE RUPERT is the essence of newness and vigor. The Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has no traditions to respect, save those which may be of practical advantage, and the pioneer citizens are alive in every fibre of their being.

A new community is apt to develop petty factions. Prince Rupert has been spared the doubtful advantage of such a possession. Individual differences there are, of course; but when it comes down to what is best for all, everybody thinks alike. There is a feeling here akin to the "spirit" that helped in the making of Seattle. The founders of Prince Rupert believe in team work, and practise it. So when you find about six thousand ardent individuals, each a publicity agent, and all working toward a common end, the place that they call "home" is going to expand. There is reason for the existence of such a spirit. The ocean terminus of a mighty transportation system cannot be obscure. Where keel and steel meet—there must be a city.

Five years ago the townsite was unbroken forest. The waters of Tuck's Inlet were lonely. In a commercial sense nothing disturbed the deep repose of those silent shores. Prince Rupert was unborn. Today the forest has vanished. Wharves, freight sheds, warehouses and railway yards line the waterfront. There's the rattle and bang of discharging cargo, grind of car wheels and clatter of hoofs. Further back on the business avenues plate-glass windows are piled with inviting goods. There are banks, newspapers, theatres, offices, automobiles buzzing, messenger boys on the run. Away up on the tiers of stump-studded hills are spacious dwellings, green lawns, and doubtless some social aspirant giving an At-home. From dusk to dawn electric lights spangle the long avenues.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC TRAIN, NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

WATER-FALL NEAR PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

And only yesterday this area was a sombre wilderness. It is a new mental experience to reflect on it all. Prince Rupert is being built on more hills than Rome ever dared think of. There is a suggestion of Edinburgh about these commanding heights and bluffs—a hint of Montreal when one looks at the pine-robed mountain rising sheer behind the city, and at the limpid sea passage lying in front. Prince Rupert is picturesque. The townsite is a succession of rocky ridges, rolling valleys, abrupt hills and broad slopes. The hoary crests of the Coast Range partly girdle Kaien Island upon which the terminus stands. The outline of islands, Porcher, Dundas and Stephens, rise dimly blue out of the distant sea. The harbor is 14 miles long, safe, deep and land-locked.

Prince Rupert has been misrepresented, particularly regarding the climate. It rains in Prince Rupert, and it also rains in Vancouver, Seattle and Tacoma. The weather is largely similar to what prevails along the southern British Columbia coast and in the Puget Sound country, but with the winter somewhat colder. The summer of 1910 was sunshiny, with wet intervals of anywhere from a day to a week. The sun does not overlook Prince Rupert. There are weeks of cloudless weather, and long, long evenings when it is difficult to know where twilight ends and dawn begins. The summer of 1910 was a season of mingled brightness and showers. In July of this year it was too dry. The haze from burning woods hung over the townsite. Men discarded their coats. The water ran low.

Prince Rupert today has barely commenced. Rough edges and raw corners the city has in abundance. Yet there is rounding into form the nucleus of a real city. A foundation is being laid that will endure. The truth of this is obvious to the most superficial observer. Streets are being blasted out of rock. Homes, and not places of temporary accommodation, are being built.

Within the next year or so the establishment of industries will represent an outlay of millions. There are certain facts about the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus which appeal to business men everywhere. The city is 400 miles nearer Japan than any other point on the continent connected up with a railway. The city is the natural trade centre for all the north, and the shipping of the north Pacific is already beginning to centralize here. A fish and cold storage plant is partially completed at Seal Cove, on the western end of the Island. The cost will be $250,000. In Dixon entrance, just off Prince Rupert, there are the greatest fishing banks known. Surveys are being run at Hays Cove on the harbor front for a dry dock and ship repair plant to cost $2,500,000. At the entrance to the harbor a marine depot is nearing completion, and a quarantine station has already been built. Near Hays Cove a government wharf of reinforced concrete is being

THIRD AVENUE, PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

constructed. A sash and door factory is kept busy filling orders. The installation of a permanent water system, to cost nearly $500,000, will soon start. The public school represents an outlay of $35,000, and another is needed. The general hospital was built at an expense of $30,000.

There are five chartered banks, six churches, and the city owns the light, telephone, water, and sewerage systems.

This will afford an illustration of the substantial character of some of the enterprises and institutions of Prince Rupert. The men who are putting their money here are not philanthropists. They are hard-headed men of affairs, and act accordingly. They realize what the sea-farms of the Pacific, the fruitful soil of the Naas, Lakelse, Nechaco and Bulkley Valleys, the mines of Stewart, Goose Bay and Hazelton, the timber and coal wealth of the Queen Charlotte Islands, all mean to the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

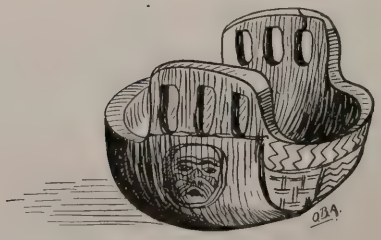
For a hundred miles the rails of the new transcontinental follow the winding Skeena River. There has been a train service since early summer. Spring will see the iron horse in Hazelton two hundred miles toward the east. The roadbed along the Skeena is practically a ledge cut

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

DOCKS, PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.

out of rock. It penetrates a region that only yesterday was a closed book. It is a country of hushed and secluded valleys, rocky peaks veiled in purple haze, gleaming snowfields and murmuring waterfalls. From the scenic standpoint it is an enchanted land—this first one hundred miles out of Prince Rupert. Civilization has arrived, yet commerce and population can never remove the charm and magic of the lower Skeena. It is the dreamland of Canada.

Meanwhile, far back in mountain fastnesses by the Alberta border, an army of toilers labor mightily. They are piercing the backbone of a continent—spiking down a steel spine—closing up the last gaps in the imperial highway known as the Grand Trunk Pacific. Some day, within the next two or three years, there will be an historic ceremony away up among the everlasting hills. Some dignitary will declare the great work finished; the campaign against Nature will end, and the soldiers of industry will disband.



Steveston-by-the-Fraser

By Garnett Weston

TAKE a Steveston car and ride with it until it has carried you to the cannery village by the Fraser. Your ride will take you from nearly all that is familiar, and in the end you will find yourself where the speech of five tongues meets you with a pleasant shock. The explosive gutturals of totem-faced Indians, the harsh words of wandering ex-soldiers of Sikh regiments or sailors from the navy of Nippon, and, running through the babel like the song of a violin, the thin cries of the Chinese, remind you that here is the land where story books are written. Even the English has the oddness of vernacular bred in lone places far from where centralization keeps it pure.

Here are the dream skies of romance, the shaded marionettes of many tales. Here, in bas relief, is the essence of those hard-boiled lines we used to read in a public school geography anent the Fraser River and its salmon. In this village of unpainted buildings are the canneries and the people who work in them. Houses and canneries might be so many shacks and barns, for there is nothing to distinguish them. If you stand outside on the prairie-like land of Lulu Island and look at Steveston there is little to attract you. You will see no trace of the myriads of things that make Steveston one of the strange pictures painted by nameless waifs and tucked away in odd corners of the world.

The big canneries stood silent by the river the day we walked along the sea wall against which the grey suds of the Fraser were forever shivering into spray. The previous night's catch had been poor and the hordes of workers that collected when the canneries opened soon railroaded the few fish into the shining tins. Then they melted away into the jumble of grey sheds bleaching under the sun.

In this little community, which for more than half the year is kept alive by preparation for the "run" of the fish, you can find crude men with the habits and lusts that cling to them until they have climbed far along the scale.

On the streets, where stand the long sheds of the Siwash, you see little brown "kids" kicking in the sand and innocent of clothing. A certain democracy, learned by contact with their far-coming fellow workers in the canneries, has stolen from them their fear of the white man and his camera. When we offered to give each one of them a picture they crowded in with much giggling on the part of the girls and delighted grunts from the men and women. The moment the camera was turned upon them the grins disappeared magically, and only solemn visages looked into the lens of the wonderful black box that makes pictures. An effort to induce one seamed old klootchman to pose for us brought forth an unexpected demonstration. The old hag suddenly sprang towards us crying, "You

WANDERING EX-SOLDIERS OF SIKH REGIMENTS

THE . . . WORKERS . . . RAILROADED THE FISH INTO SHINING CANS

giva me *chikamen?* You giva me *chikamen?"* and her lean fingers clutched and clawed as if already grasping the expected coin. When we refused she went gabbling into her shed, while the "group," carefully "staged" by the Artist, broke into shouts of laughter and derision, whether at us or the disappointed old klootch I cannot say. During the whole time we remained in the street her bitter squalling continued to volley through the doorway at our conscious selves.

As we wandered along, looking through doorways into one-roomed family abodes, the Artist stopped to comment on a wooden-faced baby, with cheeks hanging down from either jaw, giving the head a very ludicrous effect. "You gottum nice baby," ventured he, amiably, and was rewarded with a grateful smile from the mother seated eastern fashion on the doorstep. As for me, I could think of nothing but that brazen flattery of the Artist.

The floor of the interior of these one-roomed houses is littered with blankets, furniture, cooking tins, fish gear, carnival masks, and usually three or four dogs. Over the doorway is a board with "L 1356," or whatever happens to be the number of the boat in which the man goes out to meet the salmon coming in from the sea. If a boat is found bottom up, its number is taken and the inhabitants of the shack with a similar number are notified that the man will never come home. Looking under the low-browed arch you meet the sullen eyes of Mary-Nokum, whose man went into the river waters many years ago, and who has lived with her son-in-law ever since.

Farther on we were accosted by a plank-faced Siwash who, seeing the Artist busy with his ever-ready sketch book, demanded, "You makum picture me and house? What um dolla?" The Artist lost not only a good customer but also a chance of fame by staring at the would-be founder of a family gallery until he turned disgustedly away.

At the end of the street we came upon numbers of long reeds drying in the sun. "Sun dry um. Bime-by make um mat." We passed on, leaving behind the shrill barks of the dogs and harsh voices of the Siwash, until we found ourselves in a street where all the faces were Chinese, and where the voices made music out of the notes of a chromatic scale. Numbers of Chinese sat cross-legged in the sun eating "chuck" from black bowls with chop-sticks. Others lay

CHINESE PIPES ARE USUALLY COMPLICATED AFFAIRS

loosely on their backs and slept. Some half dozen were enjoying (though to my mind the word should be enduring) a smoke. Chinese pipes are usually complicated affairs, and the instrument which circled among the smokers was certainly unique. The stem was large enough to cover the entire mouth, so that the lips went inside instead of out. The bowl was a tiny pipe about the size of a pencil, which sprouted from the main tube like a young twig. The smoker placed a pinch of tobacco in the bowl and ignited it with a burning stick taken from a small iron furnace. Two or three puffs ended the smoke. The lower part of the main tube being filled with water, the next smoker simply blew down the stem, forcing a jet through the smaller pipe, extinguishing the fire and expelling the burnt tobacco. In this tedious manner the pipe went back and forth among the group. They seemed as harmless as happy children. I wondered how many of them had been in at the death of the policeman who disappeared two years ago, and whose body was found buried under a tree on the south bank of the Fraser. He had raided one of their submerged gambling hells, and for the privilege of seeing its blackness with the high-lights of guttering candles and olive faces, he gave his life. A few days later he was missing, and three months went by before a hunter's dog uncovered the body in a lonely spot on the Fraser's bank.

Farther on we passed the Japanese houses, which were neat and clean as pins, but which smelled vilely for all that. The Japanese never can rid their stores and houses of the strong odors engendered by their native foods and wares, which come to them wrapped in matting redolent with aromatic smells from the hold of ocean vessels.

The dainty Japanese women passed us with their babies fastened to their backs. Perhaps the constant banging of their little noses against the mother's back has something to do with the flatness afterwards developed in that feature. The men, short chunks of knotty Nipponese, who run their fish boats into the tumbling waste of grey waters at the Fraser's mouth, promptly for-

DAINTY JAPANESE WOMEN PASSED . . . WITH THEIR BABIES ON THEIR BACKS

got their English when we spoke to them. When the Artist would have used his pencil they turned their backs with stolid indifference.

As we climbed on to the platform of the British Columbia Electric's little green station to wait for the car which was to carry us back to real life as we knew it, the afternoon sun was shining on the fields of Lulu Island. The smells of hay and clover blew in from level distances. Only the melting blue clouds low on the horizon reminded us of the mountains which would climb up out of the earth when we travelled towards Vancouver. As the car passed through the fertile farm lands, the match-box houses of Steveston flattened out like the squares of a checker board, and a sudden turn in the track shut out the grey ribbon of the Fraser.

"The Things That Are Cæsar's"

True Canadian Reciprocity

WHAT CANADA HAS TO GIVE US

By Albert Jay Nock

(From the "American Magazine")

AN attempt at social criticism must risk touching tender spots of prejudice, and without the utmost disinterestedness between writer and reader injustice is inevitable—injustice, I mean, to the subject under consideration. In itself, it is probably not very important that the writer should conciliate the reader, or that the reader should always keep patience with the writer; but it is important that they should both try to look fairly at the situation that seems to offer both of them the chance to learn something.

I travelled in Canada some six thousand miles. Between coast and coast I talked with over two hundred and forty prosperous transplanted Americans—city people mostly, many of them coming from cities that I knew well—Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Toledo. They represented all trades and professions. All were in early middle age, having left the United States at a time of life when sentimental attachments are usually well rooted.

Not one of them as much as asked me one question about his old home.

Among them, for instance, was a photographer who made some pictures for me. I gave him our address, 31 East 17th Street—and he immediately told me that he had worked next door to that address for years.

I hung around his studio until I was ashamed to stay any longer, waiting for him to say something about New York. To make conversation, if nothing else, how natural it would seem for him to say, "Well, I suppose the same old crowd is crossing Union Square about this time of day." Would one not expect at least some little casual allusion, some hint of personal affectional interest in what was going on at his old stamping ground? But nothing of this sort happened.

Occurring once, twice, or half a dozen times, one would think nothing of it. Occurring oftener one would let it go as a curious coincidence. But occurring with unfailing regularity two hundred and forty times, the thing attracts attention.

These men seemed to keep abreast of United States politics and business, but never expressed a jot of intimate personal sentiment or interest. They spoke of the United States as one of us mighty speak of Great Britain, impersonally, disinterestedly, as though they had never set foot there. One would say that the United States bore only a political and commercial interest for them and that she had not engaged their affections or taken any permanent hold upon their patriotic emotions.

My curiosity was still more deeply stirred when I compared their attitude with that of the transplanted Eastern people whom I met in our own Pacific Northwest. These people were not dissatisfied, not homesick. They were happy in their new home and I did not meet one who wanted to go back. But they still kept a little tender spot for Boston or Brooklyn, and voluntarily brought up their old associations and dwelt on them pleasurably.

In every American I met across the line, however, this tender spot seemed to be obliterated. They did not purposely avoid speaking of their old home. To all appearances it was not a disagreeable or painful subject, but one that simply did not occur to them.

I was a good deal puzzled by this experience and I admit somewhat distressed. Like most of my readers I am an American, and

while we have all progressed beyond the unintelligent and miscalled patriotism of "my country, right or wrong," still we dislike to see anything looking like evidence that our civilization does not powerfully and permanently take hold upon those whom it has reared. Perhaps my experience was unique; but even so, since it was an actual experience and remains a matter of fact, will it not bear a little impersonal, disinterested, examination from those of my readers who have been in Canada, and are in a position to discuss my observations and inferences and correct them if they are wrong?

A FORGOTTEN FACTOR

A great English critic once in a private letter passed judgment upon the civilization of the United States, that admirable as it was in many respects it was not interesting, it was without savor and depth, and that savor and depth could not be made up for by any amount of industrial progress or any number of colleges and public libraries. Edmund Burke also made a clearing and illuminating remark in the course of some observations on the sources of true patriotism. "For us to love our country," said Burke, "our country ought to be lovely."

Now is it not possible (I put this forward quite tentatively) that we are really somewhat deficient here, that we have somewhat under-estimated the importance of the element indicated by Burke; and may it not be just this that one feels by the force of contrast with life in Canada? I wish those of my readers who have had competent opportunity to compare life, say, in Ottawa, Victoria or Edmonton, with life in corresponding cities in the United States, would think carefully over this question. My own experience gives an affirmative answer: but in a matter of this kind any one person's experience must necessarily be so limited and superficial that I would prefer to depend on the collective experience of those who have had the same opportunity to judge.

Still, speaking under these corrections and reservations, one may at least outline a comparison. Our civilization undoubtedly, taken first by its more serious side, presents the appearance of being primarily industrial, wholly feudalistic, built upon the unmodified right of private property, and withholding all natural opportunity from the great majority of its citizens. Unfortunately there is not much doubt about this. We are not concerned at present, however, with the question whether that kind of civilization is now or ever was justifiable. We notice but one thing about which there surely can be no doubt, namely, reverting to Burke's phrase, that it is not lovely. Life based on the economic conditions that made our industrial fortunes and our industrial slums, that correlates Mr. Rockefeller with so much involuntary poverty, that made Mr. Carnegie, made our hell-holes—this is not an amiable life. It cannot be. It is overspread with the curse of hardness, and the inevitable penalty that Nature puts upon hardness is hideousness. It has little power of attraction. One's interest in it depends too much on the chance of a cash return. When one puts it aside, it has little fascination for the play of memory.

Then also, taken by its lighter side, our civilization shows the same characteristic that makes one shiver,—its dullness, its immense tedium. One might say with the clever French traveller that our life would be almost bearable if it were not for its pleasures. This is, of course, not strictly true; still from the standpoint of the French, or any people that really knows how to simplify pleasure, it would pass as a just criticism. From Newport to the Tenderloin, from Coney Island to Palm Beach, one never once misses consciousness of the extravagant, laborious and dissatisfying ideal of pleasure that we everywhere set up. Nor is the reason of it far to seek when one surveys the nervous, hard, unintelligent faces in view at the Horse Show, for instance, or notes the strident, undisciplined voices that converse between acts at the Metropolitan or the New Theatre. One asks oneself seriously and in all loyalty to America (in fact, for a disloyal American the question could have no interest), one asks how a civilization that expresses itself in a drama like the plays we all attend, in a literature like the novels we all read, that creates faces like the faces we all see and voices like the voices we all hear,—how this can possibly show itself more interesting by its lighter side than by its serious side. If we are candid with ourselves we must admit that it cannot and does not. I ask again,

therefore, have we not perhaps under-estimated the practical value as a national asset, of a prepossessing, healing amenity in our civilization? I repeat, for the sake of emphasis, the practical value, because I put the question to a strictly practical people.

HOW FOREIGNERS REGARD US

It is well known that foreigners see us chiefly by the side of our political and commercial dexterity—they see us as we appear in Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pierpont Morgan, for example. They everywhere watch the works and ways of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pierpont Morgan and call them our ways. And therein, perhaps, they miss something of the amenity which Vauvenargues calls the true bond of society, even going so far as to say that no society is possible without it. Mr. Roosevelt's policies and Mr. Pierpont Morgan's do not make strongly towards amenity; and foreigners are apt to perceive this.

Well, but we can't shape our life to please foreigners. Very true, no doubt. And it is of quite secondary importance also whether our own citizens who have moved to Canada miss the same quality under a changed perspective. But the matter does primarily concern those of us who remain here. How about our own intimate and spiritual relation to our country? That is the important question. The attitude of cultivated foreigners and the American emigrant into Canada ought to be enough simply to raise the question whether in our own behalf the policies of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pierpont Morgan ought not to be expanded a trifle, in order to allow more scope for amenity. Is our civilization so lovely that we ourselves really love it or can love it? Suppose the turn of fortune carried us to Canada; would we find that our patriotism was an intelligent and stable affection that would remain constant under any sky, or a mere compound of false pride and flatulence that would disappear at the international boundary and never recur to trouble us?

THE FORCE OF SENTIMENT

Let us not underestimate this thing, this power of imagination, sentiment and poetry in the life of a nation. History shows how great a reality it is and how closely it should be reckoned with. France took over the border provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, and held them for a number of years before ceding them back to Germany. A curious social phenomenon appeared. France is Celtic and Catholic, Alsace is Teutonic and Protestant. The provinces had a hard history of conquest and confiscation to forgive and forget. Yet the civilization of France exercised such an irresistible power of attraction upon these people that when the time came for them to go back to Germany they did not want to go; and ever since they have remained French in spirit and as far as might be, in language.

Again, the poet Spenser in his "View of the State of Ireland," brings in a character named Eudoxus wondering how it was that one brought up in England could possibly endure living in Ireland—and even became so enamored of living there as to forget all about the rich and powerful civilization at home. Then Spenser himself, who held an official position in Ireland, and knew what he was talking about, replies by the mouth of another character, Irenaeus, that it was indeed unaccountable, but that it often happened.

Here we have testimony to the permanent and satisfying attraction exercised upon alien spirits by the life of a sentimental, quick-witted, amiable people like the French or the Southern Irish. The Alsacians felt this attraction; the English felt it. They were won over and bound by it—and so, to come nearer home, are our emigrants into Canada.

For, judging by my own experience and by inference from the behaviour of the immigrant population, the civilization of Canada is interesting. It is not without faults, and those faults are not our faults. But all other considerations aside, Canadian civilization, especially as seen in its cities and towns, has a quality that ours has not—it has amenity, it is *amiable*. One loves it because it is lovely. It has an air of solvency, simplicity and depth of purpose that powerfully engages the human spirit by the side of sentiment and imagination. And, as I have said, our former citizens seem to find it so.

If my observations are correct, and I put them forward with all possible

(*Continued on Page 809*)

Fish Hatcheries of British Columbia

By Aileen McClughan

LONG before the discoverer of America was born, and before the modern commercialism which has overrun this new continent was even heard of, Nature was busy with British Columbia, making it a place which the money-making white man would be glad to discover. It was then that the first yearly growth-rings were laid upon the forest giants which were to form the timber wealth of the country. The rich mineral-bearing dykes had long since seethed up out of the bowels of the earth. Not the least of the riches which Nature was preparing were the great swarms of blue-black and silver sockeyes which even then must have filled the rivers every summer on their way up to the spawning grounds. The little fishes were hatched and drifted out to the great ocean, to return four years later to the place of their birth, where they in turn were destined to give up their lives in the propagation of their species. Doubtless, too, in those far-off days must have occurred that first "big year," the progenitor of all the "big years" to follow.

The human enemies of the salmon in those days must have been much less terrible than their other winged or finny foes. The aboriginal inhabitant of British Columbia lived in the vicinity of his fish supply or migrated to it periodically, took what was necessary for his needs, and was satisfied. Consequently the king of fish flourished greatly, not knowing that the Fates had arranged for the advent of the salmon packer, who was to catch him in many strange and disconcerting ways, cut him up, cook him with intense heat, place him in tins hermetically sealed, and make him an honored name in all the shop windows of the world.

When the aforesaid salmon packer finally arrived, in the year 1876, he found the Pacific coast salmon equalling in quality and far exceeding in quantity the similar fish of Atlantic or European waters. Here was a source of wealth like to that of an Eldorado or Bonanza, and he proceeded to avail himself thereof. Salmon were taken by the million yearly, and huge fortunes were coined on the banks of the Fraser and the Skeena.

Today the salmon packer is sitting down to seriously consider whether Nature, after all, in those far-off days had planned for him an inexhaustible source of wealth from which he might take all and give nothing in return. The figures which confront him are illuminating.

In the year 1901, when the salmon industry in British Columbia was at its zenith, the total pack was 1,236,156 cases, valued at $5,986,000, and representing 12,500,000 individual salmon, with a total weight of 60,000,000 pounds.

From the descendants of such salmon as managed to reach the spawning grounds in 1901 came the next big year in 1905, with a total pack of 1,167,460 cases, considerably less than that of 1901. In the following big year, 1909, the decrease in the pack was still more serious, the total being only 967,920 cases, or over a quarter of a million cases less than the pack of 1901. The fisherman ten years ago, by throwing out one-fourth of his net once

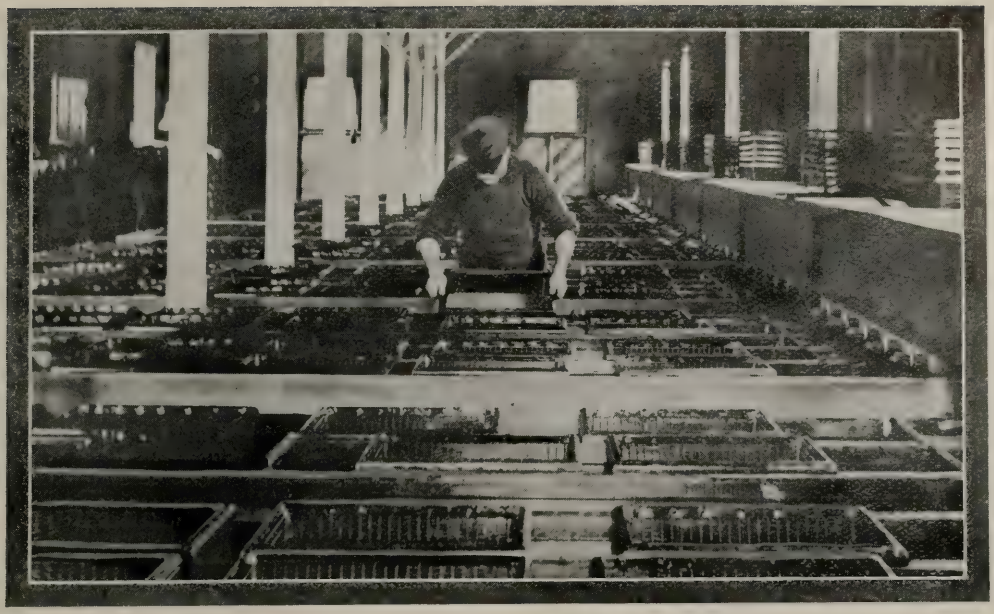
AN INDIAN FISH-TRAP

during the twenty-four hours, could catch more salmon than any cannery could be got to accept even as a gift, and thousands of dead salmon were thrown back into the water or left lying on the banks. Today the canning facilities are considerably in excess of the catch.

Even now the annual catch of salmon would be considered remarkable if taken in any waters other than those of British Columbia. Yet the decrease has been sufficiently great to cause not only the governments, but the packers themselves, to pause and consider. The full significance of the falling-off can be realized only when it is remembered that since 1901 the price of salmon and the demand for it have increased; also that the fishing area has been greatly extended, seeing that in 1905 the Canadian authorities sanctioned the use of traps in the waters of the Gulf, and that numbers of them have been established at Boundary Bay and off the coast of the Island beyond Victoria.

It is these facts that are causing, not only the Dominion government, but also the provincial government and the salmon packers themselves, to consider so seriously the question of salmon propagation. At the present time eight hatcheries are being operated by the federal government, one by the provincial government, and one by the British Columbia Packers' Association. The salmon hatchery is by no means a novelty in British Columbia. The Fraser River hatchery at Bon Accord, about three miles above New Westminster, dates back to the year 1884. Since that time similar institutions on the headwaters of the Fraser have been established at Granite Creek, near Tappen Siding, at Harrison Lake, at Lillooet, and at Stuart Lake. The fisheries of the Skeena are being replenished by the hatcheries at Lakelse Lake and at Babine Lake. The federal government also operates a hatchery at Rivers Inlet. The provincial fisheries department's hatchery is situated at Seaton Lake, in the Lillooet district, and a hatchery owned and operated by the British Columbia Packers' Associa-

HARRISON LAKE HATCHERY, 1905



DOMINION GOVERNMENT HATCHERIES, LAKELSE, SKEENA RIVER, CAPACITY 4,000,000

tion has its situation at Nimpkish Lake, on Vancouver Island, some distance inland from Alert Bay.

About 80,000,000 fry of the British Columbia salmon are liberated yearly in British Columbia waters. The Atlantic salmon is being introduced as an experiment, and about 100,000 imported ova are being hatched yearly at Bon Accord and distributed in the lakes and streams of Vancouver Island and the lower mainland. The same hatchery in the year 1909 hatched 66,500 speckled trout from ova imported from the East. These, too, have been liberated in localities where they will be most appreciated by the artful angler. An effort to propagate the native trout of British Columbia is also being made at Granite Creek, and from that place about 100,000 fry are liberated yearly.

The ova most largely hatched, of course, are those of the valuable sockeye salmon, known to science by the unpronounceable name of Oncorhynchus nerka, which, although strictly speaking not a salmon at all, has made itself famous throughout the world as *the* salmon of commerce. The Spring or Quinnat salmon, bearing the still more appalling name of Oncorhynchus tschawytscha, a finer flavored though less abundant fish than the sockeye, is also hatched in considerable numbers at Harrison Lake hatchery, over five millions having been liberated from that place in the spring of 1909.

The life of the salmon would appear to be a most interesting and adventurous one. On becoming mature at the age of four years the sockeyes come in from no one knows what distant places of the ocean; for, unlike the spring salmon and the cohoe, they are never found in the bays and inlets along the coast. It is said, and there seems some reason for the belief, that the salmon always return to spawn in the waters where they themselves were hatched. Whether the hatchery-bred members of the race also experience a yearning to return to their first home has never been demonstrated.

The sockeye usually chooses to spawn in the headwaters of the tributary streams of the rivers up which they run, and prefer either lake-fed or lake-feeding streams where the water is not too swift, and where there is a gravel bottom. The spring salmon, which is a powerful swimmer, is said to prefer rapid streams and to avoid lake-fed tributaries. The female salmon deposits the ova on the gravel bottom of the stream, after which the male covers them and scrapes gravel over them.

About the second week in August the hatchery men repair to the spawning grounds and there construct fences and pens in which the salmon are caught. Sometimes an Indian wattle trap of the kind shown

SALMON HATCHERY, TAPPEN, B C.

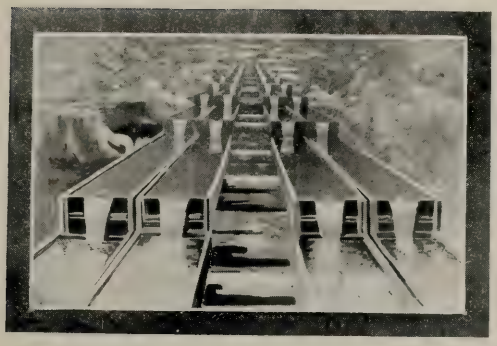
in the illustration is used for this purpose, and nets are also employed. The fish are stripped of their ova, after which the latter are fertilized and placed in trays constructed of a fine-mesh network of wire. The trays are placed one above another in cases constructed for the purpose, after which the top is covered with wet moss, from which the water drips down over the eggs, keeping them sufficiently moist until they reach the hatchery. The process of spawning is usually over before the end of September.

At the hatchery the trays of eggs are placed in troughs of running water, the tray being supported so that the water passes, not only through but underneath it. The egg requires air and secures it, just as does the fish, from the air contained in the running water. When the egg dies through insufficient circulation of oxygen-laden water about it, it is said to have smothered.

The hatcheryman's work is more arduous than might appear. He has to cope with all kinds of unexpected conditions. In the first place, his traps and pens for catching the fish may be swept away by a freshet. The same thing may happen to the dams built in the stream which supplies water to the hatchery. In spite of ordinary precautions, a sudden heavy rain may cause the water to come into the hatchery laden with mud and silt, which is very troublesome. At the northern hatcheries the weather conditions are frequently difficult to contend against. There the buildings are heated by stoves which are kept going day and night during the winter months; but in spite of this the water frequently freezes in the troughs and the waste pipes have to be kept thawed out by the application of hot water and red-hot irons. The ova and fry do not necessarily suffer from these conditions. In cold water they hatch rather more slowly, sometimes taking 150 days as compared with the usual 80 to 120 days; but the fry so hatched are often more vigorous than those which have been hatched more rapidly in warmer water. On the Skeena River the snow is often many feet deep when the fry are liberated in March and April, and the little fish are started on their long journey to the sea by being dropped into the water through holes cut in the ice.

The egg of the fish, like most living things, consists chiefly of dead material, which is to form the first food of the little

DISTRIBUTING FRY



LOOKING UP TROUGHS

developing fish. The living substance forms but a small area on one side of the egg. At one end of this area a thickening appears. This is the body of the fish. It develops blood vessels, which it sends out into the dead substance, or yolk, of the egg, absorbing the latter into its own little living body. The yolk shrinks, but the little fish increases in size. Finally its head and tail become freed from the yolk; the latter dwindles to form a small sac on the underside of the fish, and a few days after hatching completely disappears. The newly hatched fish slips through the elongated meshes of the basket and begins swimming about in the trough. Unless it can be liberated shortly after hatching, the little sockeye becomes a cannibal, being fed by its keepers on the canned flesh of its uncles and aunts who were not fortunate enough to escape the nets and traps of the fishermen.

Some authorities are in favor of keeping the young fry under artificial conditions until they have reached the externally adult or "fingerling" stage. Professor Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, is, however, entirely in favor of releasing the fry within two or three days after hatching. The result is that the fry are placed amid their natural conditions of food and temperature and are given scope for the exercise of the natural instincts inherited from their parents. There is also a great saving in the cost of care and feeding, and greater numbers of the smaller fish can be handled at a given outlay.

The hatchery is no doubt a better mother to the little fish than Nature herself would be. Mother Nature has the task of caring for all species, and apparently she can do this only by allowing one to gobble up another—a somewhat questionable exhibition of maternal affection.

The female salmon deposits about 3,500 eggs. As in a state of nature the numbers of salmon, like other species, do not increase appreciably, it would appear that of this great number of potential lives, almost 3,498 in each case must perish before reaching maturity. It is found that on an average only about 140 of the 3,500 are even hatched. In the hatchery the number of young fry from 3,500 eggs would average about 3,150. Humanly speaking, this is a vast improvement upon Nature.

It is only after the young fry have been liberated that the real work of destruction begins. Usually an effort is made to release the fry in streams which are more or less free from enemies; but sooner or later the little defenceless fish will be obliged to flee for shelter from their rapacious foes. One of the most formidable of the latter is the fresh-water ling, a non-edible fish allied to the cod and the haddock. This fish is apparently the best modern example of an "animated stomach." Mr. David Salmond Mitchell, officer in charge of the Granite Creek hatchery, has some interesting observations upon its habits.

"The ling," he says, "is a night feeder, with the appetite of a hog, and an amazing intuitive knowledge of the whereabouts of fry. He can swallow until out of shape from distension, and has a capacity for about 3,000 salmon fry at one meal. This glutton for small fish is dull and stupid by day, but at night when the fry have settled on the bottom, crowding down and nestling close together, the ling are slowly passing over the bottom and stealing upon their victims that are drawn in by whole schools."

Nothing except a wholesale slaughter of these enemies could make the work of the hatchery of any avail. Mr. Mitchell's story of the warfare makes very interesting reading. A house was built over the hole in the ice, through which the young fry were liberated, and schoolboys were got interested in the work of spearing the ling. As many as 442 of these fish were captured in a single day, and it is estimated that several tons in all were taken during the course of a winter. As much as a pint of

PEMBERTON HATCHERY

fry were found in the stomachs of many of the ling. These were returned to the water, and although numbers were partially digested, yet in this way, as the writer of the report facetiously remarks, "many little Jonahs escaped alive."

Besides the ling there are many other fresh-water enemies of the fry, such as the sucker, the whitefish and the squawfish. With what dangers the salmon meet during their three years' wandering in the ocean it is impossible to say, for of this part of their life history nothing whatever is known.

The most disconcerting feature in the conservation of the Fraser River sockeye is that it is not merely a question of hatcheries nor of the enacting or enforcing of Canadian legislation. It is an international question.

Practically all the salmon bound for the headwaters of the Fraser have to pass through United States waters. There the salmon fishing has been carried on to an extent which the Provincial Fisheries Commissioner has described as "indefensible and unjustifiable, and which if continued will wipe out the salmon fishing of the Fraser." The United States has given no assistance in the propagation of the Fraser River salmon, and even such laws as appear on her statute books regarding close seasons are not enforced with any degree of strictness. Thus Canada, in taking measures toward the preservation of her Fraser River fisheries, cannot avoid playing to a large extent into the hands of the American fishermen. The hatcheries in British Columbia's northern waters, however, redound entirely to the benefit of Canada, and it has been recommended by the Fisheries Commission of the year 1905 that further hatcheries be established on these waters.

From purely selfish motives, if from no others, the Dominion government should attend to the upkeep of the British Columbia salmon fisheries. More than half her revenue from fisheries is derived from this source. Moreover, the Dominion's average yearly expense in connection with the fisheries of this province has been less than half of the revenue derived therefrom, whereas the expense of the fisheries of the Maritime Provinces has more than trebled the revenue.

Since the salmon travels so far afield during the greater part of its life, the hatcherymen are naturally unable to determine to what extent their operations are successful in offsetting the work of the American and Canadian packers. Nevertheless the work goes on in faith and in the hope that some day the reward will be made clear.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TROUGHS FROM HIGH BANK

The Oldest Face

By Garnett Weston

YONDER, in the Quarter where the serpent writings of the strange Chinese crawl down the window panes from right to left, lives Fook Sow. He is shrunken and old beyond belief, a yellow Atlantes of the Pagoda of Decay. Long ago he was a handicraftsman, as his name denotes, a maker of golden ornaments, which he hammered from the soft metal. Then the days were all hope and sunshine; now each day is like a shadow on his life. The tale of his years is harsh upon his face, for the tale is long.

The first time I saw Fook Sow he was resting on the hem of the fish market. All about us the Chinese sang their questions and answers, flies droned over the meats in busy swarms, the noonday sun poured into the narrow alley, and all the native smells of Chinatown foregathered in the heat.

It is a long time since Fook Sow left China. For many years his stiffened hands have not been able to shape the cunning patterns and designs such as you may see in the Chinese goldsmith's on Pender street. He was sitting on a soap box, slowly filing an edge on the teeth of a buck-saw. He wore clothing of common overalling. His steel-framed spectacles were tied on with string. He held the saw between his knees and filed with infinite care, heedless of his shuffling countrymen, the heat, the flies or the smells.

When I looked at his face a strange sense of things forgotten came over me. I had seen men who were old, whose faces were weak with the cold draught of the grave. This man's face was old—oh! unutterably old. It was yellow and wrinkled like an apple which lacked the vital sap to change its expression. It was a patient face, one settled to a long waiting. It was crowned with a shaven forehead, and the queue, streaked with pathetic grey, was coiled on top like a watching snake.

Standing by his side as he filed, I watched the crowd sluggishly eddying. A few feet away a marketing cook haggled with the owner of a bowl of wheat. The little grains were soaking in water. Three or four days' germination had sprouted tender green roots from each seed. The water

"THIS MAN'S FACE WAS OLD—OH, UNUTTERABLY OLD!"

swelled and softened them until they were ready to be sold as an ingredient in one of the many forms of chop suey.

Three or four children were playing the ancient game of battledore or shuttlecock, such as the youth of England enjoyed in the middle ages. Their shouts were quite as free as those of any white child that

"I SAW . . . . THE CROWD AND THE GREAT WALL OF THE CITY"

"CAMEL CARAVANS LADEN WITH MERCHANTS' WARES AND THE DUST OF THE DESERT"

ever lived. Nor did the great gold face of the sun at all interfere with their energy, though the salt drops shone upon their brown skins.

Coolies swung by with baskets hung from shoulder poles. Sleek-stomached merchants, smoking long pipes with tiny steel bowls no larger than a thimble, passed slowly and with a prosperous dignity. The whole jostling throng was Chinese. I might have asked one of those on the fish market, "What is China like?" and been told with a wave of the hand, "Allee samee this countlee."

Meantime Fook Sow filed slowly, his patient face with its fixed expression watching the little saw teeth. The fish market, with its human interests, was like a tale retold to him, not once but many times. Had I spoken of it he might have told me of his little shop near the great gate of Mukden and of the camel caravans that came in from Mongolia laden with merchants' wares and the dust of the desert. I saw the plodding beasts and their drivers and the crowd and the great wall of the city. I heard the twanging cries and voices of the people. It was an illusion, I knew, but such illusions in Chinatown have some groundwork after all. Every time I see Fook Sow I have these dreams. He is a sign post which conjures pictures of turbid rivers, with lazy junks, great multitudes of yellow people with their kites, and their ancient learning, pagodas, rice fields, cities with strange faces.

There is little in his people's cunning left about Fook Sow. Usually age in the Chinese emphasizes the wily lines and matures their powers of dissimulation. There is something laughable about the way the Chinese answer all unpleasant questions—"Me no savee." It is in vain the questioner vociferates, "You savee plenty." The haughtiest nobleman might take lessons from them in dignified reserve, and as for immobility of countenance, surely the muscles of the Chinese face require much effort to disturb. But for all the credited suspicion directed against its sincerity, Fook Sow has a benign expression. Which is the more remarkable when we consider how the lack of a white beard handicaps him.

But Fook Sow has no wish to look benevolent, for ambition is dead. When there are no saws to file and small jobs are lacking he climbs a narrow stairway to his room. It is not a room in fact, merely a vault seven feet long by six wide. On each side there are three shelves each two feet wide. Each shelf is a bunk, and one of these belongs to Fook Sow. It is the middle shelf on the right side. From where he lies he can look down the hallway to the end room, which is much larger and serves as a living room for all the Chinese in the building. In the night he

"PICTURES OF TURBID RIVERS AND LAZY JUNKS"

sometimes watches the dull glow of the joss sticks burning before the shrine. The living room is always heady with the smoke of the shrine fire and opium. A dozen cells with bunks open off the hallway, and are always full. At the opposite end of the hall is the kitchen with an iron cook stove.

So the days of Fook Sow's winter drag out like shadows in this upstair community. Some day there will be no shadow, and his weary bones will not heed the call to toil brought by the grey mice of dawn stealing across his old face. So much for the life tale of Fook Sow, one-time goldsmith, now a filer of saws in the Quarter—he of the Oldest Face.

Song of the Flyers

By MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

(*From the "Century Magazine"*)

We who play with the strong winds of heaven
  May be shattered by their fearful mirth;
We who for their comradeship have striven
  May be tossed, like vagrant leaves, to earth:
Yet we ride, to still our mighty yearning,
  On the changeful billows of their breath;
Pledge us, lest at some ethereal turning
  We may meet the mist-white face of Death.

Few may hear the siren voice that calls us;
  Few may follow on our perilous path,
Know the whispered menace that appals us,
  When the gale's wild laughter swells to wrath.
Frail, too frail, the buoyant wings upbearing
  Hearts that face the hazard of the flight.
Greet us, as we snatch our day of daring
  From the very threshold of the night.

From the clasp of earth, like gods upspringing,
  Rapt in the wide wonder of our dream,
In our ears the shrill wind-voices singing,
  In our eyes the void's supernal gleam:
We have dared the eddying storms to bear us,
  Plunged within the vortex of their strife;
Victors then, though Death himself should snare us—
  We have touched the flaming verge of Life.

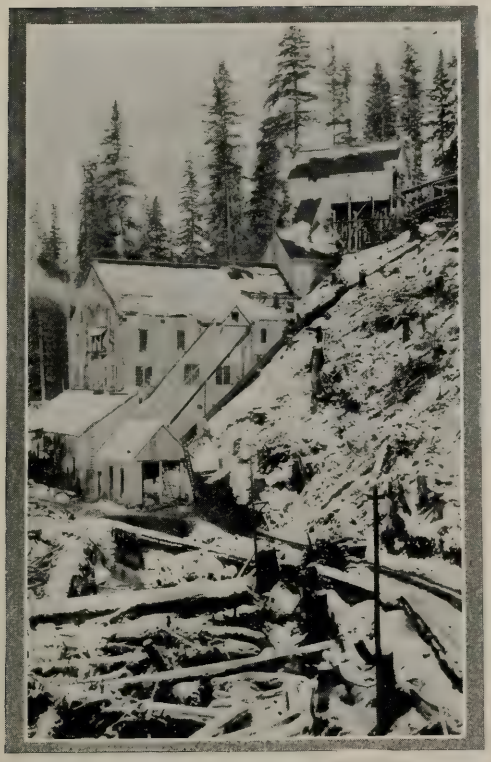
Featuring British Columbia

BRITISH COLUMBIA is a large part of the earth, and was discovered a long time ago, yet the rest of the world is very poorly provided with knowledge of it. The real character of Patagonia or of Finland is better known to most Eastern Canadians, and even to many British Columbians themselves. The map of British Columbia in the school books is a very good map of the Rocky Mountains, but a very poor map of British Columbia. If you reduce British Columbia to map size it does look as if it were nearly all mountains. This is a deception. Two-thirds of the Canadian people are not sufficiently interested to find out that it is. They are familiar with the geography and resources of Siberia and Mexico, but when they think of British Columbia they think of mountains and Siwashes and Vancouver. If you want to discover how true this is, make an eastern trip and tell easterners you are from British Columbia. Eastern Canadians know Vancouver is, because she has advertised herself, and they know about the mountains, because a railroad has told them that British Columbia is a plural Switzerland. The railway brings many of them here, and they sit in an observation car or in the porch of an imitation Swiss chalet hotel and admire the glaciers and the shining snows that lie in the rocky folds of the high peaks, and go home and think they have seen British Columbia. Of course, there are some who have heard about the fruit-growing and the farming, and the fertile valleys and the fishing, and the other things, but words beginning with "S," like Siwash, salmon and Switzerland of Canada, are more likely to suggest British Columbia to the eastern man. I have lately spent two weeks in transcontinental trains inhabited chiefly by those English who make the map of the world their home, and who do not amount to much, and practical-minded Canadian travelling salesmen who do. These salesmen knew about the wheat crop and the crop of new prairie towns, and what the careful banks were doing to the prairie storekeepers the salesmen sold goods to, and substitutes for reciprocity and other useful and commercial things; but though the salesmen did business with success in British Columbia towns along the railway from Revelstoke to Vancouver, the English globe trotters knew more about this province than the salesmen did. I spent a week in Toronto, where most of the people know just as much about British Columbia as Rudyard Kipling told them some time ago in "Letters to the Family." When I mentioned the British Columbia apple and the halibut they inquired about the Hindu. Did he worship idols and wear pink turbans in our western climate? Did he keep a seraglio in Vancouver, as he did in Cawnpore and Lucknow? One Toronto man had bought some stock in a Steamboat mine, and another was the owner of some lots in Port Mann. They were the only men I met who have yet been awakened to curiosity about British Columbia.

Of course, there are many men in east-

THE TRUE NATURE OF THE PROVINCE

MUST BE MADE KNOWN MORE WIDELY



BRITISH COLUMBIA HAS PLENTY OF PRODUCTIVE MINES. THIS ONE IS NEAR STEWART, B. C.

ern Canada who have money invested in British Columbia, and there are a good many who know something about this province; but what most of the people who inhabit Ontario do not know about British Columbia is surprising. It is mainly as a resort for tourists and a "big game hunters' paradise" that the Canadian Pacific Railway has advertised this province to the outside world. To speak of Fort George in Toronto is to see those to whom the name has any meaning at all smile satirically. Prince Rupert incites a humorous remark. Vancouver is well advertised, thanks to her Tourist and Information Association's activities, but is supposed to have a real-estate boom which will some day burst like a soap bubble and shipwreck the city. Some of the best-informed people in eastern Canada cannot be made to believe that Vancouver is not built upon a most trivial foundation, and that boom conditions do not prevail.

British Columbia's real and wonderful resources are not understood in the east. Publicity and more publicity is this country's most pressing need. The true nature of the province must be made known more widely.

The plain truth about British Columbia's advantages is sufficient, but it must be shaken in the faces of eastern Canadians and eastern Americans and the English and others who have money to invest, and British Columbia must keep shaking it. Vancouver has for some years employed a gifted shaker. Vancouver Island has a competent one in Mr. Ernest McGaffey. Mr. Percy F. Godenrath has done a great deal for the northern coast. Others have achieved in publicity work what they could, each according to his ability. But there has not been enough of it done. When you consider what excellent wares British Columbia has to advertise, is it not a wonder that they have not been made more widely known?

For a long time this magazine has been doing what it could do with printed words and pictures to provide illuminating in-

TOWNS SPRING UP IN BRITISH COLUMBIA AS QUICKLY AS IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES. THIS IS STEWART, B.C.

THE SORT OF THING THE TOURISTS SEE FROM THE BACK PLATFORM OF AN OBSERVATION CAR

formation about British Columbia. But only a small part of the province has been "covered." Big things have been planned, but it will take years to work them out. The first step toward effective publicity is to get an audience, and this magazine has been getting circulation in the United States, England and Eastern Canada, until it now has several thousand subscribers, and probably a great many more readers in those parts of the world where British Columbia is little known. Very much the best publicity that British Columbia has ever received has been given to it by this magazine. Its articles have been the most clearly descriptive and its pictures the most illustrative ever published about British Columbia. As an effective publicity instrument this magazine has done good work and justified its existence. It intends to continue to do work of this kind, making itself useful in a much broader, larger way. A large number of people in British Columbia appreciate the work that the magazine has been doing and the things it has tried to do—that is, to encourage, in a necessarily imperfect and limited sense, the growth of the very young and weak plant Literature in this Western soil which, though wonderfully fertile and warm to coarser and, my readers will say, more useful vegetables, is very barren and unfriendly to literature or art of any kind. Of course, this is a logical part of the magazine's work, and in a small measure it may be said to have become in its short life a kind of literary institution in the province.

That British Columbia is not the rough and sterile land of mountains that it is supposed by eastern America to be, but a goodly country of pleasant and arable valleys, must be published again and again like a refrain. The stories of the making of new cities and the development of a great, wide new land and the building up of big commercial enterprises are not dull reading to the average mind. The publicity magazine can be entertaining as well as useful, and literary and pictorial art can be used with great advantage in the advertising of a province. The biggest and best magazine stories in the world are the tales of British Columbia's fishing and lumbering and mining. They are all outdoor stories, rich in strong and epic "color," and full of human interest. It is hard to understand why American magazine writers have overlooked them so long. In many articles this magazine has tried to set forth the fanciful and the practical sides of these stories, of both picturesque and commercial interest, each of which is big enough to afford material for a volume. The desirable valleys have been dealt with, and many acts in the big drama of development have been staged in this magazine before the eyes of a large audience, with the panorama of scenery and landscape which gives the country a separate character of its own for a back-drop. This the magazine has been doing, and will continue to do, with an increasing audience.

THE MAKING OF NEW CITIES

When the Almighty made British Columbia he intended people to live outdoors in it. The climate, which is unusual but seductive, tempts a man to live outdoors most of the year. In Eastern Canada the climate is the enemy of man and restricts his activities. It is predatory and arbitrary; it wages long war against industry and obstructs the processes of Nature. In British Columbia the climate helps the worker. British Columbia has the most desirable climate in the world, as she has the most desirable valleys on the Pacific Coast, and can support a larger population than any Canadian province. The British Columbia mainland valleys, those mountain-framed levels of fertility, were never intended to be divided into one hundred or two hundred-acre farms of the Ontario kind. Their destiny is to be cut into small farms which will be developed intensively, which is a high-brow way of saying that they will raise big crops of spuds and onions. Most of this rich land is yet vacant. As for the mineral resources of British Columbia, the truth about them has never been told, though many lies have. The mountains of British Columbia are filled with valuable ores of every kind, the development of which at present is delayed by lack of transportation and lack of capital.

Of course British Columbians are proud of their mountains which give character to the country and provide fine open recreation grounds and an atmosphere which are not catarrhal or filled with static electricity, and water as pure and as free from microbes as distilled water. British Columbia would not like a change in its topography which would make it like any other province of Canada; it does not want to be flat like Manitoba or monotonously hilly like the settled part of Ontario. But it does not like people to think that it consists wholly

A GOODLY COUNTRY OF PLEASANT AND ARABLE VALLEYS

IF A CASH VALUATION COULD BE PUT ON MOUNTAIN SCENERY, BRITISH COLUMBIA WOULD HAVE A BIGGER BANK ACCOUNT

of mountains. A correctly made relief-map of this province, exhibited at places like the Toronto Fair, would do a lot of good.

Ten years ago the population of British Columbia was one hundred and seventy-eight thousand six hundred and fifty-seven. The present figures show a population of four hundred thousand, slightly more than one to the square mile. Of this amount Vancouver has one hundred and fifty thousand, figures almost equal to the whole of British Columbia ten years ago. The city of Victoria has fifty thousand. These two cities thus possess one-half of the entire population of the province. The remaining two hundred thousand are scattered over a province four hundred and fifty miles wide by eight hundred miles long. In this area over seventy-one million acres of land are capable of cultivation. In the Fraser Valley there is room for many thousands of families.

YOU COULDN'T IMPROVE ON THE PLAN OF NATURE HERE

IN the winter of 1905 the boys of the junior lacrosse team in this city wished for some game to occupy the long winter months in which lacrosse could not be played, and after some discussion decided that basketball was the sport which would fill the bill and keep them in good condition for the strenuous Canadian national sport. After a long search a building was discovered in North Vancouver which could be rented for the sport, and the boys took possession of their new quarters. All was well for a time, but in the course of the growth of the town the inevitable happened, and they were informed by the owners that they would no longer be able to retain the premises for their game. Put out in the cold they cast around for other quarters, but none could be found. Then came the idea of a club —a club where all athletic sports would have a home and from which they could not be thrust forth when commercial purposes demanded more room. From this determination came the Vancouver Athletic Club, the strongest club of its kind west of Winnipeg, and one of whom the whole Dominion may well feel proud.

Under the leadership of Mr. Albert Larwell, an old lacrosse enthusiast, and Mr. G E. Pierrott the boys approached the senior lacrosse team of the city, the old Vancouvers, and requested their assistance. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm, and a meeting was called for April 27 in the rooms of the Vancouver Tourist Association. At the meeting the constitution of the new athletic club was first drafted, and Mr. A. E. Tulk made president of the temporary board, which consisted of twenty-one members. His was the idea to sell stock and purchase grounds on which to erect suitable quarters for the club. For $6,040 (they could not be bought now for $80,000) the grounds on which the present clubhouse now stands at the corner of Beatty and Dunsmuir streets were purchased, and the next year, 1906, saw the present new building erected and the Club well under way.

From the first the Club prospered and they had none of the early struggles which have caused the death of many organizations of the same kind. Shortly after the building was occupied, Mr. Tulk, to whom a great deal of the credit for the pioneer work is due, resigned his position of presi-

VANCOUVER ATHLETIC CLUBHOUSE, CORNER DUNSMUIR AND BEATTY STREETS

dent, and Mr. F. R. McD. Russell assumed the office, which he held for the first three years of the Club's existence.

Once installed in the new quarters, the boys of the Club lost no time in entering the arena of British Columbia athletics, and with no small success, for in the first events they carried off nearly all the trophies which could be gained, a feat which they have accomplished with regularity at all the athletic meets in the province right up to the present. In the clubhouse over seventy cups and trophies testify to the prowess of the wearers of the winged "V" on the track and field.

With the building of the clubhouse came the gymnasium, a huge room 80 feet long by 52 feet wide, the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Naturally the attention of the members was directed to the indoor athletics which have become an important part of the activities of the club. Built around the huge room is a running track on which the runners of the club practise when the weather prevents outdoor work—a feature which has yet to be installed in any of the Pacific Coast clubs. Boxing and wrestling soon started, and the services of a capable physical director were secured in order to permit the devotees of the squared circle to learn to the greatest advantage the art of self-defence. In 1907 it was suggested that the clubs of the Coast north of San Francisco form a union for the purpose of international competition, and the new union, affiliated with the A. A. U. of the United States, and named the Pacific Northwest Association, came into being. The first competition was held at the clubhouse of the Rainier Valley Athletic Club in Seattle in 1907, and the Vancouver Athletic Club sent down four boxers and two wrestlers. They did not meet with any great degree of success, winning only the lightweight boxing event, but they proved that they were good sports and that they were on the right road to perfection in the fistic arena.

If the first competition did not gain much glory for the V. A. C. it gave an impetus to the boxing and wrestling game in the city which it lacked before the formation of the international competitions. The club competitions, from gaining a scanty

audience of a hundred or more, began to attract the notice of all the city. When the gong rings for the first round in a wrestling or boxing event now, the big gym is jammed to the doors, 800 or 900 spectators crowding the space around the raised arena on which the Club athletes battle for supremacy.

Last year the Club secured the services of the present athletic instructor, Mr. Chester A. McIntyre, better known as "Chet," and under his instruction the boys began to improve. When the next international event took place in Vancouver, the wearers of the red and green placed two of the events to their credit, and the men from across the line received a rude shock. Expecting to gain the same easy triumphs, they were much surprised at the skill the local boys exhibited, and although, as before, a majority of the championships remained south of the line, in every contest the Vancouver athletes put up a game fight, and their opponents were forced to the limit of their skill to gain the victory.

Last year the club sent George Walker and Fred Smith to the Pacific coast meet at San Francisco to wrestle for the Coast championships. Walker was defeated, although not till after a hard contest, while Smith had no difficulty in throwing his opponents and returned with the lightweight championship of the Pacific coast to swell the list of champions which the Club hold in the squared circle. In British Columbia boxing and wrestling, the V. A. C. stand alone. They have no serious rivals, and of all the different classes only one championship rests in other hands than theirs. George Walker holds the middle and lightweight championships of the province in wrestling. Fred Smith is supreme in the lightweight class, and Ernie Barrieau, the pride of the local boxers, holds the titles of light and welterweight champion of British Columbia. The middle and heavyweight honors for the province rest in the capable hands of William Weeks, also of the Vancouver Athletic Club.

In Canada's national game the winged "V" has from the first claimed supremacy. Since the Club first put a team on the field the wearers of the red and green have been in the front rank. At the time the club commenced, the old Vancouver lacrosse team were members and wore the colors of the V. A. C., but the changing of their status from amateur to professional forced them to leave the fold, and the Club then entered the amateur ranks in the Intermediate Lacrosse League of Vancouver. Mr. Con Jones, manager of the present Vancouver Lacrosse Club, donated a cup for the league in 1907, and for this trophy the V. A. C. entered a team. Defeated in the first year of the competition, the boys of the Club were not discouraged, but went into the contest with increased energy, winning the championship in 1908-09, thus retaining the cup forever under the terms of the presentation. In 1910 the first Pacific Coast Senior Amateur Lacrosse League was formed, with New Westminster, Victoria and V. A. C. in the ranks. The John Walker & Sons Challenge Cup, presented as a perpetual challenge cup in 1906, was brought forth from its retirement, after the changing of the amateur status of the New Westminster and Vancouver clubs, and was re-donated to the league. Losing only one game in the series, the V. A. C. added it to their list of trophies, and then challenged for the amateur championship of Canada, represented by the new D. D. Mann Gold Cup.

After considerable correspondence the Club team boarded the train for their long trip to Toronto in quest of the cup, on the understanding that they were to have two games for the cup, goals to count. When they arrived in Toronto they found things a mix-up. St. Catharines were the champions of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, but owing to the charge of professionalism proved against them, were barred from the competition for the cup. Young Torontos were then selected to defend the trophy, and the Vancouver team learned on the Thursday before the game that they were to have but one contest for the cup. The game was played, and the Young Torontos emerged with the victory by a score of 8 to 6, although they themselves admitted that Vancouver had the better of the game. Although beaten once, the V. A. C. Coast lacrosse champions are not discouraged, and if they are again successful in the B. C. League this year, will journey East and seek to annex the Mann Cup for British Columbia.

In Association football the V. A. C. are

also prominent, and last year gained the C. E. Tisdall Challenge Shield, representing the amateur championship of the city. In Rugby they were not so fortunate, the men not turning out as they should, and consequently no team wore the colors of the Club in the City League last year. In the past, however, they have held the championship of the City League, winning the trophy in 1908, and being the runners-up in 1909.

Basketball, the game which led to the founding of the Club, has in recent years been neglected, and the V. A. C. have been forced to take little or no part in the various competitions for the trophies, owing to the lack of interest displayed; but this year will see a change, and the boys will once again make a determined effort to place a good team on the floor and carry the winged "V" to victory over their rivals in that sport.

At the present time the British Columbia athletes have had very little to do with their Canadian brethren in the East, and have conducted the greater part of the athletic contests with the American clubs under the rules of the American A. A. U., but as time goes on the winged "V" will be seen in all the big athletic meets of Eastern Canada, and the championships of the track and field will travel westward to join the Minto Cup. Last year John H. Gillis, a stalwart member of the V. A. C., who holds the all-round Canadian championship, journeyed to Chicago and, after a hard contest, was defeated by a few points only for the all-round championship of America.

Built in 1906, at an expense of about $18,000, including the cost of the grounds, the present clubhouse is now gradually becoming too small and out of date to house the ever-increasing number of members. When the club started, the membership stood at only about 100. Now it is well over 400. New quarters will have to be secured, and the board of directors are already figuring out ways and means to house comfortably the widespread activities of the Club in the athletic arena. Several plans have been suggested, and it is not unlikely that within the next year work will be commenced on a new and magnificent home, rivalling any in the Dominion, for Vancouver's athletes.

Last year the board, which numbered 21, was found unwieldy, and was altered to nine members, including the officers of the Club elected from among the directors. The present president is Mr. B. F. Armstrong, who has the honor also of being one of the founders of the Club. Mr. E. S. Willband is treasurer; Mr. George Little, vice-president; Mr. W. P. Ogilvie, second vice-president; and on the board are Messrs. C. J. Marshall, Wm. Clarke, W. H. Gallagher, Albert Larwill, and W. F. Findlay. Mr. W. J. Tulk, in recognition of his services in forming the Club, occupies the position of honorary president. The Club is in charge of the secretary, Mr. R. Scragg, and he has complete control of the clubhouse. Mr. Chester McIntyre, the physical director, has his rooms in the club building, as have also the two stewards in charge of the building.

With the new building and the added accommodation which will come with it, the athletic side of the Club will receive an added impetus and the wearers of the winged "V" will be seen on all the athletic fields of the country upholding the athletic supremacy which they now have in this province, and also proving that British Columbia can hold her own against the rest of the Dominion or against the rest of North America on the field of sport.

After the Rise

By Samuel G. Camp

(*From the "Outing Magazine"*)

SINGULARLY enough, in view of the fact that at least half of the sport of angling comes after the fish is hooked, from the strike until the quarry is successfully creeled or unfortunately lost—and then it isn't so much fun—the literature of angling is almost wholly confined to the period before the play, restricting itself to matters concerning tackle, how to cast, the best ways to induce a fish to strike, etc., and saying very little about how to play and land a fish after the rise. It should go without saying that it is rather important to know what to do with a fish after you have him "on." I believe that it has been suggested to the novice that one way to land a fish is to reel him up to the rod-tip and then "climb up the rod after him." This is very poor advice. The method, while theoretically sound, is practically worthless.

One may possess the maximum of human knowledge concerning rods, tackle, flies and baits, both artificial and natural, together with a complete theoretical familiarity with the haunts and habits of game fishes and, additionally, be the most skilful of casters and still be a very poor practical angler; for the man who handles his rod and his quarry awkwardly, who forces the fight at the wrong time or lets the fish run when it would be better to keep him coming, will hardly ever, unless luck is strongly with him, make a very weighty showing. Nowhere is the importance of knowing how to play and land a fish more in evidence than in fly-fishing for the brook trout.

That skilled tackle handling after the rise is at a premium in trout fly-fishing is due not only to the delicacy of the tackle ordinarily employed, particularly the very small hooks and often fragile leaders, but to the distinctly game qualities of the brook trout itself and the usually difficult angling conditions afforded by its habitat. There is all the difference in the world between playing a fish in still and in fast water, and the brook trout is essentially a fast water game fish.

The way you will play a trout depends in great measure upon how your tackle is rigged. If you have assembled rod, reel and line correctly, the chances are that you will soon discover and adopt the best method of handling a hooked trout; on the other hand, if your tackle is improperly adjusted, it will be physically impossible for you to go after your trout the right way. The necessity of saying something about how to adjust your rod, reel and line is apparent.

In his book, "The Theory and Practice of Dry Fly Fishing," a really authoritative treatise and one most valuable to the wet-fly fisherman as well as the dry-fly man, Mr. F. M. Halford advises a method of assembling rod and reel which is directly contrary to the usage and advice of most seasoned American fly fishermen. Briefly his advice is to have the reel on the underside of the rod with the handle to the left, presuming that the angler casts with the right hand. When a trout is hooked the rod is passed to the left hand, turned over so the reel is on top, and the fish is then played directly from the reel.

In view of the fact that, as I have said, this book is a universally acknowledged authority in fly-fishing matters, it would, indeed, be presumptuous in me to say that this method of handling a hooked trout and of assembling rod and reel is all wrong, were it not that, as I am quite sure, the majority of American fly-casters so regard it. For the benefit of the reader not overfamiliar with the literature of fly-fishing, it might be well to say that "Dry Fly Fish-

ing" is an English work and refers particularly to chalk stream fishing with the floating fly, although much of the matter contained therein is equally applicable to wet and dry fly-fishing in the trout waters of any country.

The practice of most experienced fly-casters in this country is to adjust the reel underneath the rod, but, in contradistinction to the method above described, with the handle of the reel to the right. Thus when a fish is hooked it is not necessary to turn the rod over when it is passed from the right to the left hand, but the reel is retained underneath the rod at all times, the very best position for it, for several reasons, for the business of fly-fishing. Moreover, the best way to play a trout is distinctly not from the reel. It is taken for granted in the above discussion, and also in the following, that the flycaster uses a single-action reel.

I believe implicitly that the best way to handle a hooked trout, the one sooner or later adopted by most anglers who do much fly-fishing, is as follows: Having, as above noted, your reel underneath the rod with the handle to the right, maintain at all times, both when casting the flies and playing a fish, a loop of line of convenient length between the reel and the first guide of the rod. This loop of line is controlled by the left hand, allowing the line to run out through the guides, or when necessary drawing it back. Use the reel only when the loop of line grows so long that, when you are wading the stream, there is danger of fouling the line. When casting from a boat or canoe there is little chance of fouling the line, no matter what the length of the loop may be if you take pains to lay down the line evenly on the bottom boards.

Now when you hook a trout you do not, at this very critical point, have to pass the rod from the right to the left hand, and what is worse, turn the rod over so that the reel will be on top. On the contrary, you "stand pat," as it were, still keeping the rod in the right hand, and if the trout is a large one, yielding the line to him through the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, or, if the fish is a small one, gradually drawing in the line—and the trout—with the left hand without recourse to the reel. When stripping in the line, clip it to the handgrasp of the rod between the first and second fingers of the rod-hand.

If the trout is a fairly large one and is hooked in fast water, it will often happen that the first run will exhaust the loop of free line. Then, when he stops running, pass the rod from the right to the left hand —you do not have to turn the rod over, because your reel handle is placed to the right—until the fish gives in a little, when you pass the rod back at once to the right hand and strip in the line with the left, in the meanwhile playing him from the reel.

Playing a trout in this manner, one is master of the situation at every stage of the game, from the strike to the landing net; and if, at any time, some unusual action of the fish renders the outcome of the fight more than ordinarily doubtful, your chances are many times better for getting out of the difficulty than if you depend upon the reel for the in-take of your line. For instance, every experienced trout fisherman knows that often a trout will run out many feet of line from the reel and then inconsistently about-face and run in toward the angler—one of the most difficult situations the fly-caster is ordinarily called upon to face.

About nine times out of ten—it is not safe to rely upon odds more favorable, although, of course, sometimes the fish will be so deeply hooked that the chance is lessened—a slack line spells a lost trout. The rapidity with which a fish coming directly toward the angler creates a wake of slack line is difficult to estimate; in any event, the fly-caster's single-action reel is utterly unable to eat up the slack, no matter how skilfully the angler may manipulate it.

The fly-caster who handles his fish as indicated herein is of all anglers the best armed against the running back of a hooked trout. Once you have reduced the action of stripping in the line with the left hand to a purely automatic motion, so that you perform it quickly, expertly, and without forethought in the matter of how to go about it, it is a very fast fish indeed which can accumulate much slack line, for the line may be retrieved through the guides far faster than with any sort of reel and almost always with sufficient rapidity to keep the fish on.

It seems, too—indeed, it is a fact that when playing a trout in this manner one can usually tell what the fish is going to do

before he does it, and the value of this forewarning should be obvious. Every slightest movement of the fish is carried to the left hand of the angler holding the line, and the least lessening or increase of tension between the rod-tip and the quarry is instantly sensed and line taken and given accordingly. Moreover, the method insures against forcing the fish too strenuously, because one knows to a practical certainty when there is too much pull—a thing far more difficult to estimate when killing the fish from the reel.

The advantage of this method over the one requiring a change of the rod from one hand to the other and also turning the rod over at the moment succeeding a successful strike should be emphasized. Of all points of the play this is the most critical. Almost invariably when a good trout is hooked in fast water his best and longest run and the one, other things being equal, most apt to result in his escape, comes at the very moment he is struck, when he first feels the sting of the hook.

It should be evident that the angler who for the proper handling of his fish depends upon changing his rod from one hand to the other at this time is at a great disadvantage. There is need now of keeping your whole attention on the trout, and certainly your mind should not be divided between the shifting of the rod and the tactics of the quarry. Particularly is this the case when the fish is hooked in a hazardous situation, near overhanging, sharp-edged rocks liable to cut the line if the trout gains their shelter, or dangerous submerged trees and brush in which the line is sure to become fouled.

When a trout is fastened in a difficult place such as those mentioned, keep him coming from the moment of the strike until the danger is past; by stripping in the line with the left hand and with judicious speed and handling the rod with dexterity and resolution the fish may be actually hustled out of danger before he is hardly aware of the fact that his crowded hour has arrived —before, in other words, he wakes up and begins to fight. Do not try this summary method of procedure if you play your fish from the reel; sometimes a smashed rod and usually a lost fish will result.

From the time the fish is fastened keep the rod well up in order to gain an up-pull on the trout, and also that the pliancy and resiliency, the give and take, of the rod may come into play. But do not, as I have actually seen advised in black and white, carry the rod up so that were it not for the bend the tip would point to the exact centre of the high heavens. An angle of about sixty degrees to the water is right. Endeavor to maintain an even tension on the fish, just as much—or, perhaps, a little less—as you believe the trout and your tackle will stand; and, in the preliminary sparring, let the fish do his own fighting.

Also be patient. If the trout is well hooked he is perfectly safe in the water; if he is not well hooked you are sure to lose him anyway if you try to land him prematurely. Play a good trout until you are positive he is thoroughly played out—then play him some more. Watch out for the seemingly sluggish fish, those which apparently take the situation for granted, make only short, slow runs, and appear to be very easy to net. Nine times out of ten they have not begun to fight, and at sight of the landing net will suddenly galvanize into the speediest sort of action, just when you are most unprepared. An indifferent trout should be forced into action—several ways will suggest themselves—before any attempt to land him. The brown trout will more often "play 'possum" in this manner than the speckled brook trout.

Of course, bear in mind the time-honored axioms about keeping a taut line and leading the fish away or heading him off from the natural danger spots in the stream. One of the best arguments for upstream fly-fishing is the fact that you are below your fish when you hook him. When fishing downstream your first object after hooking a trout, and while holding him as safely and closely as may be to the place where you struck him, should be to get downstream below him. For several reasons this is the most advantageous position from which to play a trout; one of them is because when the time comes to use the net the current will drift the fish into the net and not downstream away from it.

When conditions permit always go downstream with your fish in preference to giving line; and when a trout is running strongly downstream through the rapids never attempt to snub him, although it may

be a considerable distance to the next pool where, presumably, he will stop. Follow him along the bank as rapidly as possible, or if you cannot go with him, let him have all the line he cares to take. In a case of this sort the slightest restraint means a lost trout. Let him run down to the nearest quiet water; then follow down, reeling in the line taken out with all possible precautions against starting the trout off again until, at least, you have enough line on the reel to meet another run.

The Fish

By E. NESBIT

(*From "Collier's Weekly"*)

The boat upon the pallid sea
  Lay like a shadow on a dream,
We eased our patient deep-oared way
  With talk of pollack and sea breeze.
Easy was bass, we learned, to catch,
  Though hard to eat; thus gaily we
Spent words—with here and there a snatch
  Of song—about the open sea.

How dogfish sent to town, we learned,
  Changed into plaice in fried-fish shops,
How silvery the mackerel turned
  The net the lucky fisher drops.
Pilchards adorned our lessening speech,
  Who are transfigured to sardines;
And through the mist each gazed on each
  And knew at last what fishing means.

We were not ill—that statement cold
  Is also true—but through the gray
Entwining mist our vessel rolled,
  Rolled and rerolled like lambs at play,
We, fingering a dripping line,
  Whose end elusive devils twitched,
Baptized with chrism of icy brine
  Went silent, trembling, sport-bewitched.

But why engross the simple script?
  Gray sea, gray sky, gray gulls, gray shoal,
Gray sail that flapped, gray oars that dipped
  Deep growing grayness of the soul.
At last, a bite, a whirling cord,
  A silver gleam 'mid silver foam:
We drew the six-inch prize on board
  And through the dusk rowed proudly
    home.

Rivers

By Walter Prichard Eaton

(*From "Scribner's Magazine"*)

IF you desire an argument for idealism, said Emerson, stoop down and look at a familiar landscape through your legs. (This, it will be recalled, was also Peter Pan's method for intimidating the wolves!) Yet Emerson need hardly have resorted to so gymnastic a feat for casting over a familiar landscape the sense of strangeness. There flows through the Concord meadows, and 'neath "the rude bridge" which spans its flood, the Concord River, incomparable for canoes, and from the seat of a gently moving craft on its dark, quiet waters you may see all that fair New England countryside through the transforming lens of an unaccustomed viewpoint—the viewpoint, as it were, of the floor of the world.

If you walk with the shade of old Izaak Walton by the bank of a river, in quiet contemplation or busy with a rod, you may fall in love with life and flowing streams, but you will not know the true river view. You will know that only from a boat, preferably a noiseless, smooth-slipping canoe, because only from the boat is your level of vision altered from the habitual, lowered till all the common objects of the landscape shift their values and the world is indeed so strange a place that you realize, as Emerson intended, how many of our so-called facts are merely habits of the human eye. We have often suspected that Bishop Berkeley himself was a traveller by inland waterways, and drew his philosophy from the river view.

Did you ever lie stretched on your garden path, shutting the eye farther from the ground and squinting with the other through the strange jungle of your flower beds? The sensation is curious, almost disconcerting. The pebbles on the path cast long shadows, the bordering grasses are tall, and the stalks of your daffodils tower like a pine wood, while the sun shines through amid the translucent green trunks, bringing down a shimmer of golden blooms. See, a robin hops into the picture! You know him for a robin by his rosy breast and his brittle legs. But how huge he is! You are scarce aware of the sky, and of your neighbors' houses, even of so much of your own garden as lies beyond this little field of your earth-bound vision you are not aware at all. You feel curiously like Gulliver in Brobdingnag. As you rise to your feet, you are tempted to rub your eyes, like one awaking from a dream.

This, on a larger scale and enhanced by the charm of moving boat and lapping water, is the sensation of him who journeys by a little waterway through the meadows and the hills. A well-behaved river is bound to be lower than its banks, so that sometimes your head, as you sit in your canoe, is actually below the floor of the world, sometimes on its level, but seldom or never above it. What a transformation this works on the landscape! Step into your craft, dip your paddle, glide out on the current, and the flowers and grasses on the bank, scarce noted before, are suddenly the rich foreground of your picture. They are larger, more intricate, more beautiful, than you ever guessed. The cardinal flowers and Joepye-weed lift their blooms against the blue sky, instead of lying at your feet. The delicate designs of their petals emerge like a snowflake on velvet. As you glide under arching willows or maples, you seem to be in the depth of a forest. The road or the trolley line may be but a few hundred yards away, yet you do not see them. You float silently up a liquid aisle beneath vaulted foliage, in a sufficient and cloistered world of your own.

It may be presently you catch the sparkle of bright sunlight on the water ahead, and emerging from the mottled shadows of the woods your canoe slips into a stretch of river where tall grasses come down to the black, oozy banks. An old punt, half full of yellow water, is moored to a stake. Out in the fields you hear the hot click, click of a mowing machine, drowsier than a locust's song at summer noon. Men are near, no doubt horses, a road, perhaps a town. But you do not see them. You see only the old punt, the tall grasses on the bank, it may be the top of a far blue hill peeping over, and ahead the quiet waterway wandering again into the cool shadows of the maples. Those hayfields might stretch to infinity for all you can say. Your view of the world is not comprehensive; it is the view of the worm rather than the bird. But how alluring is its strangeness, how restful its seclusion, between grassy banks under the dome of the summer sky. Even the ways of the worm may be pleasant, then—a fact worth finding out.

Presently there is a rustle in the grasses and a small boy stands over you, staring down, a one-piece bamboo fish pole towering in his hand. His body cuts against the sun, and, see, he has an aura in his hair!

Always there is this strangeness of the riverway to give it perpetual allure. Do you meet with a fisherman sitting on the bank, it is his feet you see first. Always the bordering grasses are important, and how large the sky, how flat and restricted the plain when the banks sink down to give a glimpse of it! Passing under a bridge, the dust disturbed by a rumbling motor overhead shakes down upon you or tinkles on the water—sweetest of tiny sounds, this tinkle of dust on still water! It is as if you were in another world, below your human kind in space, but not, you are sure, in degree, so gently your craft slips along amid the cloistered beauties of the stream.

"In the garden," writes Emerson in his "Journal," "the eye watches the flying cloud and Walden Woods, but turns from the village. Poor Society! what hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?" But need Society be our aversion because sometimes we turn from it in weariness to the contemplation of Walden Woods or the riverway, or because our spirit recognizes in itself a primal kinship not alone with Society but with Solitude as well, with whispering waters and Joepye-weed and the tall grass that nods against the sky?

"What do they know of England who only
England know?"

And what do we know of Society who know nothing of Solitude? He sees not the battle best who is in the brunt of it. He is not the master of his social relations whose every idea and action is born of human intercourse, because he is not the master of his own soul; he has ignored its relations to the primal and inanimate, its capacity for contemplation. "All great deeds," said Martineau, "are born of solitude." It is in solitude that the thought matures. It is in the face of his origins that what is trivial in man is disclosed to his questioning spirit. Let him go and contemplate rivers, and be ashamed of the size of last Sunday's newspapers!

Forever a river "addresses the imagination and the interrogating soul." The population of cities is a dull study to the boy, but the length of the Nile is poetry. Geography is a less interesting study to the child of today than it was to our fathers just in so far as the map of Africa has lost those delightful pink portions marked "unexplored," and the upper reaches of its rivers lost their dotted lines which indicated the Unknown. The boy is not greatly impressed by the size of the wheat crop of the United States, but what boy would not defend the size of the Mississippi against the world? A river comes from the Unknown, from the high hills and the forest, and it moves as irresistibly as a planet to the Unknown again, to the sea. It speaks forever the mystery of its origin and of its destination. Like a road, it calls perpetually to the imagination because it is going somewhere. But, unlike a road, there is no hint of man in its composition. It is the leader always. Man follows panting on its bank, and lays his roads where the river has been the primal engineer.

We are all familiar with the river's calm and assured position in the centre of the picture. Whether it is the Rhine coming down through vine-terraced hills, or the magnificent Hudson sweeping out of the

blue north into the view of those tenement-towered heights of upper Manhattan, or the Hoosatonic curling through the meadows of Stockbridge ringed by purple hills, or the sluggish Charles gay with canoes amid the lawns of Dedham, or the Wild Ammonoosuc chattering out from the forests of Moosilauke and fighting its way through rugged intervals to reach the Connecticut, the view is always composed around the river, and no matter how high you climb to contemplate, widening your horizon, ever does that silver thread of water bind the landscape into a perfect whole.

So it is that man's roads winding by its banks, or his glittering steel rails following its curves, seem but to trail the primitive pioneer—as, indeed, is the fact—and where the river, with magnificent sweep and power, ploughs its way through the hills the glittering rails plunge after, with a kind of joy of exploration, as if they cried: "We shall follow it and see what comes!" Small wonder the river dominates the imagination, and to the boy is the most delectable thing in geography. Even that brook behind his house somewhere joins the sea. He may launch a chip on its surface for a voyage of a thousand miles. What is the population of Algeria before such a living marvel as this?

When I was a boy our baseball field was on the summit of an almost inperceptible divide. A spring at the southern end sent a diminutive trickle down through a meadow where white violets grew, into the discolored waters of the "town brook," and thence ultimately into the Saugus River. A second spring at the northern end sent a diminutive trickle through the muddy ooze of Duck Pond into the cranberry bog of Birch Meadow, and thence through three miles of white pine forest—now, alas! no more—into the long, forest-bordered reaches of the Hundred Acre meadows, where the Ipswich River wound its sinuous way, with sluggish bottoms where the horn-pout bit and gravel pools where we swam. I can remember as it were yesterday the day when I studied in my geography about a divide, and realized with a thrill of joy that Kingman's field was such a thing. I raced home from school. I ran first to the southern spring, then to the northern, and told myself that each was the headwater of a river! It was my hour to stand "silent upon a peak in Darien." My childish imagination followed those trickles in the grass till my body was borne in a great boat on their mighty waters and my ears heard the sound of the sea. Geography for me had suddenly become alive, tingling—had suddenly become poetry. I waited with burning impatience for Saturday, to follow my northward-running brook, muddy and torn and scratched, through the bogs and the pinewoods, till it joined the Ipswich. And then I stood on a tuft of grass in the swampy bottom where the two streams met and yearned for a craft to carry me down the larger body past grandfather's mill, past unknown towns, till the water tasted of the salt and the breakers boomed.

Since that far-off day I have stood by a spring, bubbling from under a boulder, and watched the thread of crystal water slip through the mosses into the depths of a mountain ravine, while tall peaks towered about me—slip away on its journey of a thousand miles to the sea. I have been at the high head of a river monarch. But I was less thrilled than the day when I first conceived that Kingman's field was a divide. Since that day, too, I have launched a boat on many rivers, but never with quite the expectant joy which attended the launching of the Crusader, for that long-dreamed-of trip down the Ipswich.

The Crusader was made at home (for every home in those days was a manual training school), with ribs of ash and a covering of canvas, painted vivid red. Carefully parting my hair in the middle, at my grandfather's solemn advice, I launched forth below the mill pond for my far voyaging, I and another boy, in a rakish canoe, also home-made, called the Stampede. The boys in the swimming hole came racing out like dolphins about our prows, but we beat them off with paddles, and sailed away into a land of wonder. How each river bend ahead lured us on—bends where the willows arched over the water, or a birch dropped a white reflection into the black depths, or the current seemed to widen, grow more sluggish, promising perhaps a mill pond, the excitement of a "carry," the thrill of a strange village! No mystery is quite like the mystery of a river bend, as no curve is quite so beautiful. When you are a boy on your first river voyage you do not

pray for a narrow-like course: you welcome each curve and double as a fresh revelation of romance. When the river bend has lost its charm, then you may know you are middle-aged, indeed, and fit only for automobiles and a luxurious hotel at night.

What memories come back to him who has travelled by river ways, of camps regretfully left behind or human scenes which he has floated past, ethereal as a dream! There is always a wistful moment of parting from a pleasant camp, on tiny island or wooded bank. You rise before the sun is free of the valley fog, plunge in the cold water, catch a fish, perhaps, build up the fire in last night's embers, and while the coffee boils you look down the river way which beckons, cool and strange in the light before the day. The great trees on the bank behind you rise ethereal, phantom shadows against the ochre dawn. The fire snaps yellow and warm. Ahead the stream winds into the mystery of the morning. You eat your breakfast, strike your tent, load the canoes, douse the embers, which sizzle pathetically, and with a backward glance of gratitude at your inn beneath the stars, you slip down the current for a new day's adventures. No officious landlord comes out to the curb to say good-bye. No bell-hop is seen running to you with a morning paper and an eye hungry for tips. What the world is doing you neither know nor care. The morning mists are rising from the water. The stream lies clear ahead. The sun is golden on the distant hills. And your paddle digs the water till the little boat leaps with the joy of health and freedom.

Or it may be that twilight steals upon you while you are still paddling in search of a camping place free of the haunts of men, of towns and befouling mills. In the gathering darkness you see lights on the water ahead, hear the sounds of music and voices. Presently you have glided into fairyland. Lawns came down to the water, gay with Japanese lanterns. The landings are decked with color. Canoes are floating in procession, like bright water flies, with lamps at prow and stern. As your dark and travel-soiled craft shoots into the radius of these lights, the faces of girls flash at you, you hear the tinkle of their laughter, you move through the fairy scene and pageantry as through a dream, thrilling strangely to its human joy, yet strangely not a part of it, passing on to your lonely camp in the woods below. Such scenes remain in the memory when much else that seemed more important to our lives has faded and vanished, and they come back to us out of the past with a wistful sweetness, ever more beautiful with the years.

The "ingenious Spaniard" quoted by Izaak Walton says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." But we ourselves are not entirely convinced that the man who contemplates too habitually the inhabitants truly contemplates the rivers. We have come upon the feet of many an angler, dangling over the bank, and lifted our eyes to a face whereon was writ less calm contemplation than annoyance at our disturbance of the water, or a sportsman's patient, stolid eagerness for game. We are far from persuaded that the average fisherman is a contemplative man at all, though it be heresy to harbor the doubt. Some of them are. So are many men who never fish. But, after all, to do anything well requires concentration on your task, and we venture to affirm that nobody can cast a fly successfully in an alder thicket or under low-spreading maples or hemlocks whose mind is filled with philosophic reflections upon the destination of the stream or the beauty of the banks. Neither, we venture to affirm, is the patient watching of a cork on the water consistent with that breadth of vision, freedom of fancy and sensory alertness demanded by true contemplation. Contemplation of an inhabitant of the watery element means to the average angler one thing—what is the best way to haul him out? Contemplation of the river—which is the best pool for fish? No, the wise man who would truly contemplate rivers walks by their banks, if they will not float a canoe, or launches his craft upon them if they be deep enough, nor does he feel that he knows them until he has seen the world from their angle, from this curious viewpoint below the brink, and until he has followed them up into the hills whence they come and down toward the sea whither they go. You do not know a river till you have become one with its current, a part

of its life, winding with it through the meadows and fighting with it through the barriers of rock.

It is a curious fact which all sensitive observers must have noted that you get almost no "feel" of the contours of a country from the tonneau of an automobile. The sag of the springs, the extreme speed, the ease of the spurt up a hill, the rolling away of the landscape, the rush of the road to meet you—all combine to destroy that sense of local difference between one valley and the next. Of the delicate pleasures of road-side flowers and lovely vistas down logging roads and bird-calls and wayfarers' greetings, of course, you get nothing at all. That is why some of us, to the extreme perplexity of the rest of us, take to our feet on the back roads.

But even more intimately than from the winding highway, travelled afoot, the country discloses its subtler aspects to him who journeys down its rivers by canoe. A road goes arbitrarily, often, where man has willed. A river finds by the first law of its nature the bottom land; it draws in to itself ultimately all roads and ways of man, and from its surface one looks perpetually up, instead of now up, now down, getting a constant, unchanging perspective on everything within the field of vision, which cannot err or falsify. Whose house is set the higher on a hill? From the river you shall have no doubt. Those blue huddled hills and intersecting valleys resolve themselves out of confusion into the assured familiarity of a map to the river voyager. He has, on the very scale of nature itself, one of those raised maps so dear to the heart of boyhood, and he is sailing through the heart of it. Perpetually ahead lies the beckoning bend, or the long vista of river-valley opening between the hills. Perpetually to right and left are timbered slopes or grassy uplands, now and again parting to proclaim a tributary, threaded with roads that seem ever to be coming down to speak to you in your canoe, to bring you news of the countryside. When you pass through a town, it is through the intimate life of the back yards, not down its formal main street; you view it in its shirt sleeves, as it were, you catch it off its guard, its houses faced the other way, their back roofs peeping at you over the trees, while paths come down as if to watch you pass. Once more, the river view has the charm of strangeness, reveals the world to you from a different angle.

"Poor Society! What hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?" This thou hast done. Thou hast cast us and kept us in moulds of convention, in starched collars and paved streets and stuffy houses (or, more often in flats); in habits of vision and of speech; thou hast compelled us too often to forget our own souls in the bicker of market-place or assembly. This thou hast done because it is a law of our nature to herd with our kind, to fight for things material, to create art and sky-scrapers and fine clothes and grand opera and high tariffs and slums and creeds and all sorts of jumbled wisdom and folly. But it is a law of our nature, too, sometimes to revolt, to throw ourselves back on the bosom of the Inanimate, to cry out not for art but the huddle of hills into the sunset and the song of a thrush, not for sky-scrapers, but the ranks of the towering pines, not for paved streets and trolley cars, but the soft seduction of a little river.

A pipe, a box of matches, a hatchet, a little tent, a rod and line, blankets, a coffee-pot and frying pan, a jug of water, a box of food, an old shirt, a canoe and the right companion to handle the bow-paddle, and in the ethereal river mists of a summer morning you launch your craft where the stream breaks out of its mountain cradle, and without need of map or compass give yourself gladly to its care until, perhaps, it joins the sea. It is a new world you shall see, through the magic lens of your lowered perspective, a world wherein many humble things are important and many great things shrink to insignificance. You shall pass through the haunts of men and care not for them. You shall camp in the fragrance of hemlocks and scatter the embers of your fire with regret. You shall make for the bend ahead with the joy of a discoverer, for the bend where the black water steals mysteriously into the green, sun-flecked aisles of the forest, and your talk is hushed, your paddle muffled, till you creep in as silently as the moccasined Indian on the trail, as noiselessly as the water itself, or for the bend where the river, larger now, sweeps round a promontory covered with maples, all their shadowed

symmetry backed by the blue sky, into the promise of sun-filled meadows and the languor of a summer day. Hour by hour the glide of the boat shall lull you, and when at twilight you climb stiff-legged out and rising upon the bank see the sky suddenly shrink, the world grow larger and familiar again, the grassy banks become once more not a bounding wall, but a small thing at your feet, the water shall still whisper a lullaby, running past you all the night.

And presently you shall go back to your Society—since there, after all, is probably your ultimate place—with a new light, if ever so feeble, on what is important in it and what trivial, and the wistful memory of your nights beneath the stars and your days on the bosom of the kindly stream. Such is the true contemplation of rivers. It has little to do with angling, after all. It is born of the impulse of solitude and the instinct in man to wander from the hills to the sea, on the track of those primal forces which are greater than he, which grant him a new glimpse of beauty or awake an old romance, which stir in his imagination the vast and steadying images of his origin.

The Holiday's End

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

(*From "Everybody's Magazine"*)

Massed thunder-heads across the flat sea-marsh
With plumes of rose and gold; the sordid range
Of signboards; black salt-channels; ever-strange
Familiar sands, with bristling pines and harsh,
Burnt clearings; piled-up cordwood; orchards low;
Dark ponds with twisted snags; and here and there
A station flashes through the shuddering air
A mile a minute as we homeward go.

A bridge beneath, a sudden stifled roar,
And soon she slackens; and pale stars of blue
Light up electric lanes across the dusk.
The town is here, and strife and stench once more;
Tomorrow with its each bare fang and tusk
Waits at the valves of Sleep to claim its due.

True Canadian Reciprocity

(*Continued from Page 780*)

diffidence, they point the way towards true reciprocity. Canada has learned greatly from us, and she has been willing to learn, quick to learn. Wherever in Canada I inquired the reason for her advanced policies in land, labor, taxation, conservation, immigration and the like, I invariably got the same answer—"The United States." But let us have positive as well as negative lessons on both sides. Why not carry the idea of reciprocity up above trade relations and politics, and let us have a reciprocal free trade in *all* the elements of a civilization that will permanently satisfy *all* the instincts and demands of the human spirit?

Judged by dominant ideals, Greece satisfied the demand of the intellect, Israel the instinct of religion, England (measurably) of morals, Italy of beauty, Germany of workmanship, our own country the instinct of material well-being, and France the instinct of social life. It remains for some nation to take the elements of all these contributions, co-ordinate them, and so *popularize* them that an inheritance in them may become the free natural property of every child of the people. And of all the nations, the initial advantages for dealing with this opportunity seem to lie between our country and the Dominion of Canada.

We hold some of these advantages over Canada, and Canada holds some over us. We need not concern ourselves with the former—that is Canada's outlook. We may, however, briefly run over some of the advantages that at the present time Canada appears to hold over us.

CANADA'S ADVANTAGES

First, Canada has enough natural resources held as public property to insure (with wise administration) a continuous and distributed material well-being for her people.

Second, Canada has a running start towards a true democracy and a sound economic system, begun in her policies of taxation, conservation, immigration and land. These things in themselves do not make a civilization, nor are they sufficient to insure one. They are simply prerequisite. Being on a ship does not insure one's getting to Liverpool, but unless one does take ship one will never get there.

Her third advantage is in her position as an integral part of the British Empire. This prevents her from being provincialized. I was continually struck with the world-outlook in the common conversation of Canadians. Canada's political connections bring her people into contact with all that is going on in the Mother-country, the other colonies and the continent. I found it most interesting to notice how this appears in the newspapers; placing the front page of the Montreal Star or the Toronto Globe beside the New York Sun or Times—to see how cosmopolitan was the scope of the one and how local the other.

Fourth, this deprovincializing process is helped by the immense volume of east and west trade. Three transcontinental lines form the Canadian link between the Orient and the Continent. I am told even that one can now go all around the world on property of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Her fifth advantage is in her large and influential admixture of French population. When Voltaire was asked what particular benefit the reign of Louis XIV had given France, he replied acutely that it had nationalized the *social spirit*. And one can go but a little way in Canada without feeling her debt to the inimitable touch of Latin manner that beautifies her civilization. And more than this—the French language is official and current everywhere in Canada, and everyone knows at least a little of it. Edmonton, even, with but thirty thousand people, supports a couple of French newspapers. Public notices of all kinds are promulgated in both languages. Both are spoken in the Parliaments. Therefore every Canadian, whether French or English, has potentially, at least, command of *one great literature besides his own;* and scarcely any single civilizing influence has more efficiency than this.

Lastly, Canada has kept all the benefits of the monarchical system without any of its drawbacks. When the Protestant Reformation discarded Catholic doctrine and discipline, it also discarded Catholic worship and thus lost the power of appeal which inheres in this age-long body on sentiment and poetry. The American Revolution made a similar unfortunate sacrifice in severing our relations with monarchy. Canada hit the golden mean of escaping every practical disadvantage of the monarchical form of government—she has emerged into a pure democracy—and yet retaining a sentimental and ritualistic connection with it. Burke, with whom I began this paper, says, "There ought to be in every country a system of manners that a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish." The only value of a monarchy is its influence in tempering social life, raising its general tone and purging its vulgarity. This influence of Canada's relation to England is evident throughout her social life.

Thus with an amiable, an *interesting* civilization built upon great material prosperity and advanced democratic institutions, Canada seems to me to be a powerful competitor in the race for the goal of a true civilization. True, she may not finally care to engage in this peaceful rivalry; she may stop short of it and rest content in some smaller enterprise like the enlargement of trade or the multiplication of manufactures. We ourselves may not care to engage in it. But the lover of the humane life, seeing their incomparable opportunities, gives his counsel of perfection to both nations in expectant hope.

On this ground my fellow countrymen will forgive my plain speaking. It comes of the sincere desire that the United States may not rest satisfied with teaching the rest of the world how to trade and manufacture and get rich, but that having done all this, or as much of it as may be necessary, she will declare a friendly warfare with the Dominion of Canada for the greatest prize of all—the opportunity of teaching the rest of the world how to *live*.

Lots of Work in Vancouver

WHEN the labor agencies on Powell street hang out their blackboards in the morning the sidewalk in front of these places is a common meeting-ground for the men of the outdoors. There are perhaps two thousand—it is a broad guess —of these camp workers in the city. Perhaps many more. Let us say that there are twenty thousand men working in the woods and on railway construction work in British Columbia. It is perfectly natural that one-tenth of this number should be in Vancouver. There is always an endless chain of men moving between the camps and the city. Men come out to the city because they want to spend some money and have a "good time" for a week or two. Their places are taken by others, and in a week or ten days they return to work, perhaps not to the same camp. Not all are single men, exchanging their wages for the picturesque conception of a "good time"; many are married and have homes in Vancouver; their high wages do not fatten the saloon keepers' bank account. The average logging camp workers are not big-beamed or very tall, not giants but men of ordinary size, though with toughened muscles and deep-browned skins, and a living force dwelling in them bright like fire, that is the gift of Nature to the man who works in the open. Their clothes always have something of the camp character, by which you can tell them from the open-air worker of the city. Every province in Canada has sent men to the British Columbia woods. Oregon, California, Washington, Arizona, Nevada, and New Mexico have sent up woodsmen who can tell stories of logging camps from the boundary of Old Mexico to Puget Sound. From the dark pine forests of Norway, Sweden, Finland and Siberia have come rough-sculptured men familiar with logging, and at home in the brown deep-shadowed woods. Only a northern climate could produce such men as the loggers; there are no rugged fellows like these bred beneath a southern sun that dissolves in listlessness and langour the muscles of men. They have the strong, unfreakish character of the outdoors that wilderness workers everywhere, whether cowpunchers, prospectors or lumbermen, have in common, and they have something else that the great woods give to those who long inhabit her aromatic dominions. The logger is a man of much simplicity and directness, and not difficult to analyze. The railroad construction camp toiler is not a cut off the same piece, as many people think. He has his admirable qualities, too, and though he handles pick and shovel now, the good shovelman does not remain a laborer very long. He soon gets a job bossing other laborers, and the man with the pick of today may be the subcontractor of tomorrow: and then just watch him. Pat Murphy, with a shovel and a pick, or Vincenzo Gossi, navvy, becomes first a foreman, then a stationman, then a subcontractor, and then you will hear presently of a contractor named Mr. Patrick D. Murphy, or Mr. Vincent Goss (for they English their names), and there he is in his automobile, very fat and prosperous, with seven hundred men on his payroll, and people regard his bank account with suspicion, and can smell tainted money as well as gasoline when he passes in his motor car. The big blackboards outside the employment offices offer many jobs and good wages. "First faller $4.25 a day; axemen, $3.00 a day; second faller, rigging slinger, snipers, barkers, dog-up man, head loader, swampers; good camp, free pass. You can get your fare advanced to the E. & N. railway, which is shouting for men. Prince Rupert wants men quick; go tonight; fare advanced, high wages. Avviso; passo libero, vogliamo. 75 atagliana austriaci; patare, tutto, oggi, 447 Strada di Carral." If you are a stationman, or want to figure on a small job for yourself, you are asked by a blackboard to step in and take a look at a profile of the Portland Canal short line,

which desires stationmen and subcontractors who are willing to work whole days, not merely eight hours, for themselves, and some nights, too, by the light of the "banjo" lamps, that the work may be rushed. You can get any kind of outdoor job you wish, and be shipped tonight or tomorrow, or the next day. It doesn't look as if a man could find excuse for being idle in this part of the world right now. The labor agencies are so eager to get men for their contractors and logging companies that they advertise "Nothing to pay, no fee, free pass, good camp, high wages," and that leaves the jobless men utterly without an excuse for vagrancy. Hoboes! keep away from Vancouver, town no good, work stares in your face from every labor agent's window, and comes all the way to meet you. If you come here you are likely to get shanghaied into a logging camp or a railway construction camp and put to work. Keep away.

The Mother

By KATHARINE TYNAN

(*From "McClure's Magazine"*)

There is no height, no depth, that could set us apart—
Body of mine and soul of mine, heart of my heart.

There is no sea so deep, no mountain so high,
That I could not come to you if I heard you cry.

There is no hell so sunken, no heaven so steep,
Where I should not seek you and find you and keep.

Now you are round and soft, and sweet as a rose;
Not a stain on my spotless one, white as the snows.

If some day you came to me heavy with sin,
I, your mother, would run to the door and let you in.

I would wash you white again with my tears and grief,
Body of mine and soul of mine, till you found relief.

Though you had sinned all sins there are 'twixt east and west,
You should find my arms wide for you, your head on my breast.

Child, if I were in heaven and you were in hell,—
Angels white as my spotless one stumbled and fell,—

I would leave the fields of God and Queen Mary's feet,
Straight to the heart of hell would go seeking my sweet.

God, mayhap, would turn Him at sound of the door;
"Who is it goes out from Me, to come back no more?"

Then the blessed Mary would say from her throne:
"Son, 'tis a mother goes to hell, seeking her own.

"Body of mine and Soul of mine, born of me,—
Thou who wert once little Jesus beside my knee,—

"It is so that mothers are made: Thou madest them so.
Body of mine and Soul of mine, do I not know?"

Golden Summer

By Florence Bahr

TUESDAY was market day at Brigg, and, rain or shine, Father made a point of going, thereby nearly driving us all crazy with his fussy ways; it was fetch and carry, and woe betide us if we weren't all gathered round him with all his belongings ready to don. Numerous and contrary orders we one and all received before he finally seated himself in the old dog-cart which had carried him to and fro on his journey to market for the last ten or fifteen years.

Lately we had taken it in turns to accompany him on his journeys, and to-day was Conny's turn. Mother and I had been standing patiently holding out his numerous parcels—which he always insisted upon packing into the trap himself—for the last half hour, and as the last sample of grain is put in we look at each other with a sigh of relief, knowing that once the things are all in, we shall be able to go into the house, where Alice, our old servant, will have a comfortable fire and a well-laid second breakfast ready, all steaming hot, and a pot of coffee delicious enough to tempt an angel, as Jim, our only brother, remarks.

Father turns, and with a parting kiss to mother takes his seat, then glances at the seat beside him. "Bless my soul! Where is Conny? What, not ready yet? Tut, tut!" and he turns to me with a frown. Conny saves the situation by running across the court yard, and, with a "Sorry, Father," she jumps up beside him. Off they go, and we dutifully stand and wave to them until they are almost out of sight. Then mother, with a smile and "Come, Sophie," enters the house, where Jim, "the monkey," has wisely hidden himself, knowing full well that he would have been badgered and ordered until he was nearly out of his mind.

"Poor dear!" says Mother, smilingly, as we seat ourselves at the plentifully laid table; "he might be going a journey to the South Pole, he is so fussy." "Fussy!" we echo. Mother smiles depreciatingly. "Well, dears, it is only once a week! As you know, he is the kindest of fathers, and most good tempered, except"—and Mother hesitates—"once a week!" we finish for her; then we all laugh.

As the meal progresses, we are like a lot of happy, noisy school children, so little it takes to amuse us.

Just as Alice commences to clear away, Jim, who has risen and is standing by the window which looks out on to the high-road, calls out that Dr. Wilson is driving round to the back. So mother gives the order for more coffee and fresh hot-cakes, which the doctor has an especial weakness for; then she leaves the room with Jim, and I readjust the table.

The doctor is a special favorite of Father's, and I think he admires Conny, but she avoids him and snubs him on every occasion. At one time I am sure she liked him, but lately she is quite cold to him for some reason or other. When Mother and Doctor Wilson come in, I notice he gives a searching look round the room, then turns and wishes me good morning, and at Mother's invitation seats himself at the table, as she pours out the coffee. The two old friends chat about the parish and the surrounding district, and, to our surprise, we hear that Dick Chetwynd is on his way home from Canada, where he went after his quarrel with his Father. Now the old man is dead, I suppose he is coming to claim the property which his Father left him, after all.

We none of us cared for Dick Chetwynd; he was always a fast and bold young man, and when the quarrel took place we were not surprised; Dick's escapades were well talked about in the village. I don't suppose he will stay amongst us very long, as village life was not at all to the gentleman's liking in the old days. Leaving the

two old friends to finish their gossip, I fetch a pair of scissors and my basket, then go out of the side door into the kitchen garden where, for the next half-hour, I am busy snipping off a leaf here and a leaf there, and generally making the garden look a little more tidy. Suddenly I hear voices coming my way, so I rush for the old summer-house, and have only just time to softly close the door before the Doctor and Jim come into view. "Sophie! Sophie!" calls Jim, but I am deaf for the occasion. "Why don't the stupid things go away," I think, wrathfully. "I want to get on with my work." I hold my breath as they come near to my hiding place, but they pass on, and I hear Jim grumbling as they walk away. I wait for a while, then there is a rattle of wheels and I know the coast is clear. "Jim!" I call, and at the look of surprise on his boyish face, I laugh. "Well, you are a nice one!" is his greeting. "Old Wilson and I have searched all over the place!" Then he grins. "I say, old girl, you don't mean to say you were in there?" pointing to the summer-house. I nod. "Well, of all the girls, leading a fellow a chase like that," he grumbles. "What did he want?" I say. "Oh! Mother told him to ask you to go over to old Martin. The old chap is bad again, and knowing what a good Samaritan you are"—Jim gives me a knowing wink. "Don't be vulgar," I say with flaming cheeks. Jim laughs. "I say, Sophie, you would make a splendid Doctress!" I turn round, but he is too quick for me, and when at a safe distance he calls at the top of his voice, "Doctress!" but I disdain to answer, and off he goes.

I go on steadily working for some time. The garden is really looking neglected, owing to the old gardener being away. I lay out a bed for transplanting, and sow a lettuce and radish bed, and am just putting the finishing touches to a carrot bed when the gong sounds for lunch, which we always take cold, as Father is a very busy man, owning several hundred acres of land besides cattle, sheep and horses, and he invariably rides from field to field superintending personally the men, women and children he employs, despite the fact of having a good foreman. We find it more convenient to have a cold lunch, which is on the table usually from 12 to 2 o'clock.

We are just finishing our lunch, when Mother asks Jim if he delivered the doctor's message about old Martin. "Poor Lizzie Oldfield has another baby, this time a girl," remarks Mother, "so I think you had better go and see the poor thing this afternoon; George is out of work again! Dear, dear! Why do they have so many babies. And just take her a basket of eggs, and there's a chicken in the larder; pack that up well, and tell Bessie to give you a jug of soup."

My heart sinks. "I really am anxious to finish my gardening. Why can't Alice go?" I say pettishly. "Really, Mother, Doctor Wilson is a nuisance!" "Why dear?" Mother says in a surprised tone. "I always thought you liked to help." "So I do, but not when I am busy; the garden is in an awful state," I say, flushing hotly as Jim's eyes meet mine.

"Suppose I drive you there, Mater!" Jim says suddenly. "You could call in and see old Martin as well. I have to go to the smithy's about that plough, and the drive would do you good."

Mother gazes at him silently for a moment. She is weighing the subject over in her mind. "Well," she says at length, "perhaps I had better go this time. Sophie doesn't know much about babies, and that old woman who is looking after her, I am afraid, isn't much good.

"All right, Mater," says Jim. "Be ready as soon as you can."

Meanwhile Bessie gives me the soup, and the baskets are soon packed. After they have driven away, I go back into the garden for a while to finish my work, and after a cup of tea I change my dress and generally idle my time away, until the sound of wheels announces the arrival of Father and Conny. Shortly after, Mother and Jim make their appearance.

Conny is in wild spirits all evening; after dinner she unpacks her numerous purchases Mother scolds her a little on her extravagance, but she only tosses her pretty head and laughs. We are very proud of our eldest sister. She is an exceedingly pretty girl, tall and graceful, with a lovely complexion and a wealth of bronze brown hair.

We admire and criticize all her treasures, and when they are taken away, I feel desperately sleepy, so take my candlestick and steal quietly off to bed. I am just dozing

off into dreamland when Conny comes into her room, which has a door communicating with mine. "Sophie, are you asleep?" she says in a low voice. I don't answer; I am too sleepy. Then I feel a touch on my shoulder. "Wake up! Wake up, Sophie, I want to tell you something." "Well!" I say ungraciously. "Can't you wait until morning?" and I turn over with the intention of closing the conversation, but she is persistent. "Do rouse yourself, old girl. Dick is coming home." "What Dick?" I say, half asleep yet. "Why, Dick Chetwynd, of course, goose!" "Oh," I say stupidly. "Well, if he is, I don't care. For goodness' sake go away, I am tired." Conny stoops down and whispers something in my ear. In a moment I am wide awake. "Conny!" I cry, but she is off and the door between closes with a bang. It is hours before I sleep again. "What will Father and Mother say when they know?" I keep saying to myself as I toss from side to side.

* * * *

Breakfast is nearly over when I enter the dining-room, and Conny gives me a warning glance as I take my seat. "Tired, Sophie?" Father says, giving me a kindly look. "You look pale, dear." Tears spring to my eyes, and mother hastens to turn the conversation. I feel relieved; another moment and I should have broken down.

The conversation turns to Lizzie Oldfield. Mother found the poor thing very weak, and, her husband being out of work, very worried. Father promises to give him a few days' labor until something turns up, and I volunteer to go over and fetch him. Breakfast over, I go upstairs for my hat.

Conny is in high spirits. I hear her happy laugh downstairs. "How can she laugh like that!" I think indignantly, knowing how she has deceived her parents. Mother is crossing the hall when I descend the stairs. "Ready, Sophie?" she says, smilingly handing me a covered basket. "Hurry dear, the poor things may be worrying."

As I walk along the pretty country lane in the glorious sunshine, I think of the trouble in store for Father and Mother when Conny tells them that she is the wife of Dick Chetwynd.

Soon the little cottage comes in view, and I hurry my steps, knowing how happy poor Lizzie will feel when she knows there is work for her husband. She is an old servant of ours, and George is a most respectable man, but, owing to bad health, is often out of work. They have quite a numerous family of boys, and now a little daughter.

The doctor is already there, and I notice how gently he speaks to the poor woman, who looks very worn and ill. She smiles wanly at me, as I quietly take a seat, and wait until the doctor finishes his directions to the old woman in charge.

Crossing the room to speak to me, I notice what a kindly face the doctor has. A face, somehow, one trusts and relies on, and I feel suddenly ashamed of the silly, girlish trick which I played yesterday.

When he hears my errand, he turns to Lizzie and tells her, now that her husband has got work, she has nothing to worry about, but get well, and with a smile he takes his departure from the room.

I stay chatting for a few minutes with the two women, then I take a little peep at the new baby before going in search of George, who is easily found; he brightens up when I tell him to put on his coat, Father has sent for him.

The sunshine tempts me to loiter on my homeward way. The wild flowers are so tempting that I frequently stop to gather a few blossoms. By the time my basket is filled the morning is well advanced, and when I reach the four lane ends it is nearly 12 o'clock. To my surprise I find my sister sitting on a stile waiting for me. "What a slow coach you are, Sophie!" she calls out to me, when I am within hearing distance. "What are you waiting for?" I answer rather ungraciously. I am dreadfully annoyed at her deceit and I mean to let her know it.

"Why, to talk to you," she replies good humoredly. "Don't be cross, Sophie, I want your advice. Dick is coming this afternoon, and do you think we ought to tell Father and Mother that we are already married?" "When were you married?" I ask abruptly." "Before Dick went to Canada. If you remember, I was staying with May Fielden at Hull; well, Dick came over, instead of going straight on to Liverpool, and we went to a registry office; he had got the licence, so I slipped out one morning early, before May or her people were up, and we were married."

"Oh, Conny! How could you do such a thing! You know Father and Mother never approved of Dick." "That's why we married secretly. They never gave the boy a chance. Everything was made the worst of, until we couldn't bear it, and his father was so awfully strict no high-spirited boy could put up with it."

We walked in silence. How to advise her I am at a loss. They certainly will have to tell. Things cannot go on like this. The question is, Should they tell now, or let Father and Mother see more of Dick and get used to him?

At last I turn to Conny and explain my views to her, but we arrive at no arrangement when we come into view of the house, where Jim is standing talking to Father.

After lunch, Conny rushes upstairs to change her dress. I follow slowly, too miserable to care how I look, and entering my room sink down on to the old-fashioned window-seat for a good think. Conny is pulling out first one drawer and then another in her haste, singing gaily at the top of her voice. Presently she dashes into my room, radiant, in a white muslin dress. "How do you think I look, Sophie Do you think Dick will think me nice?" Before I can answer her, she is through the door and on her way downstairs, quite as if she has not a care in the world.

Shortly afterwards, I see her seated on the lawn, where she has a good view of the drive. I suppose she wishes to have a talk with Dick before he makes his appearance in the drawing-room. Slowly changing my pink cotton gown for a clean white linen I linger as long as possible so that they can have a chance of coming to some understanding.

Presently the gate clicks, and looking through the windows, I see a figure which is, I suppose, Dick's! Craning my neck, I get a better view. He is crossing the lawn and speaking to Conny, who has risen to meet him. He certainly is a fine specimen of young manhood, tall and broad, with a sunny, good-tempered face. As the sun shines on his fair head, I feel perhaps she is not so much to blame, after all; he is very good to look on.

I resolve to give them half-an-hour before disturbing Mother, who is slumbering peacefully in the dining-room.

The rattle of the tea tray brings Mother, and together we cross the lawn, where tea is placed under a shady tree. She shakes hands kindly with Dick Chetwynd, but is distinctly frosty in her manner. She inquires politely about his journey, but it is with a feeling of relief when the young man takes his departure; he does not try to conceal his love for Conny, and I am sure Mother notices it, but she makes no remark. We all walk as far as the gate with him, and I feel very sorry for him, he looks so disappointed. Towards 8 o'clock Conny disappears, and later, as I go into the hall for my candlestick, the side door opens and a muffled-up figure peeps round the door as it slowly swings back. "Oh, it's you, is it?" says a familiar voice, and Conny comes into view. She had been out to meet her lover.

* * * *

Mother had driven off with Father. They were to spend a long day with Aunt Helen, who lives a few miles away. We have spent days discussing ways and means to end the miserable state of affairs connected with Conny's ridiculous escapade—marriage I refuse to call it. We have had to take Jim and Dr. Wilson into our confidence; things have reached a climax. Dick politely refuses to wait any longer for his wife. He has called and done his best to gain Mother and Father's approval, but they will have none of him. Day after day, in spite of snubs, he has presented himself, until he declares that he is tired of the whole thing. Conny has lost her spirits entirely. Night after night she steals out of the house, until I am in constant terror of their being found out.

Seeing so much of him of late, I am forced to acknowledge that Dick is a nice, manly fellow, and it seems a pity that for the sake of a few boyish escapades he is treated in this way by my parents. We have just seated ourselves beneath our favorite tree on the lawn, when the two men arrive. Dick plunges at once into his grievances and declares there is no help for it, and he means to elope with his wife. "A nice thing when a fellow is compelled to run away with his own wife!" he grumbles. We all laugh, it really is too funny! He proceeds to lay his plans before us. He is well-born, well off, and he is lonely; and with a determined air he turns to me,

"Claim my wife I will, so it is no use trying to stop me. If you won't help"—then turning to Conny, "we must manage without."

So we arrange that Conny will meet him early tomorrow morning. He will bring the dogcart as far as the four lane ends; they will drive straight to the vicarage, where Doctor Wilson and the vicar's sister will meet them to act as witnesses at the wedding ceremony at the old vicarage church, as I insist upon a church service. Then they will drive to Mablethorpe, Dick's place, as soon as the ceremony is over. The vicar, who is an old friend of the family's, has already been put in possession of all facts, and Dick will stay the night with Dr. Wilson. After fully discussing the plan, we arrive at the conclusion that it is the only way out of a most perplexing difficulty.

Owing to Father's liberal allowance Conny has some pretty clothes, and as we proceed to fold up one garment after another I am glad she won't disgrace us on her wedding day. We are making the most of our time by packing up Conny's belongings before mother's return, as we shall have to be up at daybreak so that Conny can leave the house unobserved.

Everything seems as usual when the sound of wheels announce the return of our parents, who have enjoyed their little jaunt. Mother talks and laughs all evening, but we young people are much too excited, and when ten o'clock strikes we creep off thankfully to our rooms.

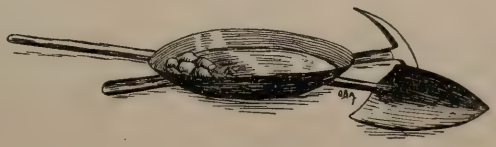
At an early hour next morning Jim knocks at the bedroom door, softly, and Conny at once begins to dress in her wedding dress. We have chosen a pretty white serge coat and skirt, and with it she will wear a large straw hat with a pink rose crown. Jim has brought a bunch of pale pink roses, which she tucks into her blouse. When she is ready I hand her a cup of tea. She is too excited to eat, so with a parting embrace we go downstairs. I cannot restrain my tears, but she is in radiant spirits.

Poor Jim surreptitiously wipes his eyes as we walk down the garden path. When the gate is reached, to our surprise, Dick is standing in the shadow of the old oak trees. "I couldn't help it, dear," he says as he takes her into his strong young arms. "I have waited for you so long." We watch them walk away, and with a final wave of goodbye, Jim and I sadly retrace our steps and enter the house, and silently creep back to our separate rooms to wait until the household shall be stirring.

At breakfast Conny's absence is not commented upon. Father has in some mysterious way lost one of his beloved samples. All is bustle and confusion. We search every nook and cranny without avail. In despair, father at last makes up his mind to drive off without it, when Jim unearths it in one of his overcoat pockets. He is so annoyed at his forgetfulness that he takes his seat without another word. I strongly suspect Jim is at the bottom of the mystery.

The doctor walks into the courtyard as they drive away. He has come to break the news of Conny's marriage to mother, and, as they enter the house, I steal away in the golden sunshine into the old orchard; leaning my arms on the top of the little wicket gate, I cry as if my heart would break.

Softly the doctor comes to me, and holding out his strong, brown hands to me, says, "Sophie, I love you, dear. I too am lonely. Will you be my wife?"



The Return

By Mabel Herbert Urner

(*From "Everybody's Magazine"*)

SHE laid down her book and waited. She knew by the way he had opened the door and was moving around the hall that he was drunk. He came in now, rubbing his hands and smiling inanely at her.

"Cold out—by George! Thr-thr-thundering cold out!"

That first stage of maudlin stupidity—how well she knew it. She knew, too, what the next phase would be—a quarrelsome irritability which the least remonstrance from her would excite to a frenzy of rage and profanity.

He was fumbling with the papers on the table, trying not to meet her eyes. His effort to appear careless and natural was painfully evident. If only she could keep from irritating him, from saying anything to arouse him—he might go to bed still in this simpering stupor. She held her glance fixed on the book in her lap, that he might not see the disdain in her eyes. That alone would be enough to excite him.

"Er—ah—guess I'll go to bed. Late, by George! Time for you to go, too."

She bit her lip. She knew that all she should say was: "Yes, I'm coming." But she could not. The bitterness and contempt and the desire to give it expression were too strong. "I shall sit up until I finish this book."

He turned. The simpering smile had vanished. "What's that?"

"I thought I spoke plainly. I said I intended to sit up until I finished this book."

"Oh, you do—do you?" he sneered. "And how long will that be?"

"Oh, two or three hours," she answered recklessly.

"Oh! it will? And you expect to sit up here all hours of the night reading those infernal novels?"

"Yes, if I choose." She knew the storm that was coming, but she had lost all desire to check it now.

"We'll see about that." His voice was hoarse with rage. "Now, you put that book down and go to bed."

She smiled.

"Do you hear me?" he thundered.

"You are speaking loud enough."

"D—— you! Give me that book!" He made a lurch toward it, but she easily avoided him.

His face was crimson, his hands clenched, and there was a strong odor of stale liquor from his breath.

"Oh, if you only knew how loathsome you are when you are drunk!" she breathed, her eyes and voice full of disgust.

"Drunk? Drunk? Who said I was drunk?"

"I think I did."

"You ——, you!"

He made another lurch toward her, but she laughed defiantly and slipped past into her bedroom. There was no key! Quick as thought she flew down the hall and into the closet at the far end.

When they first took the apartment she had objected to the way that closet door opened, and had it hung the other way—which brought the lock on the inside. And now she turned the key with another defiant laugh just as he tried to jerk open the door. He shook it fiercely, banged upon it, with a volley of foul oaths.

She crouched back in the closet, burying her face in some clothes that hung there, to shut out the hideous words. When he found the door was locked, he went back into the library muttering threats and curses.

She felt around the walls until she

found a long cloak, pulled it down, and sat on it. Only a faint streak of light came in under the door. It lay across a pair of beaded slippers, a shoe tree, and an old leather trunk strap. The rest of the closet was in darkness. There was a faint odor of camphor from the furs on the shelf overhead.

For a while she sat motionless, staring at the thin strip of light from under the door. All the bitterness and hatred and loathing she had ever felt for him seemed concentrated in that moment. She found herself thinking of a woman who was now being tried for killing her husband. For days the papers had been full of it—glaring headlines, pictures, interviews, every detail of the murder and trial. At great length they dwelt on the woman's calmness and self-possession. "Cold, unfeeling," the reporters called her. The man —her husband—had struck her in a drunken rage, and she had killed him. She made no effort to escape or to deny the deed, saying simply that she could no longer endure his drunken brutality and —she had killed him.

As she crouched there in the dark closet, her sympathy went out to this woman in swift understanding. A mental picture flashed before her—of herself standing in a courtroom before a jury. The judge, the lawyers, the sea of faces below—the clearness and vividness of the picture brought with it a rush of terror. She covered her face with her hands.

A crash from the room outside! A sound of breaking glass and then a storm of oaths.

She shivered and huddled closer to the closet wall. Why was it that profanity always made her sick and faint? She was not a religious woman. It was not a feeling of sacrilege, of outraged piety; she had none of that. And yet it always terrified her—made her blood run cold.

Another crash and another storm of oaths! It did not occur to her to wonder what he had broken. She was only wondering vaguely if it was the words or the passion in his voice that chilled her so. Would any other words, hissed out with that fury and violence, have the same effect? If he should swear in some unknown language—she felt it would be the same. And if the same oaths were spoken in a soft, gentle voice? She found herself trying to fit them to the tune of a soothing old Methodist hymn!

She was growing cramped sitting like that. She tried to change her position. There was something hard and uneven on the floor under the cloak. She drew it out. It was too dark to see, but she knew by the feel that it was one of his bedroom slippers. With quick revulsion she threw it from her. Oh, how she hated him! Hated everything that belonged to him! She could not bear it any longer. She would go away—anywhere. Anything would be better than this constant, feverish, burning hatred that was consuming the best of her, poisoning her nature—bringing out all the wickedness that was in her.

She would go away at once—tonight, and begin a new life. Whatever the hardship, there would not be the abasing degradation of this. What if she did have to work? She would be free—free! The whole world lay before her—a world of freedom. Why had she not gone long ago? For four years she had endured this life with him—and she might have been free!

From her cramped position she rose to her knees and then to her feet, turned the key in the door, opened it softly, and listened. The sound of heavy breathing came from his room. She had no fear of waking him now. He was sleeping, a wine-drugged sleep.

The clock in the library struck the half hour—half-past one. With feverish haste she slipped into a dark travelling suit, heavy walking shoes, a small, close turban and veil; wrote a hurried note saying she was leaving because she hated and loathed him, that it would be futile to follow her—she would never return; swept her jewels and a few toilet things from her dressing table into a small satchel—and she was ready.

At the door of her room she paused for a last glance. The warmth and luxury of it struck her with a new note: the bed with its silken covers, the soft negligee on a chair near by, the fur-lined slippers.

But from the next room the heavy breathing rose suddenly to a snore—a hoarse, guttural snore. Her face hardened.

Without another glance back she passed out into the hall.

The narrow, vault-like corridor stretched out long and shadowy before her. She must not ring for the elevator, she must try to get down without letting the bell boy or night clerk see her. One flight after another she crept down the stairs. At each landing stretched out another long, dimly-lit hall.

From the top of the last flight she could see down into the office. The night clerk was writing with his back toward her, but the bell boy was reading near the elevator. She could not pass him without being seen. If someone would only come in to be taken up, she could slip out while the elevator was gone. It was very late —after two. But there was always someone coming in. The elevator ran all night. She leaned back against the wall to wait. She could not be seen from below, and no one would come up the steps. Above her stretched a great shaft of darkness around which wound the stairs. The stillness was that peculiar stillness of a great building at night. The occasional stirring of the elevator boy or the rustle of papers by the night clerk seemed only to accentuate it.

The outside door opened now, and a man came in, entered the elevator, and was taken up. The clerk was engrossed with his writing and did not turn around. Hurriedly she slipped past him and out at the door. The wind struck her with its piercing cold. She shivered and turned down the dark street to the car line. The cars ran all night, she knew, but not very frequently, and there was none in sight now. Everything was closed except the drug store on the corner. Its green and blue bottles gave a touch of cheer to the dreary, deserted street.

As she waited for a car in the shelter of a dark doorway, she tried to form some plan for her immediate destination. Her only thought was to get away from New York and hide in some other large city. But where? Did it matter much where? Just now her mind seemed to shirk any definite planning. She would go to the Grand Central Station, take the first train out, and let Fate decide it for her.

And then came the thought that it was from the Grand Central that she had started four years before on her wedding trip. No, no, she could not leave from there.

A car was coming now. "South Ferry," read the sign in front. South Ferry! She would go to Cortlandt Street Ferry, take the first boat to Jersey City, and start from the depot there.

The car was empty but for a man dozing at the far end. The conductor looked at her curiously as he took her fare. Now and then another car passed them, empty, or with only one or two passengers.

At Cortlandt street she left the car and hurried over to the dimly-lit, barn-like station. The place was deserted save for a porter who was sprinkling the floor with wet sawdust. She went over to him.

"How often do the ferries run now?"

"Every half-hour, Miss; but there's such a fog it's likely to be longer before the next is in. One's just left."

Disheartened, she took a seat by a window overlooking the dock. Through the dust-smeared glass she caught a glimpse of the black water outside, lit up by a dim red light from the wharf. In the distance loomed the dark, shadowy hulks of anchored boats. There was something weird and ghostly about it all. She decided to wait here until dawn. The thought of crossing that black river alone filled her with fear. And, besides, there would probably be no trains she could get until morning.

She was very tired, and her head was aching now—a dull, heavy ache. She leaned back and closed her eyes. A picture of a luxurious bedroom came before her. There was a bed with silken covers, a soft negligee thrown over a chair, and a pair of fur-lined slippers. With an effort she opened her eyes and drove the picture from her mind.

She must try to think of the thing that lay before her now. Again and again she tried to force her mind to immediate plans, but her thoughts wandered. She could not hold them.

The porter was sweeping near her. She went over to the other end of the station. In spite of the wet sawdust sprinkled over the floor, the air was thick with dust. A damp, unsanitary odor hung about. The silence and emptiness of the place were emphasized by the hollow, echoing sound that came now and then as the porter's broom

hit against a seat or pushed a spittoon aside. He finished at last, took up the dirt in a battered dust pan, and disappeared through a door near the ticket window.

There was something almost ghastly about the long row of empty seats. Scarred and stained, they seemed to be wearily waiting for the onslaught of the day. The closed news stand in the corner, the tarnished brass railing around it, even the penny-in-the-slot machine against the wall had an air of patient endurance, of dreary waiting.

She watched the great clock over the ticket window, and wondered what the morrow would bring her. Where would she be in twenty-four hours? What was going to be her life?

Somehow, she was less hopeful, less assured. She tried to feel the courage and confidence that she had felt while she crouched in the closet—but she could not. Again she told herself that she would be free—free! But that word did not bring the glow of joy that it had brought.

For the first time she began to realize that she had very little money, and it might be difficult to find work. And what could she do? She knew nothing of work—and she was not strong.

Her headache was growing worse, her back ached, she ached all over, and there was a strained, sick feeling in her throat. Again and again the picture of her bedroom, with its warmth and luxurious comfort, came before her—and again and again she forced it away.

The stirrings of early morning became apparent now. A guard passed through, and a few passengers straggled in. From outside came the sound of rattling chains and creaking timbers. She got up and went on board the ferry.

It was barely dawn—a chill, grey dawn. The mist was heavy over the bay. The motion of the boat increased the feeling of faintness that was creeping over her. Slowly the ferry swung into the Jersey City slip. A crowd of people stood waiting for the gates to open. She wondered vaguely why there were so many—it was still very early. And then she realized that they were the working people, carrying lunch boxes and bundles; men and women with tired, worn faces, hurrying over to work in the shops and factories of New York.

She passed into the waiting room to rest a few moments, to wait until the dizziness from the boat had passed away. More working people came hurrying through. A whistle blew, there was the sound of clanking gates, and the ferry moved off. And still they came.

With a strange feeling of dread at her heart that she could not then have analyzed, her eyes sought out the women, their pale, tired faces and shabby clothes. They all seemed prematurely old. One was sitting opposite, a woman with refined features, who might have been attractive but for her haggard look and her shabbiness. She noticed the faded black suit, the shoes, rusty and shapeless, and the bit of bedraggled petticoat that showed under her skirt.

Then it came to her with sudden, sickening force—what this going away would mean. The wearing of cheap, coarse clothes and the doing without things that she had always had. And work—work—work! And what could she do? She would probably be capable of earning less than the woman opposite. She had less strength, less endurance, and certainly less knowledge of work. There was not one thing she knew that would have any marketable value. Ease and idleness had been her birthright.

She caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror of a slot machine near by. How old she looked! It was the loss of sleep, the mental and physical strain. How mercilessly it told upon her.

Again she looked at the woman opposite. It would be only a little while before she would look as old. She thought of the massage, the baths, the drives, the long hours of sleep—of all the time and money that was required to keep her youth. How long would it last under hardships, privations, and ceaseless work? That was what freedom would mean—a pitiful struggle for existence and a hastened old age.

A man standing near was carrying a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. She caught the flaring headlines: "Could not find work—she killed herself! Well-educated woman. Had been looking weeks for work. Shot herself in a cheap lodging house on Second Avenue!"

She did not stop to analyze the feeling

of terror, of cold, paralyzing terror that swept over her; the impulse to rush back to her home, to that place of security and protection. She never knew just how she recrossed the ferry. She had only vague memories of it here and there; of getting a cab on the other side, of bribing the cabman, and of the fast, whirling ride back through the city.

When at last she stood at the door of her apartment, she was trembling so she could hardly turn the knob. If it should be too late! If he had read her note!

A close odor of stale tobacco met her, the pale, sickly glow of electric lights against the daylight, and the heavy, regular breathing from his bedroom. She could have shrieked aloud with relief. He was still asleep, the note unopened, everything as she had left it.

With feverish haste she tore up the note, turned off the lights, and opened the window. In her own room she threw off her clothes, took a quick, warm shower, and slipped into a silken negligee. Oh, the ease and comfort and luxury of it all! She would never try to leave again. Her effort to break away had only shown her the strength of the bonds, and her own helplessness. And with a shuddering sob she crept into bed, and stretched her tired, aching limbs under the soft linen sheets.

The Forsaken Spring

By VIRGINIA WATSON

(*From the "Century Magazine"*)

When you were thirsty in those budding days,
You loved to drink from the curved hands I filled
With clear drops of my mountain spring, and praise
Gave cup and water that your thirst had stilled.

Now if you thirst, from glass of crystal fine
Or ancient, sculptured goblet you may drink;
And so no more you ask my sylvan wine,
No more you seek the wood-spring's flowered brink.

But if some day you weary of the wine
In costly vessels, and again shall kneel
Here on the moss by tangled flower and vine,
At the world's outpost I your need shall feel.

And I will haste to the neglected spring,
So long by fallen stones and dead leaves pent,
And in the chalice of my hands will bring
To your parched lips once more the sacrament.

Chikie, the Burgomaster

By Bristow Adams

(*From the "Century Magazine"*)

SOME time ago the United States Government sent a lot of men to the Pribyloff Islands, in the Bering Sea, to find out how to keep the fur seals from being killed off altogether. Among these men was one scientist in particular who studied everything he could get his hands on—books, birds, bugs, and boys, even small boys of the Aleutian type. It was due to this latter trait that he made the acquaintance of Antone Melovidof, the most American of the Aleut children at St. Paul village, on the biggest of the misty islands. Antone had winning ways that were used mainly to obtain oranges from the scientist, who pocketed them from the government house table. Antone in return brought this scientist seal teeth by the bushel, and insects of every description.

One day Antone learned that the scientist was to go to the revenue steamer to visit Walrus Island, the little rock he could see from his house during the ten clear days of the year. But Antone knew even more than this about Walrus Island, for he could remember that his father had been there twice the year before in the great *baidarrah,* or skin boat, to gather guillemot eggs. He remembered it very well indeed, because the fog had shut down on the first trip, and the boat was lost for two days, while the young men who stayed at home rang the chimes in the green-roofed Russian church during the grey days and the half-lighted nights that in summer time were much alike. When the boat did come back, his father had brought him a "Chikie," or young burgomaster gull; but it died before the second trip was made, only a week later. And on the second trip the father was too busy with the eggs to think of another Chikie. Antone knew all about these egg trips, for the Aleutian Easter eggs came only in midsummer, and only then when the villagers braved the fog and the tide-rips to make the eight-mile trip to Walrus Island. They could get eggs on the St. Paul cliffs, but these were only few and hard to get. When they really wanted eggs they took a boat-load of men to Walrus Island, which is really only a great rock, and with brooms swept acres of guillemot eggs into the sea. They were laid so thick that one could not walk without stepping on them, and their brilliant, blue-green, mottled color made a beautiful carpet. That is, it was beautiful to see, though not to smell.

After the men had swept the rock clear of eggs, they would go away, to return in a week, after each guillemot had laid another egg; then they could be sure that all of the thousands of eggs on the cleared space would be comparatively fresh. They loaded the baidarrah with eggs, four tons at a time, and the shells were so thick that they piled them like potatoes, and handled them almost as roughly, for, with so many, a little breakage was to be expected.

The scientist had heard of this wonderful island, but had never seen it close enough to verify the marvellous stories of the birds. So when the revenue cutter came in he determined to pay it a visit. It was on this account that Antone took an interest in the revenue cutter, for he had heard of the proposed trip, and he got the scientist to promise to return with a baby Chikie.

The cutter sailed away, and the fog hid it from Antone's straining eyes. He began to fear that it, too, would be gone many days, while the bells rang, some said to let God know that the boat needed His protection, others to let the boat know where the land and the village could be found. Antone did not know that the revenue boat

had a compass that showed the way in the densest of fogs even on the darkest of nights.

So in due time the scientist came to the island and found there more birds than he had ever hoped to see. There were mainly the guillemots that stand upright, with black coats and white waistcoats on. There were long-necked cormorants, and the sombre sea-parrots, or puffins, with their gaudy beaks. One was the judge, and wore horn spectacles; and his clerk followed him with his pens stuck behind his ears and his whole beak made of red sealing wax. There were auks and auklets, the "tschutskie," and the sea quail; there were three or four kinds of gull, and the greatest of them was the burgomaster, the biggest seagull that lives. And there were eggs and young birds of all ages and sizes; and no one could tell which was the greatest, the noise, the smell, or the sight.

The scientist, in the midst of all this material, did not forget Antone. He picked out a healthy specimen of the young Chikie, a long-legged, long-necked, and brown-spotted mass of yellowish down, and made for it. Chikie fled, but in so ludicrously ungainly and awkward a fashion that the scientist had to stop to laugh at the stilt-like strides and the grotesque wabbling of his big, fuzzy head. If the Chikie had not had so much natural dignity, it would not have been so funny. At the sound of the laughter Chikie hid his head in a rock crevice and, ostrich-like, imagined himself safe. The scientist picked him up by his half-feathered wings, and Chikie began to swear in a raucous voice in the Chikie language, a thing he did remarkably well, considering his extreme youth. After the capture, he ran a double risk of death by drowning and by being mashed as he was carried up the side of the rolling revenue steamer from the landing boat, because the scientist had to drop him; for just at a critical moment he lacerated the scientist's hand with his curved beak, a most ungracious act, since the scientist was trying to be careful.

Antone was at the St. Paul landing place waiting for the boat that should come from the cutter to the shore with the scientist and the bird. Chikie was extricated from a gunny sack, and Antone gathered up the sprawling conglomeration of wings, legs and head that was squawking expostulations in the burgomaster language.

The next time the scientist saw Mr. Chikie he was tethered to the government house rain barrel by a piece of the twine used for bundling the salted seal skins. He was unhappy. He would sit dejected for long periods, then he would suddenly start off as if he had just remembered an important errand. Invariably he would come to the end of his rope, and poor Chikie would fall grievously upon his face.

But Chikie grew, and got uglier. The ugly duckling would have been beautiful beside this young bird that was also destined to be a grand one; for the grown burgomaster is the most beautiful bird that flies. But the future did not trouble him. He was too much impressed with the miserable present. He was morose when it was foggy—which was always—though he might have been more cheerful in the sunshine if there ever had been any. He was draggled and discontented; but he grew. At times he sought the warmth of the government house ash pile, where, although he sometimes burned his feet on the hot cinders, he seemed less woebegone; but no abatement showed in the stern and unbending dignity of his martyrdom, away from all the other Chikies of his own age.

Antone had great fun with him He would catch hold of Chikie's wings by their tips and drive him to starboard or port by pulling one or the other. Antone fed him and petted him until Chikie learned to follow his little master about the village, thereby instilling envy and covetousness into the hearts of the other little Aleuts who did not own Chikies.

About this time two important things happened. The scientist went away in another revenue steamer, and the supply of oranges was cut off. Also Chikie learned to fly and could escape his playfellow by perching on the roof of the government house. Other Chikies came around, so Antone one day tied a red flannel anklet about his pet's yellow leg. Chikie was now of a streaky, dirty brown, but he was full-feathered, and could fly fairly well. Usually he stayed about the village, but he learned to go off and forage for himself among the carcases on the seal killing-

fields. Or he would steal from the red-legged "goverooski" gulls, only half his size; and when he wanted real tidbits he would get the eyes of the little "pup" seals that starved on the beaches when their mothers had been speared at sea.

Winter came, and with it a great longing that told Chikie to go away to the warmth of the south, past the volcanoes of the Aleutian chain and over the broad Pacific. He did not know of these places, but he knew that all of the burgomasters were going away, and that most of the other birds except the dirty cormorants had gone, and he did not want to stay with them. So Chikie spread his brown wings and sailed away to the south, still wearing his red anklet.

For six months he stayed away from St. Paul, and in that time he had grown to be the biggest burgomaster of them all. His great wings, which now grew white, had carried him miles and miles over the broad swells of the Pacific, and no bird could fly as well as he, save only the sooty albatross. Then the longing came over him again, and this time it was to sail to the north, where he had been Antone's pet.

During all this time Antone had sorrowed, while his companions openly rejoiced that his source of pride had been taken away. But after the ice had broken up and floated off, Chikie came back, and Antone knew him by the rag on his leg. He took up his abode for a while with the Melovidofs, and stalked around the village, and flew over the killing-fields as of yore. But he was too big for Antone to play with, and Antone's former love changed to a pride in Chikie's great white wings, his strong, yellow bill, and his majestic and independent ways. Later Chikie's visits to the St. Paul village grew less and less frequent, and finally he came only at rare intervals. But Antone knew him always by his draggled anklet, and welcomed him with pieces of seal blubber and other things that Chikie liked.

One day the scientist came back to the islands to collect more facts and more material for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He shot birds, which he made into "choochils," or specimens; and as he was gunning at Vostochni, thirteen miles from St. Paul village, at the other end of the island, he saw a giant burgomaster sailing over his head, and brought it down with a broken wing. When he had killed it he was surprised to see a dingy strip of cloth about one leg. He was at a loss to explain it until he had come to the village with his prey.

Then Antone cried:

"He has killed my Chikie! He has killed my Chikie!"

But Antone was finally consoled with the promise of another Chikie, and with two oranges, which the little lad sucked furtively while the after-sobs of his crying were still choking him.

And as for Chikie, he now stands majestically in a sombre glass case with a lot of other gulls, among them the despised "goverooskies." His unwinking eyes ignore them and glance neither to right nor left. It has been a long time since Antone fed him, but he is not altogether neglected, for once in a while he is gently dusted. It is true his red anklet is gone; but, then, it would not be the proper thing for a coldly scientific "choochil" to wear a rag about its leg.

How British Columbians "Coronated"

By Ronald Kenvyn

BACK in Vancouver, after the whirl of the coronation, it is hard to analyze the impressions received in the world metropolis; but perhaps the idea which chiefly prevails in the minds of Canadians is that the Old Country people govern themselves with very little fuss and that their actions are governed by hard common-sense. No one who went through the experiences of the coronation week could fail to appreciate this. The teeming millions thronging London needed not the police. They behaved with a tolerant good humor and friendliness, which emphasized the belief that Great Britain is the only true democratic country—with gilt trimmings—where there is real government for the people by the people. That is the outstanding impression that I have brought back to the Coast. In those islands across the sea is a marvellously efficient race; a race which does not indulge in boast, brag nor bluff, but a race which at the same time does things.

The second impression is that half the population of British Columbia seemed to be in London. A walk down the Strand was reminiscent of Hastings street, for in every few thousand faces one saw the well-known features of some citizen from British Columbia, and as one only remembered meeting the Coast faces, naturally an idea was left at the end of the day that Vancouver had moved to London. British Columbia was to the fore, and I can testify to the excellent work done by our contingent in advertising this province. Wherever a British Columbian landed, there would the praises of the Coast be sung and the very numbers of our people to visit the Old Country was an excellent and striking indication of the general prosperity prevailing here.

One of the most important gatherings of June was the British Columbia dinner to Premier McBride, held at the Savoy Hotel, at which there were 350 guests. Nearly all were Coast residents or former residents, while the other guests included the Earl of Aberdeen, the Home Secretary, and many others prominent in the public life of Great Britain. The bringing together of such an assembly spoke in a decided way of the strides British Columbia has made.

"Five years ago," said the Premier, "if such a gathering of British Columbians in the heart of the Empire had been suggested, he who did so would have been described as a wild dreamer."

The Hon. Winston Churchill spoke in very high terms of British Columbia and described Premier McBride as a man upon whom high destiny had placed her seal. Great prominence was given to this dinner in the leading London dailies, and British Columbia consequently received valuable publicity. A rather amusing custom prevails in Great Britain with reference to this province which somewhat annoys the loyal boosters of other sections of Canada. One was constantly hearing the phrase, "Canada and British Columbia," and this was particularly so at a Colonial Club dinner which was held on June 17, with Professor Bickerton, of New Zealand, presiding. The reference to Canada and British Columbia was constantly cropping up, and the toast list was so arranged that the reply for Canada and the reply for British Columbia were separate items. Of course, this suited us admirably, for we gained so much more advertising; but Ontario, for instance, became distinctly peeved.

The one complaint possible to make is that there was too much entertaining. I am sure the oversea Premiers hardly had an evening to themselves. A round of festivities, at homes, garden parties, banquets, excursions and country house trips filled in their time, and the men of the colonial con-

tingents also had their spare time well occupied. Down at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, there were some 2,000 troops from oversea quartered. The largest contingent was furnished by Canada—some 760 men—while South Africa sent 400 splendid-looking fellows; in fact, the South African force was far ahead of Canada's as regards physique, with the exception of the 75 men of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who, however, were not attached to the Canadian contingent, but came over on a different steamer and were quartered at a different point. One often heard the wish expressed by Canadians in London that the Dominion Government had put our boys in a distinctive uniform. They were dressed much like the regular troops, and they had to buy in London—mark you!—the maple leaves which should have been on their uniforms. The New Zealand, the South African and other contingents were always easily picked out, and if they went up town they were always followed by interested Londoners, and the remark, "There's a South African," or New Zealander, as the case might be, meant a great deal. The Canucks, on the contrary, could walk the streets and there was nothing on their uniforms to show they came from Canada, and so an excellent opportunity of keeping the Dominion before the public was lost until the men themselves spent their own money in buying maple leaves and placing them on their tunics. The mounted police, as a contrast, were easily picked out and speedily became favorites with the public.

The arrangements made for the contingents at Chelsea were excellent. The food was first class and the sleeping quarters quite comfortable, and this, again, was a great improvement on the treatment the men met with at Quebec, where the messing arrangements left a lot to be desired. The Canadians arrived on June 9 and marched from Euston to Chelsea, and when they arrived everything was in readiness for them, and in a quarter of an hour they were all in their tents and a meal was ready. A strong entertainment committee took charge, and the theatres and exhibitions placed a number of seats at the disposal of this committee every night. Consequently the men had opportunities of going everywhere and seeing everything, and one of the most valuable reminiscences many of them have brought home relates to the friendships made with other boys. It was a lesson in imperial unity to see a couple of the Canadian contingent, a Northwest Mounted Policeman, three New Zealanders, a Rhodesian, and a man from the Federated Malay States riding the joy wheel at the coronation exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. It was something which struck me so forcibly that I noted their uniforms and detachments. Experiences were exchanged, entertainments were done together, and lasting friendships formed, with the result that the men's views were broadened and the real extent and meaning of the British Empire was brought home.

As it applied to the military, so it applied to the civilians. All who registered with the British Columbia Agent-General received invitations to functions where one met Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans and Indians, and I for one value greatly the souvenir cards and menus on which are scribbled the autographs of fellow Britishers from places far removed from Vancouver. We were treated magnificently and kindly, and everything was done to make us feel that the Old Country was in reality what the Australasians term it, "Home."

And now as to the great days at the end of June. The master mind of Kitchener ensured perfect arrangements, and one morning London woke to find itself an armed camp. In Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park and Wormwood Scrubbs, 40,000 regular troops were under canvas. They marched in during one day, were on duty June 22 and 23, and by 9 p. m. on the latter day had departed, forming a very useful illustration of the efficiency of that organization of which a scribe has written: "Our army may be little and it hasn't much to say, but a little British army goes a damned long way." The huge crowds which waited all night, the stirring scenes, the wonderful enthusiasm, the glitter, color and pageantry, can never be forgotten, and the devotion of the people to the throne expressed itself in a volume of cheering which beats anything I have heard. The royal children won the affection and sympathy of the millions; they looked such healthy, bonny youngsters, and

as someone said: "Happy and secure is the throne on the steps of which little children play." The marvellous and impressive scenes in Westminster Abbey, that "age-worn shrine which is the holy of holies to an earth-wide race," the wonderful efficiency of the London police who were on duty—12,000 of them—for practically 48 hours; the splendid way in which they governed the crowds without clubs or revolvers; the good-tempered millions; the enthusiastic reception accorded the mounted colonial escort on both days—all pass through the mind as one thinks of this episode of the century. And then the review at Spithead, where 180 British warships represented the finest fighting force ever gathered. And don't forget that for every ship at the review there were two elsewhere. Like a moving picture the scenes of those great days flash on memory's screen and one returns, glad to have been present, and more than glad to be British and a citizen of the great Empire which could present such a pageant—one of the great family which clusters around the knees of the mother as the colonial troops clustered around the magnificent memorial to Queen Victoria the Good, near Buckingham Palace, and sang the national anthem. Kipling expresses it in his lines:

"Take hold of the Wings of the Morning,
And flop round the world till you're dead,
But you can't get away from the tune that they play
To that blooming old rag overhead."

Night

By HERBERT JAMES HILL

(*"From Collier's Weekly"*)

From all the utmost borders of the sea
The dim night slowly rises and draws nigh,
A looming mist that softly, silently
Steals down the avenues of sea and sky.
Until the last faint outlines that I know
Are faded and I stand at last alone
Beside a sea that owns nor ebb nor flow
Beside a shadowy world before me grown
So small that I might hold it in my hand.
O little world! I fain would keep you small
And silent save for waves that make the strand
More quiet by their sudden liquid fell.
Ah, quiet for a little time between
The days, the burning days of toil and might—
A time of simple faith in things unseen,
Of peaceful shadows and of brooding night.

Where East Meets West

By J. H. Grant

WING FONG, as his name announces beyond a chance of uncertainty, hails from the land of perfumeless roses and betrousered women. He belongs to that people of whom Sir Lepel Griffin said: "This mysterious race, with the Anglo-Saxons and Russians, will divide the earth one hundred years hence." He is an old man now, and he lives on the Fraser River Delta. There are probably five hundred of his countrymen living there also, and they seem to have dropped into the "swim" of Western industry in a manner that limits the application of Kipling's prophetic poesy:

East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.

Their buildings, surrounded by the inevitable chicken fence, and an all-pervading odor of swine, might have been transported bodily from the crowded plain of Kuangsi, but they repose in the broad, dark-soiled gardens of the Delta with an air of proprietorship and permanency. The Chinaman himself, like a gnarled and yellow piece of driftwood from a distant shore, may ofttimes be seen sitting in the fields or by the roadside with chop-sticks in hand watching a Cantonese rice-kettle bubble in the flames of a western camp-fire.

The Chinese of the Delta are all from Kuantung and many of them are farmers. China is a nation of farmers. China, too, is rich in delta lands. The province of Kuantung was built of soil sifted and filched from one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of gardens by the great Pearl River and its tributaries.

It is natural, then, that the Cantonese should feel at home on the delta lands of the Fraser. Here they rent patches of land varying in size from one to fifteen acres. They pay from $30 to $40 per acre—pretty high rent, you will say. But wait. That land has been known to produce 25 tons of potatoes to the acre. Ten tons to the acre is a common yield, and potatoes sell at from $15 to $25 per ton as soon as dug. Last year Wing Fong had ten tons to the acre, and sold them at $22 per ton.

The Chinese farmer in the West hires his plowing and harrowing done. He doesn't keep horses of his own. It wouldn't pay; anyway, he was never used to them. A Chinaman rarely becomes "good" with horses. In China, each farm of any pretensions keeps an ox to do the plowing, etc. In this country oxen are somewhat rare, and of a different species. I asked Wing why he didn't keep an ox on his farm here, and he said, "China ox heap good, quiet, all sam' cow. Blitish Columbia ox no good; all sam' bull, makum hiyu noise, bleakum plow and killum Chinaman."

When the ground is plowed, the gardener and his hired man attack it with hoes and garden rakes and soon it looks like a boulevard. Sunday and Monday alike toil these indefatigable Orientals. In China the laborer knows no Sabbath day of rest, and Chinamen bring their customs with them.

As I have already said, Wing Fong is an old man. Early and late he is in his beloved garden, hoeing his acres of potatoes or weeding and thinning the long rows of carrots and onions. His hands are hard and knotted, and his poor old back often aches. But he doesn't quit. He has made a little

AN ALTAR TO THE STRANGE GODS OF THE FAR EAST

HIS PIPE WORKED OVERTIME

stool, and when he tires of stooping he sits on that, and moving it along the rows plucks the weeds with his hands. He is always ready to show you about. He will tell you that he makes his money from the staples—potatoes, carrots, onions, etc. But you can see for yourself that his eye lingers more lovingly about a remote corner where he grows some "vegetable all same China." Here you will notice rows of a pale-green plant which was quite familiar to Confucius, but isn't to you. The rows are scattered, for many of the delicate seed-germs died in the chill darkness of their alien bed. Some people call the plant Chinese cabbage. Wing Fong calls it *taoy*. Beside the rows of *taoy* are beds of Chinese spinach and asparagus. You may have seen the latter vegetable in the stores of Vancouver's Chinatown. It is kept in dishes of water and looks like huge white worms. Some feeble-looking plants nurtured and pampered in a hotbed the gardener hopes will develop into a vegetable of the sweet potato kind. He calls the plant *gaot*. With a sad countenance Wing will tell you "Licee no can do, him all tam ketchum too mutchee watel," which by interpretation is to say, rice will not grow here for it requires too much water.

Wing Fong's story sounds like fiction, but it isn't. It is something like a quarter of a century since he came to the Fraser. Almost his first work in this land of the *fan quai* (foreign devils) was in a salmon cannery. Here he met a few of his countrymen and a great many uncouth-looking beings, whom he heard the white men of the place call Siwashes and klootches. He didn't like them. The size of the women's feet shocked his Chinese tastes, and the savage aspect of the men frightened him. He learned the Chinook jargon, however, and then he changed his attitude. He became quite friendly with Zena, the dark girl who stood beside him at the sliming tank. She was not altogether like the rest. Her head wasn't flattened and her feet were not so large. She had come down from the north and she spoke a strange, soft language called Zamaliach. When she turned her dark, passionate eyes on him and smiled, he felt a strange thrill. He smiled back and helped her with her work, despite the jeers of his countrymen, who called him "Siwash."

Season after season these two wanderers from the earth's opposite corners met in the big cannery on the Fraser, and each succeeding season they grew more intimate.

CHINESE CAMP ON THE DELTA

WING WAS PRIMARILY A FARMER

At last Wing grew reckless. He forgot his wife in far-away Canton, or at least thought of her only as an old shrew, with little hoof-like feet, whom he had never liked, and who had borne him no children. He would ask the Indian girl to marry him. Late one evening he stole tremblingly toward her cabin. To get there he had to pass through the cannery. Here in a dark corner he came suddenly upon Zena, poor fickle Zena, in the embrace of Jackson, the cannery boss. Wing turned and fled, followed by Jackson's curses. At first he thought to drown himself, for to a Chinaman suicide is an honorable means of exit from all uncomfortable complications. But he remembered that he was yet childless, and if he should die thus, who would burn a stick or sacrifice a chicken for the welfare of his Shan and Kivei? He crept back to his shack lonely and wretched.

Wing Fong didn't go back to work in the cannery. He burned a stick to the memory of Zena and smoked a little opium to deaden his own. Later he rented a piece of ground and proceeded to work it up. He was more in his element now. He had always felt the cannery work beneath him, for he was primarily a farmer, and in China a farmer ranks high in the social scale, being second only to the scholar. It was the spell of Zena's dark eyes that had brought him year after year to the sliming tank. Now he labored incessantly in his garden, and smoked much opium, that he might forget her.

One day Wing got a letter from China saying that his wife was dead. He sent money liberally to pay for her funeral rites, that her spirit might be to him a good *fung shui.* Then he burned some sticks for her in his little shack far on the shores of the great western river.

One fine day in June Wing Fong tied his flat-bottomed boat to the wharf in New Westminster and proceeded about the town carrying over his shoulder, on the ends of a springy pole, two large baskets of green vegetables. He disposed of his stuff rapidly and called at an hotel to take an order for the following week. While he talked pigeon English to the cook in the kitchen someone who had been washing dishes in a corner by the stove turned about and said, in a soft, familiar voice, *"Klahowyah,* Wing." It was Zena; but how different she looked! Dissipation had left its dire records. Her clothes were shabby, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes unnaturally large and bright. Wing gasped out some word or two in Chinook, and left hurriedly. That night his pipe and opium lamp worked "overtime."

But Wing Fong's love was comprehensive. It lacked the discriminating element upon which we often pride ourselves, and over which we sometimes fling away our chances of happiness. He knew something of Zena's past, and he guessed a lot more,

CHINAMEN RARELY BECOME "GOOD" WITH HORSES

CANTONESE FEEL AT HOME ON DELTA LANDS

but he waived it all. The next time he went to Westminster he walked up to the poor, fallen and ostracised girl as she washed stacks of dishes in the big sink. "Me tinkee," he said softly, "you heap sick—too mutchee wolk no good. You mallah me allite. Me ketchum you good home."

When Zena did come, a bride, to the little shack on the Delta, Wing's countrymen jeered him a good deal. They taunted him more when a few days later he threw away his pipe and opium lamp. But he didn't care. Zena appeared to be quietly happy. She seemed to regain something of her old-time health. By-and-bye their children came. Wing rejoiced. He rented more land and worked longer hours. Often as he dug in the rich, dark soil he sang the high-octaved songs of a far country.

Odd little brown urchins were these in whose bodies blended the blood of ancient East and Far West. The eldest was a boy, and he had two sisters. They were exceptionally bright children. While they were yet tiny tots, they could speak both Chinese and English glibly. They knew the Chinook jargon, and often they talked and sang to their mother in her own sweet native tongue.

Their father planned great things for them. They must be educated. He would send them to China, for China to him seemed the one place to obtain a proper education. He wished, too, above all else, that his son should grow up a member of the "Chinese Reform" party, for, be it known, Wing Fong was a great politician and patriotic. He could not accompany his children, for he must stay with his garden and make money for their support. Zena went. Wing felt very lonely when they had all gone, but he was happy in the thought of their ultimate reunion.

To the Western mother and her strange-blooded brood, China was a land of wonders and queer ways. The ground was pale yellow. There were millions of people. The houses were befrilled, the women skirtless. The old men flew kites and played marbles, while the children sat quietly looking on. Very few people used horses, and those who did mounted from the wrong side. There were numberless funerals, and the mourners were always dressed in white.

Zena did not like the country. She longed for the mountains and fir trees of her native land, and she dreamed of the little shack by the broad, deep river. But the children made rapid progress in school, and the fond mother stayed to keep them clothed and fed.

It may have been the smaller quantity of oxygen in China's atmosphere; it may have been the hot nights that robbed her of sleep, or perhaps she had reached Nature's day of reckoning for the excesses of her youth. Anyway, Zena fell ill. With all others of her race, the Indian mother was a fatalist, and now she conceived the idea that her end was near. Hastily she placed her children in the care of the school authorities, and bidding them a last farewell, sailed on the first boat homeward, for she wished to die on her native soil. She died a day after her arrival.

Sorrowfully, Wing and his fellow-countrymen, scattering by the wayside the magic bits of paper which delay the pursuing devils, followed the remains to the Chinese cemetery, where an altar to the strange gods of the Far East stands, silent and sombre, amid the tall firs on a western bluff. Here they buried her, with her head to the north, as is their custom. Then they turned their faces to the south to pray, for that is the direction her spirit must go. Some of Zena's kinsfolk from

WING'S SHACK

the reservation at Cheewasin went to the burial, and stared in astonishment as Wing offered liberal sacrifice of pork and chicken upon the brick altar among the green mounds. And once every April, when the Chinese, in holiday regalia and laden with gifts of food and paper clothing, visit the graves of their dead, Wing wends his way to the little mound of green that marks Zena's grave, and leaves there a gift of fruit and incense.

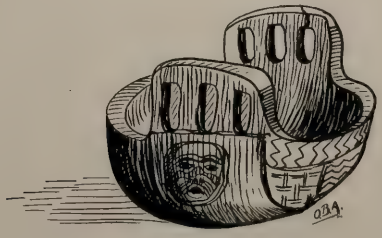
A short time ago I was passing Wing Fong's shack. It was late evening. Wing Fong sat solitary by the door-post looking out over his rows of growing vegetables. The full moon's reflection stood like a great amber pillar in the silver depths of the Fraser. A strange aroma that suggested foreign lands and Bible stories floated on the night air, and mingled oddly with the water-smell of the river. The old gardener was burning some sticks to the memory of his loved one. I was about to pass, when he motioned me to stop. He rose and I followed him into the cabin, where he lighted a small lamp and gave me a bamboo chair. Then he showed me a photograph which he had just received of a strapping young man with a rather pleasing cast of face and an American-tailored suit. "Heem my son," he said, with a look of pride that was eloquent; "I ketchum hiyu lettle flom heem today."

The letter was written neatly in the Chinese characters, and with much pigeon English, Chinook and pantomime, Wing interpreted its contents for me. In plain English it would have run somewhat thus:

Dear Father,—

I shall be through here next month. I'm glad you wish me to come to you. I have never forgotten that country. Last night I dreamed about the tall trees, the big mountains, and the broad fields, and—you may think this strange—I dreamed in the language of my mother. I don't think I belong here.

"Heem heap good boy," said Wing, after folding the letter carefully. "One tam' I tink I lak heem come beeg man China politic; but China king no good now. Heem killum too mutchee good man. I tink mebbee my son an' me ketchum hiyu beeg falm all sam' Mellican man. Den my gi'l come flom China too. What you tink?"



Railway Situation on Vancouver Island

By Alfred Hustwick

IN the development of Vancouver Island's vast natural resources it is inevitable that the railway must take, and always play the leading part. Ten thousand square miles of virgin territory, constituting two-thirds of the whole island, await the coming of the locomotive. Save to the coast Indians and to the occasional prospector, this immense treasure-trove of mineral wealth, of almost inexhaustible timber, of agricultural potentialities beyond measure, is still *terra incognita*. The extent of its riches may be broadly guessed from the reports of those hardy spirits who, in the interests of governments and industrial corporations, have penetrated its brooding solitudes, but not until the steel rails shall glimmer through its forests and make it one with the civilization of the cities will the world realize how prodigally Nature has endowed it.

Already the pioneer, blessed with faith and courage unbounded, is attacking the most accessible of its borders. His axe is heard in the sunless forest; his rude shack sits brazenly in the clearing; his fire and powder are preparing the earth for the crops that grow as yet only in his dreams. He counts the weeks by the stumps that give way before his persistence, and waits for the sprouting of his seeds—and the coming of the railroad. Crops come quicker than railroads; but the railroads are on the way.

In an area of 5,000 miles, representing the whole of the southern third portion of Vancouver Island, there are at present, outside of a few logging roads, only 135½ miles of railway in operation. During the next three years the total will be raised to approximately 306 miles, which means that there is twice as much mileage under construction at the present time as there is in operation. But, with the exception of twelve miles, none of this new track will penetrate any territory lying north of a line drawn between Alberni on the west coast and Union Bay on the east coast. The untapped reservoir of riches lying above this line is credited only with "proposed" railways, which show on the map in lines of red dots and dashes.

Until recently the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, controlling the only important road on the Island, had the field to itself, if the Great Northern Railway Company, which operates a somewhat negligible line only 16 miles in length, is excepted. Last year the situation was completely altered by the advent of the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway, which has already commenced the construction of a line equal in length to almost the whole of the railway at present operated by the C. P. R. Yesterday the old-timer would have laughed at the suggestion of a road running the full length of the Island. Today he is only interested in the question of which company will be the first to construct such a line.

The Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway, owned by the C. P. R., at present consists of 107½ miles of track between Victoria and Cameron Lake, traversing the most productive and thickly settled part of the Island. The Great Northern Railway Company operates the Victoria and Sidney line between the cities the latter's name indicates, serving the fertile district known as the Saanich Peninsula throughout its full length of sixteen miles. The Canadian Collieries Company has also a railroad twelve miles in length connecting the mining towns of Union Bay and Cumberland and carrying passengers and freight, while in the Courtenay district there are several logging roads.

The E. & N., as the C. P. R. road is

TURNING THE FIRST SOD, ON VANCOUVER ISLAND, OF CANADIAN NORTHERN PACIFIC

locally termed, is at present the only railway of consequence in the Island, and a brief description of its route will not be amiss. Leaving Victoria on the east side of the harbor, where its station and freight yards are situated, it crosses a heavy wood and iron bridge (shortly to be replaced by a steel structure) to the former Songhees reserve, proceeding by way of the Esquimalt Peninsula to Esquimalt Harbor and thence to Goldstream, one of the most beautiful inland resorts which the Island boasts. Ascending the hills beyond Goldstream the track overlooks the Saanich Arm, and for several miles skirts precipices from which vistas of scenic magnificence are continually visible. Twenty-five miles from Victoria it reaches Shawnigan Lake, a far-famed summer resort, offering every variety of sport and pastime to the visitor. The stations of Cobble Hill, Cowichan and Koksilah, which are reached in the order named after leaving Shawnigan, are situated in a rich farming district and are headquarters of anglers during the fishing seasons, being in close proximity to the Cowichan River and other haunts of the Waltonites. Duncans, the next station, is a thriving residential town mainly peopled by a cultured class of farmers and retired Englishmen. From Duncans, the E. & N. extension to Cowichan Lake, a peerless fishing water surrounded by dense forests of valuable timber, will be constructed, the branch line leaving the main track about a mile north of the town. Somenos and Westholme, a little further north than Duncans, are surrounded by well-settled agricultural districts, and from the latter a line is to be carried to Osborn Bay, where excellent harborage is obtainable. It is more than probable that the lumber of the Cowichan Lake district will be brought to tidewater over this branch.

Chemainus, which is the next stopping-place after Westholme, is an important sawmill and shipping point situated on a splendid harbor. To the north of Chemainus lies Ladysmith, a mining centre having a population of 5,000 people, and ranking as the third largest city on the Island. Ladysmith is the shipping point of the Canadian Colliery Company's Extension mines. South Wellington, between Ladysmith and Nanaimo, is also a mining town, the holdings of the Pacific Coast Coal Company being located there. This company ships its output over a short line of its own to Boat Harbor. Nanaimo, 75 miles from Victoria, is the second city of Vancouver Island, and has large commercial, mining and shipping interests. Until recently it was the northern terminus of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway, which is now, however, within hailing distance of the Pacific coast at Alberni, and is carrying passengers as far as Cameron Lake.

LOGGING TRAIN ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

From Nanaimo the railway trends westward, although following the general direction of the east coast as far as Nanoose Bay. Leaving the latter place it branches off into a veritable wonderland of scenery toward Cameron Lake, which lies, under the shadow of lofty mountains, amid scenic surroundings which combine the sublime with the picturesque.

By the end of this year the remaining 34 miles of track between the lake and Alberni will, most probably, be completed, giving the E. & N. through communication between Victoria and the coming seaport at the head of the wonderful deep-water Alberni Canal. Only a few miles of track remain to be laid at this writing. The road, after leaving Cameron Lake, makes an abrupt turn to the south, in order to ascend the Beaufort Range, which here forms the backbone of the Island. Once across the divide it turns again west as it descends the western flank of the mountains, and reaching low land a little north of the canal swings southward to tidewater at Alberni and Port Alberni.

The railroad lines at present under construction on the Island are the Canadian Northern Pacific from Victoria to Alberni, a distance of 120 miles; the E. & N. extension from Cameron Lake to Alberni, a distance of 34 miles; and the line being built by the same company from Duncans to Cowichan Lake, a distance of over 17 miles. It is expected that the end of the present year will see the Canadian Northern Pacific completed from Victoria to Sooke, a distance of 24 miles, and will also witness the inauguration of the E. & N.'s through service between Alberni and the capital. The Cowichan Lake extension will be completed next summer, and it is anticipated that the Union Bay to Cumberland extension, and the remaining 100 miles of the C. N. P. track, will be finished in 1913. This means that there will be in operation in less than three years from now a total mileage of over three hundred miles, serving one-third of the Island and opening the way to further railroad expansion on the east and west coasts.

The plans of the C. N. P. have been definitely laid so far as the construction of the road to Nitinat, a point near Alberni, is concerned. The line will run west from Victoria to Esquimalt, thence south to Peddar Bay, and again west to Sooke. From Sooke it will be carried in a northwesterly direction to a crossing of the Cowichan River, following the lake of the same name to its head and reaching Nitinat by way of Coleman Creek.

That both the C. P. R. (acting under the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway's charter) and C. N. P. will before long extend their lines to the north of the Island is an assured fact. The first-named company has made extensive surveys and has cleared part of the right of way north to Comox. It can be expected that the company will commence its northern extension at French Creek, a little to the east of Cameron Lake, and continue it to Comox and thence to Campbell River, a little more than half-way from Victoria to Cape Scott, which is the northern ex-

MAKING THE GRADE

tremity of the Island. From Campbell River two routes are feasible. One of these would carry the line to Hardy Bay, following the general trend of the Island coast, and thence to Quatsino; the other would reach the same destination by way of the Kla-anch River to Nimkish Lake, thence along the shore of the lake to the east coast and northwest to the terminus. The plans of the C. N. P. are understood to contemplate a route as near the west coast as possible, going by way of Great Central Lake and Buttle's Lake, the latter being part of the great provincial government park reserve, where the stately timber and plentiful game of the north will be conserved for posterity to view when commerce is denuding the Island of its natural charm.

With the completion of these railways through the practically unexplored territory of Vancouver Island there will surely follow an era of agricultural, industrial and commercial activity which will shatter all precedents. Gold, silver, iron, coal, copper, lead, in fact almost every known mineral is deposited in immense quantities throughout the country. The world's finest timber stands uncut. Soil, than which there is none richer, will be ready for the farmer when the land is logged off. Marble, building stone, cement and slate, have been found in unbelievable abundance in the paths of the railways projected. Unlimited capital is ready to develop the land as soon as the rails are laid into the heart of its hoarded riches.

Apart from the connection of the Cape Scott district with Victoria, there is another feature of the railroad situation which excites interest. For years the dream of the Victorian has been direct rail connection between the capital and the mainland. In the light of present conditions the dream seems near to realization. At present two car ferries, one maintained by the E. & N., between Ladysmith and the mainland, and the other operated across the Gulf of Georgia by the Great Northern from Sidney, give Vancouver Island all the advantages of direct communication so far as freight is concerned. They run without interruption the whole year through, and will shortly be supplemented by a first-class ferry service to be maintained by the Canadian Northern Pacific, in conjunction with its lines on the Island and mainland. It is further understood that the latter company will handle passenger service, as well as freight, on its ferry. But with the rapid settlement of the Island, the amazing growth of its cities, and the increasing ambition of its people, the demand for a bridge across the Seymour Narrows and a branch line from Bute Inlet connecting the Island roads with the transcontinental systems, grows daily stronger. That the railroad magnates are seriously considering the feasibility of such connection is known by those who keep in touch with them.

Along the whole west coast of Vancouver Island lie splendid harbors, easy of approach, free from the fogs which delay shipping in the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Gulf of Georgia, and contiguous to a land of unparalleled riches. Today they are given over to the Indian and the few white people who form the advance guard of society, but when the limited trains from the Atlantic, after crossing the narrow waterway which separates island and mainland, thunder their way to Alberni, to Nootka, or Quatsino, the new route from Europe to the Orient will be by way of these harbors, and big cities will spring up about the settler's clearing and the Indian's fishing shack.

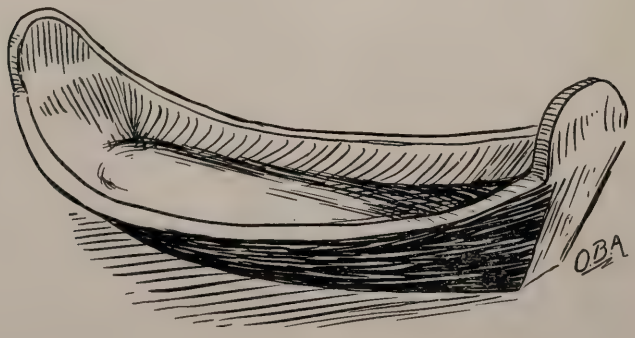
With the completion of a railway from Victoria to the northern end of the Island there will be opened a fast route between the capital and Northern British Columbia, Alaska and the Yukon. Express trains will bear mail, freight and passengers to Hardy Bay, or some other suitable point on the east coast of the Island, from

CONSTRUCTION GANG AT WORK

where the palatial steamers of the railroad companies will take them north. Not only will a great saving of time be thus effected, but the undeveloped north will be placed in the closest possible relations with the increasing productiveness of the developing Island districts.

Indications are that the C. P. R. will place in service a car-ferry service between Vancouver and Nanoose Bay as soon as the E. & N. extension to Alberni is completed, thus giving the Pacific coast of the Island its first direct train service with the east. From the inception this service will be attended by big developments on the Alberni Canal and Barkley Sound. Lumber mills will be built throughout the rich timber country adjacent to this magnificent waterway, and the products of the mills will be loaded in cars and conveyed on ferry barges to the railway terminal, the mills thus saving the cost of transshipment, while receiving the practical advantages of through freight service. At the head of the canal wharves will be built to berth the largest steamers, and the mills will thus be placed in a position to supply their manufactured lumber to any part of the world in competition with the mainland and east coast mills.

To one who is interested in the expansion of Vancouver Island the railroad situation is as fascinating as it is satisfactory. The construction work now in progress in the south of the Island is both interesting and assuring, but it is in the projected lines which, in red dots and dashes, snake across the map of the northern districts that the self-appointed seer finds greatest scope for the play of his fancy and the exercise of such prophetic talents as he may possess. When the history of the past decade in British Columbia, and especially Vancouver Island, is fully grasped by the speculative mind, the vision of the future assumes a vastness which dumbfounds the most credulous. Yet the wildest speculation of today can but prove tame and prosaic in the realization of tomorrow.



The Marine Biological Station at Departure Bay

By Aileen McClughan

LOOKING northward from Nanaimo Harbor past Newcastle Island to the wooded shores of Departure Bay, some four miles distant, one sees gleaming forth in its blank whiteness a small building which has been, and is destined to be increasingly, a beacon light to those searchers after truth who have chosen as their field of investigation that most wonderful of all sciences known as biology. This is the Marine Biological Station, one of three institutions of its kind in Canada, which was erected by the Dominion Government in the year 1908 for the study of deep-sea life.

One may reach the place by water in canoe or motor boat, or by a wagon road which follows the windings of the coast past the Brechin mines of the Western Fuel Co., past the factories of the Hamilton Powder Works, and finally out amongst the rocky hills and tall evergreen that border the shores of Departure Bay. The way is longer than one might suppose, for the white building, judging from glimpses of it caught from between the trees, flits like a will-o'-the-wisp farther and farther away along the shore line.

At last one comes upon it suddenly. The trees creep close up to it on every hand. In front the view is out over the island-dotted bay to the town of Nanaimo, with its smoking chimneys rising up from mine and factory. Many freight steamers lie in the harbor, for Nanaimo's shipping more than equals that of all the other ports of British Columbia put together. There is a far-off, ceaseless rattle of machinery from the dark hulks taking on cargoes of coal at the Brechin mine. During the winter months the waters are alive with the boats of the Japanese herring fishers and their attendant swarms of sea-gulls. Once in a long while the powder works directly opposite startle the community with a violent explosion of jellignite. From its quiet shores the Biological Station looks on peacefully. It is an ideal spot for the study of nature.

The building comprises a one-room museum and workroom, a storeroom, an office, a darkroom for photography, and a dining-room. Upstairs are four rooms for the accommodation of visiting scientists. The walls are finished in plain, unvarnished V-joint of British Columbia fir, and the furnishings consist mainly in zoological specimens. Many of these are the finest of their kind on the continent. On a table in the entrance is a large rock encrusted with brachiopods which would make the curators of the Agassiz Museum or the Smithsonian Institute open their eyes with envy. There are also noteworthy specimens of the huge crab of the British Columbia coast, the great barnacle which lives fastened to the skin of the whale, and of the characteristic sponges, large quantities of which have been dredged just outside the bay.

Nearly all the specimens have been gathered together through the energy and perseverance of the scientific officer, Rev. G. W. Taylor, M.A., F.R.S.C., who, in spite of ill-health, has accomplished a wonderful work during the three years he has been in charge of the station. The large collection of shells, as well as of butterflies and moths have all been very accurately named, for in certain branches of entomology and conchology Rev. Mr. Taylor is the greatest living authority. A beautiful and well-labelled collection of birds is the work of Mr. Spreadborough, one of the assistants of Professor John Macoun, chief naturalist in the employ of the Dominion Geological Survey Depart-

ment. Professor Macoun has himself contributed a considerable collection of shells obtained at Ucluelet, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Dr. Huntsman, of Toronto, has added a number of tunicates obtained in the vicinity, while Professor McMurrich has contributed to our knowledge of the sea-anemones and the anatomy of the chimæra.

One of the finest collections, from a popular and practical standpoint, is that of the fishes secured in British Columbia waters. Nearly twenty species of edible fish are found in Departure Bay alone. Specimens of these and of many others have been carefully preserved in glass jars of formalin, and attract great attention from the many visitors to the station. Thursday afternoon, by the way, is "visitors' day," and is taken advantage of by large numbers of picnickers from the town, who come out to enjoy the cool shade of the Vancouver Island forest; to gaze with wondering eyes upon the marvellous things to be seen in the station museum, and to hear their still more wonderful life histories as told by the obliging curator. One sight which appeals greatly to the popular imagination is a large glass vessel filled with squids, which once formed the dinner of a certain halibut who, unfortunately for himself, but fortunately for science, became a little later himself a victim. Over the fireplace in the dining-room are two Indian skulls, apparently placed there by some pessimistic believer in the Roman custom of the "skull at the feast."

Near by the station is the house of the caretaker, while farther back, and hidden by a grove of trees, is the residence of the scientific officer and his family. The society at "the Bay" is confined chiefly to these two families, and the memory of evening hours spent in their company is one of the pleasantest which the visitor can carry away with him.

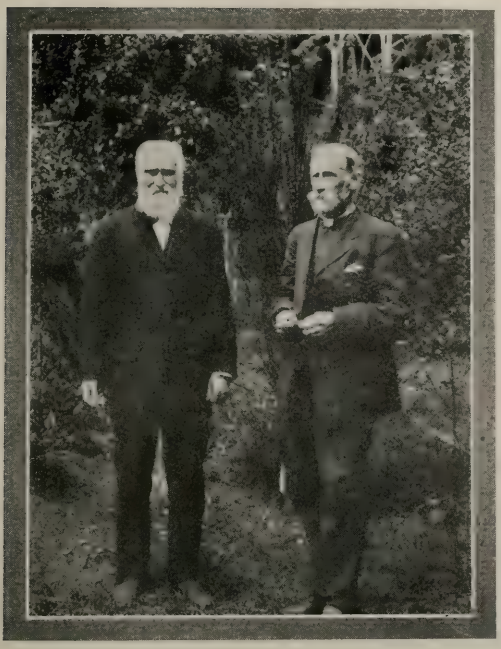
It has been said of a certain hotel in Cairo that the whole world eventually passes through its doors, and that if one remained there long enough one would meet all one's acquaintances. I am equally certain that if one remained long enough at the Departure Bay Biological Station one would meet every great scientist, and probably every man of note, in the whole world. Every year the truth of this statement becomes more evident.

During the three years of its existence the Biological Station at Departure Bay has welcomed within its unadorned walls many distinguished men of science, not a few of whom are entitled to inscribe after their names the proud letters F.R.S. Amongst those who have broken bread in the bare little dining-room of the Station are Dr. Jungersen of Copenhagen, Dr. Starling of the University of London, and Dr. Macallum of Toronto—scientists who rank amongst those who might have dared to stand in the presence of such wizards of science as Darwin, Huxley, Pasteur, and Metchnikoff.

One may well ask what magnetic influence is here to attract these searchers after the hidden mysteries of life. The truth about Departure Bay is that, with the exception of the Bay of Naples, there are probably no other waters on the face of the earth which carry in their depths so great an abundance and variety of animal life.

Less than half a century ago Charles Darwin, by his theory of natural selection, established the extreme probability of the evolution of all higher forms of life from the primitive masses of undifferentiated protoplasm—(strange relative of the deadly cyanides, said to have been left over from the cooling of tremendously heated rock, just as graphite is deposited from molten iron)—the mysterious substance which forms the basis of life in all living creatures.

Since Darwin's time all scientists of any note have also become evolutionists. Consequently one of their most interesting pursuits is that of tracing the relationship between the various families of sea and land creatures. But the species of animals now existent on the earth and in the sea are but a small fraction of those which have become extinct, and whose remains have been buried in the sedimentary rocks of the earth's crust during an odd forty million years. These thousands of families of extinct animals form huge gaps between the families now existing. It is hard to trace a likeness between forty-second cousins. But the remoteness of consanguinity between animal families is much greater than that. Here and there



PROF. JOHN MACOUN AND REV. G. W. TAYLOR

in remote corners of the world may be found some aberrent species which bears in its body a hitherto unknown hint of relationship, just as the gills and tail of the young frog betray its descent from a fish-like ancestor.

Even a cursory glance from the zoological world has shown the existence of many such "missing links" in the waters of the Pacific. There they will swim gaily about, unconscious of their importance to science, until some naturalist, with a large brain and infinite patience, sits down for years with microtome and microscope, cutting them for inspection into incredibly thin slices, and finally wresting from them the mysteries they have concealed for so long.

All this, however, is yet to be. One must have not only the scientist, but the scientist with leisure to work and apparatus to work with. Up to the present time the moneys allotted by the Dominion Government for the use of biological stations have been devoted almost entirely to the stations situated in the, from a zoological standpoint, inferior fields of St. Andrews and Georgian Bay. Doubtless the amounts devoted to this purpose were never extremely large. Hard-headed politicians elected to office by voters possessed of similar mental qualities have not often been known to favor other than popular and practical institutions. A notable exception to the rule is found in the person of Mr. William Sloan, ex-M.P. of Nanaimo, whose statements on the floor of the federal house did much to bring about the establishment of the station at Departure Bay.

Up to the present time the Government has provided the building, the salaries of the scientific officer and the caretaker, and accommodation for a very limited number of workers. Of the university professors who have come West to carry on research work all have made the trip at their own expense. A glance at the pay-roll (if there is such a document) of almost any university should convince even the strongest advocates of asceticism in university instructors that something should be done by the Government to enable these competent workers to give the Departure Bay Station the benefit of their expert knowledge during at least a part of the summer vacation.

Even if skilled workers were secured much of the apparatus for deeply scientific work is still wanting, the supply at present being limited to one good microscope and a few simple reagents. In order to distinguish the organs of any tiny creature or to learn the fine structure of any animal it is necessary to cut the part to be studied into sections so thin that anywhere from one hundred to one thousand of them would be required to make an inch in thickness. In order to thoroughly study the developing egg of the sockeye salmon, for example, it would be necessary to make of it about two hundred very thin slices. For this fine work an instrument known as a microtome is required. As the specimen to be sectioned must first go through processes of hardening, staining, and desiccating, previous to being embedded in paraffin wax, a large variety of expensive reagents for this purpose are also required. A good thermostat supplied with gas burners is also a necessity, for specimens must be kept in melted paraffin for an indefinite time at an absolutely even temperature.

The foregoing are merely the most

ordinary laboratory conveniences. For some kinds of work electrical apparatus, the spectroscope, the polariscope, and so forth, may be required.

The work done at the Departure Bay Station up to the present time has been in the way of classification, done by men who were naturalists rather than biologists in the modern sense of the word. They have studied the names, the outward forms, and habits of animals rather than their development or their finer internal structure. In a new and comparatively unknown field of research this class of work is a most important one, and also has the advantage of requiring very little apparatus. But the necessity for a complete supply of literature is as great in this as in any other form of scientific work. In order that the student may know whether a strange species is really a new one, he must necessarily be familiar with all species already named. This means that the worker must provide himself with all authentic works that have ever been written on the subject of his research. Much of such literature is incorporated in ponderous monographs, many of which may be out of print, or if they can be secured, are extremely expensive.

The Dominion Government has before it a great opportunity for the advancement of science through the biological stations, for the number of students willing to devote their time to research work is far in advance of the facilities provided. It may be that the establishment of the provincial university will give an impetus to this important and, in this province, much-neglected line of work.

The great work which the Departure Bay Biological Station will undoubtedly accomplish has been greatly retarded by the prolonged illness of the scientific officer, Rev. G. W. Taylor. Rev. Mr. Taylor is a naturalist of the school to which Sir William Dawson belonged. The four letters which indicate his lofty position amongst Canadian scientists are of even less moment in his eyes than the prefix marking him out as an expounder of the truths which lie hidden within the cover of the Book of Books. No one has a greater love of Nature than he. Certainly no one has done more to spell out the words of the book of nature as written in the insect and fish life of British Columbia.

Another Canadian scientist (if, after fifty-seven years' residence in Canada, he will permit himself to be so called) who has carried on valuable research work at Departure Bay is Professor John Macoun, of the Geological Survey, a naturalist who has won for himself an international reputation. Professor Macoun probably did more than anyone else to earn the disputed title of "Father of the C. P. R." In the early '70's he explored the Peace River country, and was the first to make the announcement that the agricultural productiveness of the great North-west would be "limited only by the numbers of its population."

This "grand old man" of Canadian science, whose proud boast it is that he was "teaching school before most of the old men were born," is still active as ever in his scientific work. Although originally regarded as a specialist in botany, he has recently published an exhaustive catalogue of Canadian birds, and is now in his eightieth year making a name for himself as a conchologist. Much of the latter work he has carried on on the west coast of Vancouver Island as well as at Departure Bay. Even at his advanced age it is Professor Macoun's custom to rise and go in search of specimens at the time of the lowest tide, no matter at what early hour this state of the water may occur.

Two years ago the writer enjoyed the experience of a couple of months spent at the Biological Station during two weeks of which Professor Macoun was also a resident. Three meals a day in the "scientists'" dining-room (that was one's only chance for conversation with this indefatigable worker) gave one opportunities of profiting by the quaint philosophy of a man who had lived long and well, and whose wisdom had been gleaned not so much from books as from the study of men and nature. One day as he looked out over the rippling waters of the Bay and over the wooded hills to a lofty blue mountain in the distance, this doughty champion of science, then in his seventy-eighth year, remarked: "I climbed that mountain when I was working here twenty-two years ago, and I wouldn't hesi-

BIOLOGICAL STATION AT DEPARTURE BAY

tate to do the same thing tomorrow." Long may he be spared to continue the faithful service already carried on throughout so many fruitful years!

That the work of biological stations is impractical cannot be urged in their disfavor, for the bearing of this work upon the national fisheries is a matter of prime importance. In reality the stations at St. Andrews, N. B., on Georgian Bay, and at Departure Bay bear the same relationship to the fisheries as do the agricultural colleges to the science of farming. The necessity of cultivating the seas in order that they may produce greater wealth has long been recognized by men of science, however little it may have been heeded by so-called "practical" men, who by their yearly slaughter are bringing the fish supply gradually nearer to its end.

In 1863 a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom made the following statement:

"The produce of the sea around the coasts bears a far higher proportion to that of the land than is generally imagined. The most frequented fishing grounds are much more prolific of food than the same extent of the richest land. Once in the year an acre of good ground carefully tilled produces a ton of corn, or two or three hundredweights of meat or cheese. The same area at the bottom of the sea on the best fishing grounds yields a greater weight of food to the persevering fisherman every week in the year.

"When we consider the amount of care that has been bestowed on the improvement of agriculture, the national societies that are established for promoting it, and the scientific knowledge and engineering skill that have been enlisted in its aid, it seems strange that the sea fisheries have hitherto attracted so little public attention."

Zoologists of the present day are not neglecting this apparently more practical side of their work. For example, a special study of the fish life of the Pacific coast has been made at Departure Bay by Rev. G. W. Taylor. Professor Edward E. Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries and General Inspector of Fisheries for Canada, has also published a number of pamphlets on the effect of certain conditions upon fish life. President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, one of the world's greatest authorities on the fishes, is a yearly visitor to Departure Bay. He has represented the United States upon international fisheries commissions, of which Professor Prince and Rev. Mr. Taylor have been amongst the Canadian members. The object of these commissions is the conservation of the fisheries resources and the settlement of fisheries disputes between Canada and the United States.

Perhaps after all the apparently impractical work which will be done at Departure Bay may prove of more real value to humanity than much that short-sighted people regard as practical. Entomologists were regarded as more or less harmless lunatics until their discovery of the causes of malarial fevers made possible the building of the Panama Canal.

Even a new theory of life sometimes marks an era in human progress. Charles Darwin, by his researches regarding the relationship between the human being and other forms of life, set in motion a current of ideas which has penetrated to and powerfully influenced even the remotest nooks and crannies of human thought.

Into the mouth of such a searcher, one of the poets has put the following words:

"We are the music makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wand'ring by lone sea breakers,
Or sitting by desolate streams;
World losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams,
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

By an Austrian monk working in the quiet of the monastery garden; by a sickly,

one might almost say an invalid man, toiling patiently throughout forty years, in moments snatched from illness, has the world of scientific thought been shaken in the past.

Biologists of the present day are at work on some of the most wonderful problems which could engage the human mind. Amongst these is the relation of the human being to the rest of the animal world; the puzzle as to why the great majority of animal and plant beings should be divided into two sexes; and the great problems of heredity about which so much is talked and written and so very little known.

At present it seems an inexorable law that "All life must proceed from life." Students of physiological chemistry are doing their utmost to controvert this apparent rule by building up living matter from dead chemical substances. The solution of these problems, if they are ever solved, will be through study of and experiment upon animal life. Every year the scientist is enabled to repeat with greater truth the proud words, "I think God's thoughts after Him," which were uttered in all humility by the great astronomer Kepler.

With the vastness of the natural resources at its command, and the hope of increased facilities for research, the Departure Bay Biological Station should bear a great part in the scientific work which is to be done, for great beyond the power of the mind to prophesy will be the discoveries of the future concerning the mysteries of living matter.

At Worship

By GRACE WALES

(*From "Collier's Weekly"*)

Down on the Convent girls and Nuns
  Rose-windows overhead
Beam aureoles, as from blessing suns
  Of purple, blue and red.

In that prismatic gallery light
  I watch one golden crown
Of hair, and slim neck springing white
  Up from her dead-black gown.

She knows not of my watch, nor dreams
  I kneel where pillars rise;
Her gaze is with those altar gleams
  That shine not as her eyes.

The Sisters' praying heads are low,
  Alike their veil-shrouds fall,
Alike they bend as any row
  Of Saints on patterned wall.

She kneels amid the holy Nuns,
  I tell my beads in prayer,
It is like Heaven to see those suns
  Enhaloing Peggy's hair.

The Man Who Saw It

A YARN OF THE SEA SERPENT

By J. W. Muller

(*From the "Century Magazine"*)

WHEN Bob McAllister and I boarded the steamship Almillo, tramp, to share with her the sporting chances of reaching Tobago, Port of Spain, Paramaribo, and the painted cities, we recognized her captain at once; and recognizing him, we knew that there was a subject that never, never must be mentioned on the Almillo.

The man who stood on the bridge of the tramp, in garments harmonizing with the negligent aspect of the ship, was Henry Dodd. Once upon a time Henry Dodd had been known over the water world as a gentleman more smartly dressed than any of his kind. Now he wore South street trousers and a collarless shirt, with a pair of red suspenders crossing it.

In his smart once-upon-a-time he had been first officer of the liner Cormorant—at least Bob McAllister called her that, because they charged him $400 for a short ferry passage between an English port and New York. The first officer of a thing an eighth of a mile long, and deep enough to swallow a railway station with all its trains, is a big man ex-officio. Henry Dodd was a big man by personality, too. He was worth money to his company—real money that could be counted by the clerks ashore; for habitual passengers picked ships on which Henry Dodd was, and spread his reputation among others.

He was slated to succeed to the command of the Cormorant as soon as her captain could take over a bigger new ship, with race tracks and colosseums and grand opera stages. But something happened.

It was a ridiculous happening to everybody except Henry Dodd. That something of the sort should happen on that stupid, staid ocean course was as cryingly absurd as if it had happened on the Strand or Unter den Linden. That it should happen to a scheduled, sober, everlastingly immutable vessel like the Cormorant crowned the joke. It was as funny as if it had happened to the White House.

One night not very late Henry Dodd stood on the bridge. It was a June evening, with the sea like a moonlighted park pond. The Cormorant, pouring forth light like a burning box, was moving, as usual, at her steady express gait, her engines going so sweetly that she scarcely trembled. There was not a thing in the wide Atlantic world to trouble, nothing under the skies to bother about except to keep a clear lookout, so that anything ahead might be sighted before it was closer than a mile. A mile would give the Cormorant ages of time to avoid it—almost two and a half minutes.

Mr. Dodd may have been, probably was, thinking of all sorts of quite indifferent things. Suddenly he saw something. It was ahead, about a quarter of a mile away. It was big and it was alive.

The Cormorant veered instantly a little to starboard. Mr. Dodd looked at the thing steadily. It was heading toward the ship, a little to port. When the Cormorant passed it, and it passed the Cormorant, Henry Dodd, his eye still on it, walked to the port side of the bridge and saw more of it, for he could look almost down on it. Then it went on into the Atlantic, and so did the Cormorant.

Presumably Mr. Dodd told his captain about it. In the log-book he wrote: "Sighted large creature ahead, and passed it to port, Lat. ——, Long. ——." In his mind, that ended it. It should have

done so, too, according to all the rules. The writers of ships' log-books are unique in literature, being the only authors who wish to keep their works from the public. Passengers might be on Cormorants and other liners a whole year and never know anything about the ship except the hotel part.

In this case, however, the sailor on lookout at the bow was that rare sea-animal, a mariner of impressionable mind. He told a third or fourth assistant steerage steward, and the third or fourth assistant steerage steward told another underling, and somebody else passed the word on, and in the course of days it reached the cabin.

The ship was then in sight of New York, so Mr. Dodd was spared annoyance at the time; but when the Cormorant docked, a passenger told a reporter. Ten minutes afterward the dragon's teeth sown by the passenger had sprung up into an army of fierce newspaper men, and the captain was being besieged by a concert of demands for thrilling official details. For a while he stood his ground. Then in a weak moment he referred them to his first officer.

In after days, when Mr. Dodd's native haughtiness and pride had been sapped by great misfortune, he protested almost passionately that he had not told the reporters a single thing. No doubt he believed it implicitly; but it is to be considered that he was assailed by a dozen men accustomed to prying facts out of human towers of silence. The Sealed Jars of Solomon would have parted with their secrets to New York reporters, and probably Solomon would have been entertained, if not surprised, by discovering that more secrets had come out than he put in.

Soon a score of newspapers between the Atlantic and the Pacific cried out with long black and red tongues of ink, calling on the world to admire the artless story of the thing that the first officer of the liner Cormorant had seen. They had pictures of him and of it. It was only an academic consolation to Mr. Dodd to reflect that in either case the portraits were not good likenesses.

When he looked at the first paper that morning, though he was angry, he laughed. The artist had done something that spoke well for American imagination. Mr. Dodd laughed again a little when he looked at the second paper, and saw another picture of it, utterly different from the first and even more striking. After the third newspaper Mr. Dodd stopped laughing.

The newspapers had "played both ends against the middle." They were bound to give their readers full and explicit details, and they did it, beginning with masterly word-pictures full of sea-language and ending with all the historical and legendary natural history of the ages, from the kraken to leviathan. They did not, however, purpose to make themselves responsible for the fantasy; therefore they made Mr. Dodd responsible. They did it with all the varying human degrees of cleverness ranging from crude frankness to Satanic ingenuity.

The crudest ones worked freely and broadly with the simple plastic material that is produced by blending alcohol and snakes as instantaneous cause and effect. The cleverest ones were so wickedly clever that in detail every reference to Mr. Dodd was respectful and even flattering; but read as a whole, the articles made a hopelessly final portrait of the first officer of the Cormorant.

When Mr. Dodd finished all the newspapers he was a furious man. Never in his life, since he was graduated as a cadet, had any man presumed to make a personal jest in his presence. Another man as furious as he might have gone amuck in the newspaper offices. Mr. Dodd, being the most dignified man in the dignified passenger carrying trade, did and said nothing.

His captain, conscience-stricken, affected royal ignorance of anything in print. His subordinates, of course, did not show by so much as the wink of an eyelash that they ever read a newspaper.

When the Cormorant sailed again, Mr. Dodd looked at the receding jumble of New York with a mixture of hatred and relief. By the time Sandy Hook's vague, white finger disappeared behind the horizon the relief predominated.

He might have known better. Every man that has been to sea as long as Henry Dodd knows the stories about what came to men who saw something and told of it. They know what the sea lays on a man when for a wild moment it lifts some-

thing out of its dark places and lets his eyes behold it. If he tells it, the curse works.

There was Davis, whose ship, the Marabou, sank herself by running on something off the Friendly Islands. In making his insurance claim, instead of calling the thing a reef he was thoughtless enough to touch, just touch, on natural history. The underwriters threw the case into court, and the jury enjoyed the succeeding cross-examination very much. There was a disagreement, on account of that bit of natural history; and Captain Davis went out of court more than suspected by the dry-land world of being something in the way of a ship scuttler. He took to liquor, not as a beverage, but what is more dangerous, as a solace. Last year he was working as a 'longshoreman in San Francisco.

Reynolds, first mate of the Ellen Sayrlie, barkentine, had a worse experience. He saw something at night, close by. In a moment of emotional insanity he went into details to the skipper about its shape. Captain Graham was a humorist, very simple and direct, without any obscuring subtleties. When Reynolds made his error of confidence, the barkentine was off Pernambuco. Between that port and Rio de Janeiro, the captain was so humorous that the Ellen Sayrlie entered Rio with ensign union-down, and delivered Mr. Reynolds to the police for the captain's murder.

Then there was the still worse case of Laycrom of the San Jacinto, fruiter. He told about something that swam alongside for all of an hour one day off the Oil Spot in the Gulf of Mexico. When the papers did the usual thing, he had the quaint idea of writing to as many as possible, asserting the truthfulness of his tale. They printed his letters with comments ranging from sober to bacchantic. He became so infatuated with printer's ink that at last he actually wrote a book about the sea. That, of course, was the end of him.

Men on land can discover lost Aztec gold mines and still retain their place in human society; shore-dwelling scientists can find a beef-bone and reconstruct from it a creature with crocodile jaws, serpent neck, dragon tail, clawed flippers, and saucer eyes, and they will live honored and die quoted; but no man must speak of something that sometimes looks out of deep water.

Now, Henry Dodd's log-book entry had not been what can be called prolix. Whatever he told the reporters had been as reluctant and involuntary as the gaspings of a man on the rack. After that he kept his mouth firmly closed, and it was a firm mouth. He was not weak enough even to complain.

But he had told. The curse began to work with his first appearance at table on the first day out.

The passenger at his right hand, an old acquaintance, ventured a jest about it. Mr. Dodd ignored him stonily. A passenger on the left side, two places down, was an amateur naturalist. He answered the first speaker hotly, sustaining Mr. Dodd's narrative, or the narrative ascribed to Mr. Dodd. The first officer rose and went on deck without eating a bite.

Unfortunately for Mr. Dodd, the sea was peaceful all the way across. There was not even seasickness to relieve the monotony, and the subject, instead of being dropped after the first day, became one that was helpful in conversation. Morning, noon and night, on deck or below, he felt absolutely certain that everybody was speaking of him and it. Whenever he saw two or more passengers speaking, he walked past them with a forbidding face. When the ship approached the fatal latitude and longitude, and even the most indifferent passenger brought out field-glasses to study the far-reaching heavers of the Atlantic, the dumb show filled Mr. Dodd with such wrath that for the first time in twenty years he reported himself sick.

At Southampton the Cormorant was boarded by representatives of every periodical in the United Kingdom, all eager to listen to words of wisdom from him. Then Mr. Dodd, the polished first officer of the polished liner, became a mere human man. From reservoirs long locked he brought forth language of the days of shipping before twin-screws. The men of the press were shocked, and they expressed annoyance in type. Quite unanimously they refrained from considering the question in any natural history aspect. They made it purely a question of psychology,

speculating earnestly on the exact connection between sea-going and truth-telling.

On the return voyage the Cormorant carried passengers who had read all about it in the English humorous version, which is to the American humorous version as the burning of Rome is to a Fourth of July celebration. Two days after the liner made New York, the company's agents laid before Mr. Dodd a round-robin, signed by a score of passengers, complaining wrathfully about his manners.

Mr. Dodd read it, ripped it in two, threw it on the floor, and ground the tatters with his heel. His neck got red, and then his face. The agent spoke unwisely. Five minutes afterward Henry Dodd walked out, a free man, having resigned his berth.

For a few days his rage was a tonic. Then it came to him overwhelmingly what a total smash had come to his career.

For two weeks he hid himself, nursing a great hatred of the laughter-loving world. All that time his line was eagerly looking for him because rival lines, anxious to get his services, were looking for him, too. Henry Dodd, brooding over a blasted reputation, never dreamed that this could be. So they did not find him.

He did not take to drink. He did something that from his point of view was worse. He gathered his ancestral money —there was a nice little lot of it, for every Dodd ancestor had a family habit of dying at sea and leaving his money in banks ashore —and bought a tramp steamship.

From the point of view of the shrewd world it would seem better to be owner of a tramp than a mere employee on a liner; but Henry Dodds—and there are a great many of them, too—are of a kind that never has been enumerated and classified in census tables and industrial statistics. They are the sort who do not wish to do any work unless it is of a kind that pleases them, and who never have more than a passing thought of whether they are to die rich or poor.

Henry Dodd wished just one thing in the world. It was to have a huge, quivering ship leaping under him, and to snap it back and forth, resplendent, across the Atlantic, wrestling miles and minutes from the sea, and pressing the stars to stand duty as sentinels of his course. Every time he looked over the Almillo it made him sick. Every time he saw the liners fretting the harbor waters with their greatness, striding out like flaming gods, the fire-hot bitter sense of a vast injustice so choked him that it was something physical, taking him in the throat like the hands of a strangler

When the Almillo lathered her slow way over Sandy Hook bar that afternoon the Cormorant sprang past her with black sides flashing like the hide of a Trakehnen stallion, white fire spraying from seven hundred feet of crystal and brass, and a creamy-white old genius of the sea sitting afoam at her sharp forefoot. Captain Dodd of the tramp Almillo looked at her till she was lost in the shining east. Then he looked over his own blue-smeared stack, the grey and blue ironwork, the red winches, and the greasy forecastle, with its half-clad lodgers. That night at dinner, apropos of nothing in particular, he said that human society was pretty rotten.

That trip the Gulf Stream was troubled. A cool wind tore across it, whipping off wave-crowns. Steamy vapor wreathed the grey horizon. The Almillo stumbled knee-deep. Over her low decks and through the passageways between her huddle of little iron cabins the sea surged back and forth as water splashes in a basin shaken hard. The cook, a person easily pleased, was gratified because every little while a dashing wave would leave a flying-fish stranded on deck; but for mere landsmen it was no place. Bob and I fled to the captain's bridge, and there, in chairs lashed fast, we braced our legs against the rail for the better part of three days, and bet on the number of seas that would pass before one lapped high enough to wet our feet.

In those three days we discussed many things with Mr. Dodd, particularly the ingenious magic known as business. He laid down some entirely new ideas. Some of them were so ingenious that they touched even Bob, and Bob could make a Waterloo out of the safest commercial undertaking.

Captain Dodd's contributions to the science of money-getting showed us that the ancestral Dodd dollars would never see a

bank again, at least not in his name. The Almillo was a gorgeously bad bargain. Also, by a system of calculation entirely his own, he had succeeded in taking freight at rates that, as nearly as we could calculate, would almost pay for the coal he burned to carry them.

When the sea went down and Bob and I could walk on deck without a life line, he shook his head at me wisely and said that he could see Captain Dodd's end.

"Do you remember," asked Bob, "that Canuck raftsman up in Thunder Lake when the gale hit his drive and stampeded a hundred thousand logs? Remember how he waded out to his middle and shook his fists at the sky, yelling to the storm to come down and fight it out man to man? Dodd's got a little crack in his head like that. Last night while you were snoring in your chair like old Roncador in a breeze he let it slip out. That man's crazy for revenge. What he wants most is revenge on the world that laughed at him. But he can't figure how to get it. So he wants revenge on—you know."

I nodded. Bob had seen something himself once, and had been silly enough to say so before he knew better.

"That's pretty bad, you see," said Bob. "He'll carry that unsatisfied grudge around with him, and his crack will keep getting bigger and then——"

On the fourth morning the wind stopped kicking the Gulf Stream into heaps. The vapors fled. By noon the big wa[illegible] was true stream water so blue that blue ran like blue flame from blue horizon to blue wave-crests, so blue that even the froth of the wake had blue glint in it, so blue that everything one looked at had a blue aura. The patches of Sargasso-weed drifted, bright gold, like wheat-land[illegible] those lazy, long blue slopes that lifted [illegible] vastly, so slowly that they looked like fixed hills of ultramarine.

In that mild day, over that indolently swelling, kind sea, with a wind that barely breathed, the Almillo moved with something like placidity. Captain Dodd stood alone on the bridge in his glory of suspenders. All the rest of the world was asleep. Even the first officer, given to unhuman hours of wakefulness, had retired to his iron stateroom to rest after a long spell on watch.

Underneath the Almillo there was almost a mile, straight down, of ocean; and out of that mile deep, out of that softly blue sea, in that mild day, came Henry Dodd's revenge.

Bob and I saw it at the same moment. So did Captain Dodd. He sprang to the port side of the bridge, glasses at his eyes.

Of all the multitude of living men, only four living men saw it, the lookout at the bow, Captain Dodd, Bob, and I.

It was a quarter of a mile away. On that sea it was as prominent as a whale would be lying in lower Broadway on a Sunday morning.

This was not a whale. If a long-necked, dark-green, Rhine-wine bottle could have been expanded to insane proportions; and if it could have come to life; and if it swam neck first, that would have been it. It made no fuss. It rose simply and quietly, very matter of fact. Its track was as straight and smooth as if a knife cut deep and left a dark, open gash in the blue ocean.

There was a great, long, smooth slope of roller, and then there was a deep, wide trough, and then another great, long, smooth slope of roller, and the thing extended across and through them all, and beyond.

A ninety-foot whale on one of those slopes or in one of those troughs would have been just perceptible if one looked precisely at the spot where he was.

"Oh, for a glass" said Bob.

We saw without the glass. There was a thin, hard, shining back, finless. Where the body crossed a trough, we saw a side "tumbled home" like the side of a man of war, and very deep. Twice, in a heavy roll of sea, something fantastic came above the surface, paddling. It was neither a whale's fluke nor a reptilian foot. It was long, thinnest near the body, and flattened out ovally at the end.

"A South Sea war-paddle!" said Bob. "A New Hebrides war-paddle as big as the Almillo's hatch!"

The thing paid not the slightest attention to the Almillo. It came steadily toward us, but a little to port. In a few moments it would have passed us.

Suddenly Captain Dodd gave a quick look round. We were hidden from him by a bridge tarpaulin. He jumped to the

bridge telegraph, seized it, looked at the man in the bow, hesitated one instant, and then dragged the lever hard over.

The Almillo quivered as the engines struck up full speed. Bob gripped my arm. The Almillo swept round and steered straight at the thing.

"He's going——" said Bob, and stopped. The man at the bow waved his arms, shouting. Captain Dodd reached for the cord and drowned his voice with the roar of the siren. The Almillo, lifted high on a surge, plunged into the hollow beyond, and Bob and I looked straight at the shape as it swam athwart the slope of water that rose before our bow.

In that clear flood it was on show like something in an aquarium tank. The next moment the Almillo, roaring, smashed into it.

The sea burst wide open. It cascaded glassgreen over the bow and flung itself aft. Through the flying water Bob and I, our arms and legs twined about the rail, saw a polished, black, tapering shaft in air. At its summit was something monstrously like a forked fish-tail. It fell with the bellowing smack of a solid mass hitting solid water. Something like a war-paddle wavered for a gasping moment over the Almillo's deck and then drove harmlessly down into the sea alongside. Then the siren stopped.

Heads popped up all about deck. The first mate arrived in pajamas, the second without. There was nothing for them to see. The Almillo was squatting motionless in the lonely, placid Gulf Stream.

Just for a minute Bob and I saw something ghostly glimmer slowly down into the deep sea underneath us. It rolled heavily over as it sank, very dead. Little pillars like smoke came up from it through the clear water and expanded on the surface into films of bright crimson. Here and there floated oily spots.

Up forward the streaming lookout was examining bruises and talking excitedly to the other forecastle hands. Nobody paid any attention to him. Up forward there was something more pressing than an excited lookout. Where the bows of the Almillo should have been, there was only a wonderfully twisted lot of metal, some of it sticking aimlessly into the air, and some of it folded back on top of itself like a rough bundle.

The first officer looked down on it with some interest and reported casually "Bow's stove in down to the keel, sir. She's going down by the head."

Captain Dodd nodded and gave a short order. In fifteen minutes the boats were over, towing quietly on the leeward side, and the human contents of the Almillo sat tight, belongings in hand, waiting for the last possible moment.

During the peaceful interval Captain Dodd said most perfunctorily to Bob and me. "Where were you when we hit that derelict?" And Bob and I said promptly that we were gazing astern just then.

"Came full tilt on it," said Captain Dodd. A strange expression came over his face. It was a smile. Bob says that once he saw a Scotch trader in Polynesia smile that way when he heard that his Danish rival had been eaten by his customers.

"Came full tilt on it," repeated Captain Dodd. "Damn it! I sunk it, anyway! Hit it plumb."

Then the Almillo began to talk to herself and choke deep down in her ugly iron inwards, and we all moved hurriedly into the boats, Captain Dodd nursing his log-book and his papers solicitously. We waited at a safe distance to see the last of the ship. She went down nicely, diving slowly head first, standing for a moment with her red propeller-tail in dry air, and then slipping smoothly, quietly down a mile deep.

This is no harrowing tale of shipwreck. The Bahamas were not far away. It cannot be even a thrilling tale of a cruise in open boats. A Norwegian tramp loaded villainously with green hides picked us up in an hour, and almost literally wafted us back to New York.

No; the point of this story is not shipwreck. It has to do with insurance and prosaic things like that.

Captain Dodd put in his claim for full insurance on ship and cargo. He had to prove to the underwriters that in a dead-calm sea, in broad, bright, staring daylight, the lookout had not seen a derelict big enough to crumple up the Almillo like a paper bag until the ship hit it head on —and that then the derelict had sunk at

once, vanishing from the knowledge of man, and leaving not a single splinter in sight.

This aggregation of improbabilities did not seem to worry him. He had that Scotch trader smile on his face.

The insurance people called the lookout and demanded of him why he had not sighted the derelict in time. The lookout was from southern France. He waved arms, hands, and hair, and protested passionately that it was not a derelict. With something that seemed great joy, Captain Dodd urged him on with deft questions. He drew from him a full, detailed description in the French manner. He elicited vehement estimates of length and breadth. He obtained an enthusiastic statement about the paddle-fin.

Then he winked at the underwriters and said that he guessed they could see what had been the matter with that swab of a lookout. And they shook their wise heads and agreed instantly that the sailor was either drunk or crazy, but no doubt drunk, that being traditional in cases of reptilian visions.

Captain Dodd thus got back all his money, which was satisfactory to him, no doubt. He got something else back which was worth more—his self-respect. He had not only squared up with something in the sea, but, assisted by providential justice, he had squared up with a skeptical, emptily laughing world, even though he had to keep the joke to himself.

Today Henry Dodd is Captain Dodd of the transatlantic liner ——. Her name is not material. Dodd is not his name, anyway.

Lost

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

(*From "Harper's Magazine"*)

I know a little garden path
And tread it every day.
Great dusky roses grow thereby,
And set along the way
Are strange, tall lilies silver-white
And purple as they sway.

The hour is late when I go down
Between their solemn rows;
All golden-tawny is the west
And hushed to deep repose;
A fragrance thrills upon the air
And Silence with me goes.

Yet as I pass I hear a voice
That calls again to me,
And where the lilies crowd and sigh
I look—but dare not see!
And in the dark the garden fades
And leaves me—memory.

Hayes and the Harvest Moon

THE STORY OF A MAN, A WOMAN AND A PEARL

By Justus Miles Forman

(*From "Collier's Weekly"*)

D'YOU happen to have been at Levuka in the Fijis? No! Of course not. I was going to tell about an odd thing that happened there.

You'll have to fancy a little high green island with a crescent bay and traders' stores along the beach road, and houses climbing up the hillside above. You'll have to fancy a wooden wharf with copra piled on it in sacks, and native johnnies sitting about in the sun with lime plastered on their hair to dye it yellow, and a bit of bright-colored trade print twisted about their waists by way of clothes. You'll have to fancy a blue sky and a blue sea, and palm trees, and big red flowers, and a yellow beach with little cheerful waves lap-lapping on it all day long. And you'll have to fancy hot sunshine and the easterly trade winds warming you and cooling you together: the smell of the salt shore and the smell of the heated jungle behind.

Levuka's something like that.

The Rede-Barneses—Mr. and Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes—touched there on a cruise they were making among the islands in Rede-Barnes's yacht Pique Dame, with a company of Rede-Barnes's friends who were cheap and nasty and played most peculiar bridge.

The odd thing that happened has, for the most part, to do with Lady Evelyn. She'd fallen into a habit, when the yacht was in port, of slipping away from the others and going off on long solitary walks. She wasn't afraid, for the natives are a peaceable lot, and besides she carried one of those little automatic pistols that fire five shots very hard and fast. She lived on those walks, I think—looked forward to them—back over them. They must have seemed to her like hours out of prison. You see, she'd been married a year to that snarling little cur.

It seems she set off early on the morning they reached Levuka. She walked down the beach road past the stores of the traders and, beyond them, past little bungalows half hidden behind clumps of hibiscus and poinsettia and bougainvillea and other big flowers that she didn't know the names of. She rounded a point on the island, and all at once the port and the stores and houses, the canoes on the shore, the yacht at anchor, were lost to sight and hearing. The road ended, and there was just a long winding ribbon of yellow beach and the sea and the palm trees.

I fancy her, you know, drawing a long sigh of relief.

She walked on slowly along that golden beach, prodding with her closed sunshade at the little bright shells underfoot, or at the iridescent, bluey-green, cast-off clothes of giant crayfish. Once a brown Fijian boy passed by, dragging a pair of cocoanuts, and he husked one of them, and chipped off its top, and she drank, for she was thirsty, and the boy went on his way, pleased as Punch, with a shilling in his mouth. After that she sat for a while on a fallen tree, very comfortable and idle and without thought, and finally took up her walk again.

She came upon a white man sitting against a rock in a spot of shade and reading a newspaper. He seemed to be a rather young man—not over thirty, she thought—and he had yellow hair and a little upturned yellow moustache. He wore white drill trousers and a soft shirt, open at the throat, with its sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He seemed very much interested in the newspaper, for he didn't look up at all until Lady Evelyn spoke to him;

then he gave a violent start and got to his feet more swiftly than it seemed possible for anyone to move.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said to the man, "but I wanted to ask how much farther I can walk along this shore. A little native boy told me something I didn't quite understand about the beach coming to an end."

"Oh, yes," the yellow-haired man said. "It ends just round the point, hard by. There's half a mile of sheer cliff beyond." Now that his momentary alarm was over he was quite at his ease, and eyed her frankly, but without the least rudeness. It seemed to Lady Evelyn that he made, in that extremely informal attire, about the finest figure of a man that she had ever seen, though that was to say a great deal for a woman who had been born and brought up in England. She was tall herself, but he topped her by so much that she knew he must be well over six feet, and he looked very strong and hard and fit. His face and his forearms and his thick, round throat were sunburnt brown as leather, but she saw that when he stirred, and the soft shirt was drawn a little aside at his neck, his skin was whiter than her own. She had an instant's vision of little Rede-Barnes and of his friends on the yacht —not bad physical specimens, one or two of them—and she wondered how long they would last, singly or altogether, in combat with this young yellow-haired giant who read newspapers on a lonely beach.

Lady Evelyn said something apologetic about having interrupted his reading, and the young man laughed at her, and asked if she thought the Angel Gabriel would apologize for trumpeting the dead people out of their graves to go to heaven. That seemed to her such an uncommonly good little speech to happen upon in the Fiji Islands that Lady Evelyn was pleased and interested. She sat down on the edge of the shaded rock and the two fell into talk.

The yellow-haired young man was by no means shy or secretive. He explained that he read newspapers whenever and wherever he could beg, borrow, find, or steal them, because newspapers seldom came his way.

"I don't belong to the civilized world any longer," he said, "and I shall probably never see London again. I never saw a suffragette, but I like to read about them; I think they're funny. Fancy padlocking yourself to an iron railing to annoy the police! That's a jolly clever idea."

Lady Evelyn caught at that phrase about never seeing London again, and asked if he had meant it.

"Something of the sort," said the yellow-haired young man.

"Oh, don't think I'm snivelling!" he exclaimed, when she looked up at him.

"It's all right, you know. I don't want to go back. I'm contented here. I had twenty-five years of respectability—common, dull, dismal respectability. I wouldn't go back to it for the Crown jewels. I wasn't born to be respectable. I hated it. I hate the thought of it now." He pointed out to sea, and she became aware of a small schooner at anchor a hundred yards off shore—a boat drawn up on the sand. She hadn't noticed them until then.

"That little tub out yonder," said he, "is mine. On board that schooner I'm a sovereign. I'm Prime Minister and King and God all rolled into one. My four Kanaka boys pray to me. And I've an island a hundred miles or so from here. It's small, but it's mine. When I'm tired of swaggering about the Pacific in the Nabuna I go to Tuvana and rest. They pray to me there, too."

He broke off and laughed, narrowing his eyes at her.

"I sound like a little boastful, bragging boy, don't I?" But Lady Evelyn didn't laugh. She said:

"Yes, you do rather. And I think I like it. You've got something to boast of."

"Well, I'm free, anyhow," said he. "Free as air. And that's something, isn't it?"

"Something!" cried Lady Evelyn. "Something! It is the only thing in this dreadful world that is worth having. Keep it! Cling to it! Never let it go! Fight for it with the last bit of strength in your body! Put it up on an altar and pray to it! And if ever you lose it, drown yourself or cut your throat. I know what I'm talking about."

The man stared at her very curiously, and for a time she met his eyes with a sort of defiance. Then she got red, and looked away over the sea, and neither of them said anything more for a while.

She seems to have thought some sort of explanation necessary after that little outburst, for she said at last:

"You see, we all have our dreams—only they never come true. Yours have come true, and that seems to me so splendid and so wonderful that I'm rather emphatic about it. You're the only really free man I've ever spoken to."

"Aren't you free?" the yellow-haired man asked, and she laughed—but I fancy it wasn't much of a laugh. He scowled over it.

"I?" said Lady Evelyn.

She held up her hands and shook them at him.

"Can't you hear my chains rattle? I'm a life prisoner. You don't know anything about prison, do you? You're a king. I'm looking out of my cell window at this moment, and I see your kingdom—wide blue seas, and palms, and bright flowers, and miles of yellow beach. I envy you, you know. Oh, dearie me, how I envy you!"

The man she'd called a king looked at Lady Evelyn's left hand and at the wedding ring there, and he scowled once more, but there seemed to be nothing to say, so he only scowled and chafed his hands together and looked from Lady Evelyn's face down to the sand and dug his toes into it.

She watched the muscles swell and play about his thick neck when he bent his head down.

I think it's these little silences that bring people closer together than any words could possibly do. When there has been serious talk—frank, from an open heart, and words at length have failed for fear of saying too much, then there comes a silence and, in it, something strange—electrical, that can't be described.

I think something of the sort occurred between these two who came from such opposite poles of the universe to meet on an island beach—the duke's daughter and the South Sea tramp. Perhaps they were brought all the closer because they came from so far apart. Sometimes it's so.

Lady Evelyn sat for a long time with her eyes upon that yellow-haired adventurer who gazed down on the sand at his feet. He must, I fancy, have stirred something in her—something very deep. I judge by what followed. Perhaps it was not only the man, but what he symbolized—what she'd spoken of so emphatically—freedom—romance. I'm remembering Rede-Barnes and his friends on the yacht.

Lady Evelyn drew a little sigh, and presently she asked a very rude question. It was a way she had—a way many of her class have, but somehow they carry it off when the rest of us couldn't. She asked,

"What's that you have hanging from your neck—inside?"

The man looked up at her very sharp and keen, and, although the two of them were quite plainly alone there, he looked round about him, and overhead where the upland lifted steep off the beach. Then he said in a low voice:

"The Harvest Moon."

Lady Evelyn gave a sudden cry, repeating the name, but half-way she stifled the cry with a hand over her mouth, and she dropped her voice as he'd done. She said:

"Good Heavens! do you mean that? The Harvest Moon? It can't be true."

Of course she knew all about that historic pearl, as everybody knows who has ever been south of the Line, and a good many who haven't. She heard of it everywhere. She knew its gigantic money value and what it had cost in blood and lives and misery and scandal. She knew of the two great families that had been wrecked by it—the august gentlemen who through one of its scandals had been recalled to England. She'd heard the most fantastic tales about the Harvest Moon—the "Ruby in a Mist"—the "Pestilence"—it had a dozen names—and, as a matter of fact, quite half the tales were true.

"The Harvest Moon!" said she in a whisper. "It's incredible! What are you doing with the Harvest Moon, and how in the world did you come by it?"

He told her how a Tahitian, to whom he'd done a good turn, had died on his schooner and, before he died, had taken the pearl out of his wool, where it was fastened, and given it to his benefactor.

"How this johnnie came by it," said he, "I don't know. Perhaps he stole it from that Frenchman Lady What's-her-name ran away with from Melbourne. The Frenchman was murdered, you remember, at Papeete."

Lady Evelyn gave a little shiver.

"I should be afraid of it," she said. "Everyone who ever owned it or had any-

thing to do with it has come to a bad end. I think if I had the Harvest Moon I'd throw it into the sea." But the yellow-haired man shook his head.

"No, you wouldn't, not after you'd seen it once."

He got to his feet and walked a little way up and down the beach, and he searched the steep side of the hill above with his eyes. Then he sat down again, a little nearer to where Lady Evelyn was. He pulled out a cheap brass locket that hung about his neck by a leather thong and opened it, and began unwinding something that was wrapped in many little squares of thin silk. One of the squares of silk was black, and, when he had come to the end, he laid the Harvest Moon upon the black square, in his hand, and the two of them bent over it together.

It was a great pink pearl, pear-shaped, and it seemed to glow as if there were fires inside it. Its mother might have been a pearl and its father an opal. It was like nothing Lady Evelyn had ever seen. It seemed to be alive. She fancied she saw it move. I myself saw it once, when the great lady in Melbourne owned it—the one who afterward ran away with the Frenchman—and I shall never forget.

It was like looking at the little blood clot that has gone to the brain of some poor chap and turned him into a grotesque and wholesale murderer.

Lady Evelyn drew a great, deep breath, and she was rather pale. She said:

"No, I shouldn't throw it into the sea. I couldn't. You're quite right." She sat up once more and raised her eyes.

"I'm glad to have seen the Harvest Moon," she said. "It was hard to understand, before, how a pearl could have bewitched and ruined so many people. Now I know. I suppose it has bewitched me too—like the rest." She leaned back against the rock, looking rather grave and thoughtful and a little tired, and she didn't speak while the man rewound his treasure in its coverings and put it away once more in the cheap brass locket. But as he was finishing, the faint sound of a bell came to them across the sea from the little schooner. Lady Evelyn listened and said.

"Eight bells. Oh, dear! it's noon, and I must be getting back to the yacht. Will you help me up?" She put out her hands and the man lifted her to her feet. He'd turned quiet and grave, too. The Harvest Moon seemed, in some odd fashion, to have sobered them both.

"It occurs to me, rather late," she said, "that we don't know each other's names. I'm Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes. My husband and I are here with a party on our yacht Pique Dame."

"Pique Dame?" said the man. "Oh, yes! that means the Queen of Spades. It's a jolly name, rather."

"It's hideous," said Lady Evelyn. "The Queen of Spades is a very sinister person—not that I care much. You haven't told me your name. What is it?"

And he said: "Hayes. But the natives call me 'Tui-Tuvana'—The Lord of Tuvana."

Lady Evelyn put out her hand, and he took it and held it. She said:

"Good-bye, Tui-Tuvana. We two probably shan't meet again. I go back to prison and you to your kingdom. I shall remember you and envy you."

"I wish——" said the man Hayes awkwardly, "I wish——"

But Lady Evelyn shook her head.

"Wishing's no good. I've wished a lot in my time. Good-bye!" She withdrew her hand from his hold and turned and went away down the yellow beach.

Once, as she rounded the first point, she glanced back, and Hayes was standing quite still where she had left him, his hands at his sides, his head bent, looking upon the ground.

But the Harvest Moon—so I take it—had linked these two together, and that wasn't the end by any means.

They met again very strangely that afternoon.

A half-dozen of the yacht's company—Rede-Barnes not among them—went ashore about three o'clock to visit a certain waterfall high up near the top of the mountainous island. They had some native boys and girls for guides, and they carried tea baskets, to do the thing comfortably.

The waterfall was well worth seeing, and Lady Evelyn was glad she had come, but she didn't want any tea, and so, when the others were seated in a circle gorging themselves upon cakes and champagne-cup out of a thermos bottle, she wandered off alone among the trees, and, after a half-hour,

found herself quite unexpectedly upon the crest of the farther side of the island, high up over the beach where she had sat in the morning. She could see, a couple of hundred feet beneath her, the very rock against which she had leaned, and she could see the schooner riding at anchor, off-shore, but the boat that had been drawn up on the sand was gone. She wondered where Hayes was, and she spoke aloud—the sound of her voice startled her a little.

"I wish I might see him. I wish I might see him just once more."

She sat down on the turf, and she found herself suddenly very tired in all sorts of ways—physically tired, and mentally, too. She thought of the little company of people a mile away, stuffing and guzzling beside that waterfall, and she hated them. She thought of Rede-Barnes (the little cur had been carrying on, of late, with one of the other women), and the picture of him turned her sick. She looked ahead at her life to come, and it seemed to her nightmarish —intolerable. A fantastic wish swept across her mind that that tall, strong, clean young man with the yellow hair would come out from among the trees and pick her up in his arms, without asking permission, and carry her off to his green island where the people prayed to him.

A sound mounted up to her from below. It wasn't loud, but it was unmistakably the sound of a shot. She got at once to her feet and looked. For a moment she could see nothing, but she heard another shot, and then, hard upon it, a man came into sight, running along the yellow beach, down beside the water where the sand was hard. Fifty yards behind him ran six natives in lava-lavas of colored print, and each of them held in his hand a long heavy knife that the sun winked upon—all but one, and this man had a rifle—though firearms are forbidden to the islanders.

The native with the rifle stopped suddenly and went down upon his knee. Lady Evelyn cried out, and she saw the puff of smoke from the muzzle of the rifle, and after it, heard a whip-like report, but the bullet must have gone wild. The white man halted and threw out one arm. There was another puff of smoke and a louder report—like the first two she had heard. The native with the rifle fell on his face and lay still.

Then the white man turned sharply up the beach, and Lady Evelyn gave another cry, and began to tremble violently, for the man was Hayes. He made for the bed of a dry watercourse that was cut in the mountainside like a shallow, irregular scar from the crest, near where the woman stood watching, down to the rocks and sand, and it made excellent cover. Hayes bolted into it, and the five natives, who had stopped and hung back for an instant, raised a shout and followed him.

Lady Evelyn, on her knees at the brink of the height, stared down the twisting slope and watched the man beneath her. Once when he was nearly half-way to the top he seemed to be about to take shelter behind a rock and fight it out there. Then she called to him: "Hayes! Hayes!" and he looked up and saw. He began to climb faster.

When he was within speaking distance he waved his arm, and she heard him shout in hard-drawn gasps:

"Go away! Run for it!" But at that she pulled from her belt the little pistol she always carried there and held it up for him to see. He gave a glad cry and climbed on, but he climbed very slowly now, on hands and knees, and she saw that he was almost done.

A few yards from the top he dropped, tried to raise himself, and rolled behind a boulder.

Lady Evelyn let herself over the edge of the bank and slipped and scrambled down to where he was. The man's face was grey with exhaustion, and drawn and thin, but, though his strength was gone, he was not done yet. She found him, revolver in hand —a big Colt—lying on his side waiting. He whispered to her.

"Go back! For God's sake go back while you can! They won't touch you if you go now. They're after the Harvest Moon."

He lifted the Colt and fired, and the nearest pursuer dropped back screaming. There were four left, and they had scattered among the rocks and were climbing, each on his own line. Lady Evelyn knelt close beside the man Hayes. She asked:

"How many cartridges have you left?" And he said:

"Two. I'd only the single clip. I wasn't expecting a war. If you won't go away for God's sake, will you go for mine?"

"I have five," said she. "When yours are gone take my revolver—if there's time.

I think they mean to rush us from both sides." She was full of excitement—thrilled with it from head to foot, but she was as steady as a veteran.

One of the men to the left of their rock threw his heavy knife from the shelter of a thicket, and it grazed Hayes's shoulder. Hayes got to his knees and fired. He must have missed, for the two natives broke cover together. He fired again at the second man, the one who still had a weapon. The fellow went down, and Lady Evelyn saw Hayes spring to his feet to meet the other.

The rest of it all came too quickly for word or thought. The remaining two natives, on the right, leaped over the rocks and closed in shouting. Lady Evelyn knelt up, held the Browning out a little way from her, and it seemed to explode of itself. She was unaware of pulling the trigger. The first man dropped to his knees, staring at her, coughed and crumpled up without a sound. The fellow behind him gave one shrill little cry like a frightened beast, turned tail and began to run down the mountainside, leaping and stumbling and crashing among the bushes.

Then Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes quite properly fainted dead away, as any lady should.

She came to under pleasant and delightful circumstances. Hayes—Tui-Tuvana—knelt over her, holding her in his arms and calling upon her in distracted tones to come back to him. Her head lay against his breast where there was something hard and uncomfortable—the Harvest Moon, probably. He called her lovely things in English, and in Fijian that she didn't understand — Seni-Langi, "Sky-Flower" — Andi-Matakami-kamitha, "Lady Sweet Eyes," and such like. And she thought he had been kissing her, too, but she wasn't quite sure of that.

When she was ready she opened her eyes and sat up, and presently he helped her to her feet.

"They're gone?" she asked him, and he said to her:

"Yes, God bless you! They're gone. You've saved my life."

"Save mine, Hayes!" said she. And the man began to tremble all over.

Lady Evelyn said:

"I can't go on any longer as I've been going. It's intolerable. Will you take me away?"

"Oh, my God!" said he, and went down on his knees, and held her hands against his face.

They talked it over, the two of them, standing there on the mountainside with the dead men round them, and they made their plans. They were to slip away that night.

"I shan't be able to stay here another day after this row," Hayes said. "The Resident is down on me. He'd like nothing better than a chance, and now he has his chance. I can't tell him why these beggars were after me—the Harvest Moon. He'll make it plain murder. I must sail tonight." He told her where to come to him—at the western end of the beach road where the lights stop. He was to be there with his boat at ten o'clock.

"You won't fail me?" he asked her at last. And she smiled and said:

"No, Hayes. No!"

"If you did," said he, "I think I should storm the Pique Dame and carry you off."

Lady Evelyn looked him in the eyes, and, under her breath, she laughed a little, but it wasn't as if she saw anything funny. It was another kind of laugh altogether. She said:

"I should want you to, Tui-Tuvana."

She glanced once at the dead men among the rocks and shivered and went away to join her guests.

Ten o'clock Hayes had said. Ten o'clock at the western end of the beach road where the lights stop. But at ten o'clock she was on the afterdeck of the Pique Dame, walking back and forth and shivering, though the night was warm and she had a wrap over her bare shoulders.

She couldn't go.

Before dinner was over she'd found that out. After all, stone walls—or golden walls, if you like—do a prison make, in spite of all the poetry books—and iron bars a cage. She couldn't go. At dinner she looked down the table at those two rows of prettily dressed rotters—at little Rede-Barnes, who was drinking too much and getting purple over it. They made her flesh creep, and she wished them dead, one and all. She thought of Hayes and freedom—the wide blue seas and his little

island. They called aloud to her and she yearned for them.

And still she couldn't go.

She was afraid. There's the truth of it, I expect—as near the truth as anyone will ever get. The stone walls had been round about her too long. The chains she talked of had rusted home. I fancy she began to realize the terrific hold of habit, the sheer, immovable weight of inertia.

After dinner, on deck, the others settled themselves to bridge under the awning. Lady Evelyn walked up and down. She heard two bells go, and then three, and at last four. Four bells—ten o'clock. The man was waiting for her in the gloom at the western end of the beach road. She went right astern and stood by the taffrail, hidden behind the hand-steering gear. The tide was making in and the Pique Dame lay with her stern inshore. Standing there Lady Evelyn saw the few huddled lights of the settlement—the long row of lamps that marked the beach road. She was hot and cold together, and her knees trembled. Her mind was like a fever patient's mind—or like a little frightened child's—chaos. Out beyond in that warm darkness were love and freedom—a life (so she pictured it) of thrilling romance—heights that her heart and soul cried out for.

And she couldn't go.

She heard the voices and laughter of the card players behind her, and somebody calling for more claret-cup. A long-boat, eight-oared, swept past. She heard it hailed from the bridge of the yacht, and heard the man in the stern-sheets explain that he was the port police looking out for a fellow called Hayes who'd been doing wholesale murder. The boat went on and five bells struck.

The little Irish bo'sun slipped aft and spoke to her in a low voice. The lad was a sort of slave of hers, and to him she'd given orders to have the yawl ready at the gangway before four bells with her bag hidden in it. She was to have explained that she wanted to paddle about the bay for an hour in the starlight.

"I've changed my mind," Lady Evelyn said. She wondered a little at her strange voice. "Get the bag back to my cabin without anyone seeing." The bo'sun slipped away again, and she leaned against the taffrail, blind and sick.

The minutes dragged on, and it must have been near six bells.

"He's gone now," said Lady Evelyn. She looked once more toward the row of lamps along the beach road. "He's given me up and gone. It's all over."

Quite suddenly one of the women under the deck awning uttered a sharp, frightened scream, and a man said:

"For God's sake, what's that?" Lady Evelyn heard her husband's unsteady voice.

"Now then, what the devil do *you* want?" She heard exclamations and cries—the little crash of an overturned table. But above the scuffle and the uproar she heard a high, strong voice:

"Where is she? What have you done with her?"

She was shaking from head to foot, but somehow she made her way into the circle of light.

Alone at the top of the lowered gangway the man Hayes, called Tui-Tuvana, stood, tall and white and terrible, with the big Colt automatic before him in his hand.

The woman had failed him, but he had kept his word.

Once more he called out.

"Where is she? Where is she?"—caught sight of her suddenly and gave a shout.

Lady Evelyn stepped forward among those huddling, frightened sheep. The cloak had slipped from her shoulders, and she went with her hands out before her like a woman groping in the dark.

"Come!" said Hayes at the gangway, and laughed—a splendid figure against that mean throng—the figure of a man.

She found a gasping voice and cried out with it:

"I can't! I can't! For Heaven's sake, go back!"

In the little silence there was a sound of swift oars rowing together. The man must have heard it, but he paid no heed. He came a step forward, and one of the frightened women began to sob and whimper like a child. Rede-Barnes shouted for help, and someone answered from the forward deck. They heard running feet.

Hayes bent forward, staring at Lady Evelyn across the half-dozen paces that lay between them. His face was drawn in a great perplexity—a sort of incredulous wonder.

"You won't come?" said he. "Do you

mean you won't come? You've failed me —after all?"

She thrust out her two hands at him desperately, crying:

"Go back! Go back! The police—they're after you! Oh, go back while you can!"

The sound of oars stopped with a clatter under the yacht's side. Hayes glanced once over his shoulder and back to the face of the woman who had failed him. Men began to run up the steps of the gangway—closed in upon him from the forward deck. Rede-Barnes from a strategic position behind several of his guests shouted incessantly for help.

The man gave a sobbing curse, turned and ran aft along the rail. They called to him to halt—a babble of sound broke out —even certain of those valiant souls in dinner coats ran a few steps forward, very bold and threatening now the quarry's back was turned. From the top of the gangway the officer of port police cried: "Halt! my man, or I'll fire on you," and in another instant did fire twice.

Hayes returned a single shot, hasty and wild, vaulted the rail and was gone with a great splash.

They were after him like hounds upon a fresh scent—the police boat—the yawl—Hayes' own dinghy in which he had come. Rede-Barnes had an inspiration. He began to shout for the searchlight, and one of the yacht's officers called an "Aye, aye, sir!" from the bridge. Lady Evelyn ran to her husband and caught him by the shoulders.

"You won't do that!" she cried. "It's murder. You mustn't do that. For Heaven's sake, give him a chance. Don't murder him!" But he threw her off and rushed to the bridge ladder. Lady Evelyn made her way once more astern, and clung there, crushed up against the rail.

It was extraordinarily hard to breathe.

"If they'll only give him time—time!" she said, and held her two hands tight over her mouth. "Oh, give him time to get away! Give him a chance!" A dreadful scream broke from her, and the searchlight leaped into the darkness like a white sword.

She saw it stab the black waters here and there—wheel and sweep like a vast brush—searching, searching, searching. And at last she heard eager cries from the police boat and a shot. She fell upon her knees beside the rail, covering her ears with the palms of her hands, but she heard another shot, and after a long time two together, and another still. It was as if each one beat upon her head with a hammer blow —tore her through and through, yet let her live in agony.

Then the shots were still, but she heard voices—once, the sound of something like a scuffle and the dull noise of blows.

For they had got him at last. The searchlight found him out—Rede-Barnes' noble revenge. The first shots went wild, but at length one broke his shoulder and the chase was done. They dragged him into the boat, yammering over him like the pack over the little red fox run at last off his little legs. It seems that even with a broken shoulder the man could fight—nearly did for one of the crew; so, from behind, they fell upon him with oars and beat him to death.

On board the Pique Dame Rede-Barnes ran up and down and blustered and cursed. He wanted to know how the devil they (the police) dared bring dead men on board a gentleman's yacht. He wanted them to understand that his yacht was no morgue, and he wanted that thing taken away at once—dammit, at once! Frightening ladies like this!

But the woolly-haired rowers of the police boat—all but one—laid Hayes' body down upon the Pique Dame's white deck, and the sea water dripped from it in little rills, and lay about it in a dark pool, and drained off into the port scuppers. It was the back of Tui-Tuvana's head they'd beaten in; his face was unmarked and looked very peaceful, as dead faces usually do. A splendid great figure he was, laid out there, long and broad and still—a man.

Lady Evelyn came where he lay and gazed down at him. She was still, too, at last —almost as still as the man she had brought to his death. She stood for some moments gazing, and once she noticed that the leather thong and the cheap brass locket were gone from Hayes' neck. One of the Fijians of the police boat crew had taken it in complete ignorance of what it was.

"Wait, please!" said Lady Evelyn Rede-Barnes, and went away toward her cabin. She came back in a moment with something in her hand hidden down against her skirt.

Rede-Barnes tried to intercept her and was quite angry and unpleasant about it, but she brushed past him without a word, and went once more to where the dead man lay. She knelt down there and put her hand—the free one—upon Hayes' breast. To the great scandal of those round about she bent forward and kissed him.

"I think," said Lady Evelyn, "I'll go with you, Hayes, after all."

And she shot herself very neatly through the heart and fell over across his body.

The Okanagan

By W. R. GORDON

Dream of the wealth of Eden,
Wonderful land of yore,
With fruits and flowers laden
Of mystic bounteous store;
Think of the groves of Olympus,
Trod by heavenly feet,
Where, with his fairy nymphs, Zeus
Drank of the nectar sweet;
Speak of the Southern vineyards,
Groaning under the load
Of fruit for the waiting wine gourds,
Rip'ning to flow abroad;
Boast of the orange trees golden
With their luscious, yellow yield,
Of the earth's growth, new or olden,
In meadow, grove or field;
Sweep from the North to Southland,
Seek through the East and West,
From river's source to its mouth, and
Find of the soil the best;
Gather the fruits from orchards,
Harvest the shining grain,
Pull clusters from the vineyards,
Strip Olympic groves again
And they all must bow on every hand,
As the daisy to the rose,
To the soil of the younger Western Land,
Where the Big Red Apple grows.

THE fresh-water epiphany of the salmon, coaxed by a great heimweh from their adopted country, the sea, is more splendid and picturesque than the avatars of many gods of mythology. The great blue-backed sockeye drove, pigged together in a great stampede, take no food after their exodus from salt water begins, but driven by the powerful instinct of reproduction, strive to swim a thousand miles, a desperate odyssey, to the spawning grounds.

Picturesque, indeed, is the fishing, and the roaring life of the canneries while the run lasts. People who think that present-day fishing methods, different from those of the time of Christ and his disciples, and the use of automatic machinery in the canneries, have dulled the romance and faded the color of the salmon fisheries and the packing of the catch, are mistaken. So far from detracting from the picturesqueness of the life, the modern methods have added to its color, diversity, activity, even peril, giving it a charm it lacked before.

Fishermen lie in wait with all sorts of devices to entrap the fish when they enter the river mouths. When they pass through the cannery fishermen's nets the sardonic-faced Indian stands with poised spear or crude dipnet to take the fish from some swift-water channel, or if it escapes the Indian, the grizzly bear and the black bear await its coming in the shallow streams or along the rapids, where the strong fish in leaping from the foaming water subjects itself to the dexterous and powerful swat of the bear's great paw.

Of the great silver-sided herd that turn tail to the sea, comparatively few, leaping apparently impossible falls and breasting wild rapids, come at last to the headwaters of their desire.

Nature affords few more extraordinary examples of devotion to the instinct of reproduction than the practices of these fish. At the spawning grounds the males and females, much wasted in flesh from their fasting, pair off, and in some tributary brook dig a nest, using heads, tails and fins with nearly human intelligence. The male by this time has developed a formidable hooked beak, with which he fights savagely for the rights of his home. Here the eggs are laid, several thousands to each fish. Carried down stream by the swift current, a great number are lost and millions are eaten by trout. But a few drop among the loose stones at the lower edge of the nest, where they are protected by the holes and crevices until the hatching time.

The digging of the nest wears out the fins and tails of the parent fish, even rubbing away parts of their heads, and the constant fighting among the males causes further scars. Lack of food emaciates them, their very stomachs withering away, so that by the time the eggs are laid they are much enfeebled; indeed, all but helpless. Fungoid diseases attack them, tapeworms appear, and soon, utterly worn out, they perish and drop to the bottom of the stream. After spawning they have apparently no desire to return to the sea; their life-work is done.

The little swimmer which is the product of the hatched eggs becomes a fry, and taking the fish character, growing rapidly, begins its journey to the sea, but seems to go reluctantly, travelling always with its head up stream, letting itself be drawn

down by the current, tail first. This fish, reaching the sea, makes its home in salt water usually for four years, before it feels the powerful impulse that drives it back to fresh water again.

* * *

THE real fascination of the sea Ulysses knew, and Drake, and Captain Cook, and all the far-adventuring crew of long-dead voyagers who sailed boldly forth when every horizon dipped in mystery and every day brought new and unknown perils.

Though there are now no voyages like these, so long that the mariner, furling his time-soiled sails and setting foot on shore was land-sick from long habit of the rocking sea, and though sea dangers have been made small by steam and charts and lights and wireless, that weirder magic than ever forecastle superstition dreamed of, there is still the sea, fascinating because capable of human moods—of kindness, anger, joyousness and treachery, and there are still some perils left. Where uncertain dangers lie in wait there is always charm for true seamen, and for all manly spirits, and though in fog and straying derelict, in lee shore and shouting storm, we have the only dangerous monsters of the valleyed deep, they are still strong to stir the hearts of men for the struggle with Nature, which is so alluring. Some of us, who have known the sea in these sterner aspects, or in whose veins the sea-blood of long lines of ocean-faring ancestors runs, still feel its influence like a maelstrom. These are the true sea-lovers, who have in their love something of the awe that the elder race knew, knowing in one way or another the sharp teeth of adventure. To such there is no monotony in the sea, where every angle of every wave and of every windlass swell disclose a different hue, and every hour has its own pageant of color. Then the nights—what two nights at sea were ever the same? It is as if God's hand had set one down in the great tube of his kaleidoscope, to be a part of his eternally moving spectacle.

But, after all, it is of man's relations to the sea that people in general delight to hear; it is as if Nature's rough hand moved them to awe rather than to interest, but at the sight of a human face the heart in them leaps up. Into the moving picture of the sea, where every peril is a background for heroism and unselfishness, man has brought daring, courage and loyalty to trust. Something of the broadness of the far-horizoned ocean, its openness to Nature, creeps into the composition of those who use the sea; in some subtle way they seem to reflect its heartiness without a touch of its treachery. The sailorman is even more interesting than the element he sails on. He is Nature's creature, and as truly typical of the sea as the forest creatures are of their green wilds. Who would not like to think, as poets do, that he found his joy in life in feeling his canvassed ship answer nimbly to his touch upon the wheel, in watching the grey unfolding of the morning, in witnessing the grim and mighty aspect of the storm!

* * *

LIKE wreckage washed up on the shore and left by the backing tide, much human wastage, roving men from all the world, are left on the beach of Vancouver. Driftage of every shading of color it is, brought here by ships and trains from every port and inland city of geography. Interesting because they are of all nations, races, colors and languages, these bankrupts of life make the humor that forms an inseparable part of police court life, which even in its saddest aspects loses none of its relish by being largely the kind designated by the Germans as Galgenhumor. Though of all sorts and conditions, from the lowest stratum upward to the tramp royal born with nomadic tendencies and who, committed, like the Wandering Jew, to the Long Road, must travel or itch, yet all have the same character, that of the vagabond. They will not be here long; the next tide will carry them away. Not all are failures in life, from their own point of view; not all are lazy or incompetent. Some pay their way. Many see life in the forecastles of ships. These world tramps are of a higher caste

in vagabondia than the common railroad hobo. The human interest in this gypsy tribe is immense. Few are immoral, though many are unmoral. Some are criminals, but most of them do not prey. They are not mendicants, though the lineal descendant of the begging friar, the picturesque wanderer of the middle ages. Some have had trouble and travel to find peace, some to get away from haunting ghosts of black sins that will not wash. The human derelict, dismantled by the winds of circumstances, and dragging his anchor round the globe, is as old as some of the roads he travels. Some work a little as they go "in various situations round the world," staying in no place very long, treating the world as a book, turning a fresh page when they "get the page they're reading done." Vancouver is one of the buckle-holes in one of the great belts of travel that girdle the earth, and therefore sees many of these tramps royal, dumped here by steamer and train, beachcombers or workers for a while, then moving on. From job to job the working tramp, often a good "mechanic," moves along, and pay cannot hold him when he feels the itching to go, and "out at sea behold the dock-lights die and meet his mate, the wind that tramps the world."

* * *

NOT only one of the city's gates is the Vancouver railroad terminal, but one of the gates of the wide earth, the end of a tape of steel strung across a tremendous worldscape—this big Vancouver railway yard which is just half-way from sunrise on the long road to the aromatic country where travellers' tales begin. The busy yard where the linked land caravans roll in with the dust of a far journey upon them, laps over upon the docks where the sun-baked "lumpers" unload the redolent cargoes of silk and tea and spices that the long-wandering ships bring from overseas. The salt-stained ships come from the world's end; many of the trains that come to a long grinding stop in the yards at the end of the line have come from land's end a continent's width away. Where yards and docks overlap you can hear tales of both sea and land, stories of the railroad and forecastle folk-lore. You can see the men of the railroad, the men in the blue overalls, engineers and firemen, giants of steel muscles, the trainmen, brakemen, conductors, yardmen, switchmen, who have the railroad character which is the same all over America, and the sailors and the 'longshoremen, too, who are marked with different character by their trade. You hear the railroad gamut of sounds, the noises that belong to the railway yards everywhere, running in volume from the thick whisper of a jet of compressed air to the roar of a titanic locomotive pulling a long train into the many-tracked yards at a high speed. All day the atmosphere is crowded with sounds loud and harsh, explosions of steam, the clangour of steel wheels riding steel rails, the grinding, jolting, smashing, jamming, snapping tumult of freight cars shuffled like packs of cards, the din of bells, blasting of whistles, the deep breathings of air-pumps, the grunting and rumbling of the hot expanding power packed into boiler shells.

The terminal yards are a good place to study the heraldry of land transportation. In the yards are boxcars with the insignia of every railroad in Canada and the United States on their sides, for there is no more nomadic thing than a boxcar. The cars are painted every color known to painters, and a freight train, moving rapidly, is often a brilliant spectrum.

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THE educated Chinese taste for tea differs from ours as much as their point of view about eatables. You can buy in Vancouver's Chinese quarter, if you know where to go for it, the greatly esteemed "strengthening tea" which the Chinese regarded as so virtuous medicinally. It has a mildewed, weedy flavor, a bitter draught which is warranted to strengthen the system, clear the brain, relieve the body of all humors and bile, and serves high-living Chinese as a "boiling-out" at a hot springs does Western bon-vivants. This plant grows in the Shan States, and the leaves are pressed into large flat cakes, which being packed in paper only, soon

mildew. The Chinese do not mind the mildew flavor. They think it promotes longevity along with its therapeutic qualities, and it is drunk regularly by the Emperor at Pekin.

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NOWHERE in Victoria is the street life more interesting and picturesque than in the Chinese quarter, and the frequent presence in the street of Chinese women in native costume gives interest and color to the open-air drama, particularly the Manchu women, whose garments are sometimes rich and beautiful, who walk freely on their full-grown natural feet and balance their magnificent head-dresses with conscious pride. The Manchu woman's coiffure is the most picturesque imaginable, with the broad gold pins, wings of blue-black hair and flowers.

The atmosphere of a Chinese town is reproduced to a high degree.

Here is a little shop where are sold pet birds in cages or trained to perch on a stick, gorgeous gold and silver fish and pet crickets, black little skeletons of things in airy bamboo boxes which are trained and fight like pups; and a drug store where the apothecary is a quack doctor of the legitimate old school of Chinese medicine, and sells all the time-honored roots and herbs, musk, dried rats, lizards, frogs and toads, clots of so-called dragon's blood, and lumps of nameless things warranted to cure. In the confectioner's shop, alluring with sugared and honeyed sweets, you will see slabs of peanut candy and sesame brittle as well, the rich dried fruit of the jujube tree, with its narrow-pointed seed like a date, in boxes or beaten into a smooth, rich jujube paste, crab apples preserved in honey, delicate sesame wafers, the sesame flour beaten in water with either sugar or salt, and baked in a thin wafer that might well be introduced at fastidious afternoon tea tables, and macaroni made of millet or buckwheat flour, hanks and skeins of the doughy filaments hanging in the shop window.

* * *

OVER a sombre little shop on Powell street, where you can buy lacquer clogs, straw sandals, carved ivory figures of fantastic freakish goblins of Japanese mythology, vases and screens decorated with resplendent barbaric goddesses and gods, and thimble tea cups and teapots covered with crimson butterflies and blue landscapes without perspective, lives O Sako San, a delicate little doll of a Japanese girl, with her father and mother, two old Japanese as brown as if they had been toasted. In a corner of one of the rooms are set up the ancestral tablets with the bowl of rice before them, and a cross-legged little stone god also, for O Sako San's parents are Buddhists. But it is O Sako San who gives the room the character of a home in Dia Nippon. She wears the quaint costume which her father and mother have put aside for Western clothes. Also she dresses her hair in the way of girls in old Japan. It is a wonderfully complex operation, the arranging of her hair. Once a week it takes place, and the whole day is required. O Sako San has to sit for hours on the mat while her mother patiently works at her hair. First the coils of hair are undone, the thick masses are carefully combed, and then they are re-done, molded into elaborate loops and whirls and volutes, all stiffened and held in place with castor oil. One by one the coral beads are put in, and finally the gold lacquer combs. Lastly, in the nape of her neck a little wavy piece is coaxed to stay, held by an ivory pin, artistically arranged to complete the curve, as graceful as a bent bow. Her mother was a geisha girl in old Japan, and amuses herself in this country by dressing her daughter as a geisha, and teaching her the quaint music of her country, the most whimsical and elfin in the world, with its delirious love songs and dances, in which it is hard to tell where pure gaiety melts into shadow, mysticism. O Sako San sings the old songs, accompanying herself on the samisen. Most of her songs are short and primitive, and sad with scales of divided intervals, and here and there falsetto notes that drop suddenly to deep cries. They are comparable to no music that we know.

A night or two ago a little bit of the world of outdoor workers, in which life

is red in tooth and claw, but honest, grimaced at me for a minute and was gone. This plein-air world waits for some northern homer to put into words the full-bodied drama. I caught as much of it as my sparse film would hold.

* * *

ON a shadow-smudged dock twenty 'longshoremen gave up their sweat that a harbor-weary tramp steamer might sail on time. For a few cents an hour they sang a rugged verse in the song of labor, and made it rhyme.

For sound, the scarred winches quarrelled like a litter of black pups on the dirty deck; the blocks squealed and the 'longshoremen, picking up crumbs with a truck, swore as strongly as real tack and sheet seamen when God's great winds are out on a dirty night at sea.

To me the picture was full of the music of form and color, with its strong contrast of light and shadow concentrating details to masses. In her blocky bulk the steamer at the dock was stippled against a background of plum-blue water and mountains fainting into the sky. The ship's few deck lights reached out beams like red claws. There was latent diabolism in her huge slag-colored crouch at the dock. A pinkish glow washed from her castle doors, where her Chinese crew burned sticks before their broad-nostrilled joss.

I sneaked into that picture like a dog, for I did not wish to get in the way; the 'longshoreman has a tongue with a tang. Here was no human bric-a-brac, but men working with open shirts. I have seen the thing many times, but that night I saw afresh the color and felt the fascination of the scene. Night or day you do not have to walk around Vancouver to see a picture. Vancouver is quivering with vitality. Its people are not a swarm of nothings, bound for nowhere. They are doing something. Her life is myriad-colored, and to see it all you must have a fast-travelling eye. Here the ceaseless colorful pageant of waterfront life has a background of pure landscape of Nature's own making, dancing with brilliant and dazzling color in the daytime, and at night filled with the magic charm of subdued and sombre chiaroscuro. The painter, Night, plays with her brushes in a light and aerial manner. Around ocean-embraced Vancouver her nocturnes are delicate symphonies in blue-browns, lavender-greys, mauves and tea color, with the frosty white lights of shipping for accents of color.

These 'longshoremen, in their overalls, the copes and chasubles of honest labor, were as admirable a set of men-with-the-bark-on as ever lived by bread, I think. No taffeta gentlemen were these, and they spoke not in silken terms, but russet yeas and honest Kersey noes.

* * *

THE name of the place is itself a flight of fancy: it is called "The Shore of a Thousand Singing Shells."

The Chinese joy in their pleasures is not a sober intoxication. The Chinese face is as late October's would be if it had a face, but behind the inscrutable quiet face is the heart of a child, a primitive child. The Chinese mind is of the ancient world; the yellow face is an anachronism; centuries ago Time crept on and left him standing on the shores of mediævalism, and in spite of the Chinese Reform Association he will delight yet awhile in the poetic pleasures of the Mings. In his heart he prefers still the dancing girl to the moving picture show.

It was a piece of enchantment. At 10 o'clock I stood in Hastings street, in my ears the confusion of western civilization, the plangent roar of traffic, the concert pitch of trolley cars, the florid anthem of the flowing street. Five minutes later, following with foreboding spirit my Chinese friend, a gentleman of an ironical countenance and stout as to the sternworks, I discovered myself in a room as whimsical and capricious, as quaint and picturesque in its toy doll's house character, and as unreal and dreamlike as any fantastic Eastern interior of many travellers' tales.

From the blue ceiling hung jade-green and plum-colored lanterns. The walls hid behind cherry-red and yellow hangings, blazoned with flame-tongued dragons in

bright gold, and figures of gods and men, whimsically out of drawing, in wonderful costumes, swaying like gorgeous flowers in a long wave—rhythmed tired dance of color. It was a wild frieze of nightmare imagination. In a recess let into the wall burned a joss shrine hung with pink pompons and red gauds. The furniture in the room was of the character you see in a Chinese print. Everything in the place had been brought from China, and there were several smells of Eastern lineage mixing themselves to make an atmospheric cocktail, heavy aromas of burning prayer papers, incense sticks, opium and Chinese-made cigarettes. There were about a dozen Chinese in the room, and blue cobwebs of cigarette smoke swam among the soft-shining lanterns like ghosts of shredded dragons.

My Chinaman beckoned me to a seat and I sat there, an unobtrusive presence. I half expected a religious rite—an occult pagan ceremony not meant for Occidental eyes to see. But it was only a Chinese vaudeville performance.

The Chinese talked in the low voices of people speaking in the dark. I noticed that all wore queues and were in Chinese dress. Suddenly, with a frisking motion like that of a playful kitten, an ivory-tinted doll-like little slave girl in green trousers entered the room, with a three-stringed guitar, upon which she immediately picked some Chinese ragtime that sounded like the gnashing of silver teeth.

A little current of air rippled the hangings and the golden dragons whisked their tails and flicked their fangs, and the pictured warriors and gods and dancing men bowed and curtsied to mortals many degrees lower in caste than themselves.

"Hei-wei sung tung moe, hup hai jut loe. How-shon shi chen wu-e," sounded with odd inflection the ballad from the painted lips of the singing girl and tunk-tank-tankle. The silver-stringed guitar clashed with its thin twang between the falsetto syllables of the egg-shell voice.

The song is a ballad of love in a garden, and was old when the oldest of our songs were made. It is something like this:

"Lady mine, come into the garden. The pearl moon is caught in the plum trees like a kite and a soft breeze wafts sweet odors from orchards pink with pear blossoms. Come into the garden, lady, for the black moth, Night, has opened her wings. Come, lady of the flower feet, the night birds are singing in the velvet dusk, and the house lanterns are shining like stars that drown in the wine-dark water of the star-reflecting lake, the crystal bath of the silver ducks."

Suddenly entered another piquant-faced slave girl, in a rose robe, brocaded with long-stemmed milk-colored flowers, and as she came with cat-like softness through the door the song broke off and the shell pick in the sam-yin player's pencil-like fingers moved faster in its dance upon the strings. The rose-clad girl swung her supple, pliant body in time with the ting-tang tune, swaying like a flower blown by the wind.

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WHAT every man knows about the Fraser River is that it is in the wrong place on the map, for the salmon will follow their natural bent. Or perhaps it is the international boundary line that is in the wrong place.

The Fraser River canners fish according to the golden rule and the laws of Canada; but the American cannerymen use the methods of the coyote. The motto of the American cannery owner is "Get busy and get the fish. Never mind the laws." He gets them by every method, purse-seining, drag-netting, gill-netting and in traps which are open all the time. The American fishery overseer is like the man in Kipling's rhyme: "He knew they stole; they knew he knowed but he didn't tell nor make a fuss." The fact is that the Canadian salmon fishers who keep the laws are conserving fish for the American men to shunt into their cans with a laugh flung over their shoulders at the Canadians. "I love my regulations, but oh, you salmon!" the Washington State canneryman sings as he breaks the law, but gets the fish. The daily reports in the fishing season show this.

The Biggest Sawmill in the World

By Aileen McClughan

"THE largest lumber mills in the world." The expression had long since taken hold of my imagination, because, even apart from quality and usefulness, the largest anything in the world is always a matter for awesome speculation. It was not until I had seen Fraser Mills that I began to realize how colossal a thing a lumber mill is capable of being.

Everyone who has visited New Westminster must have noticed about three miles above the city a group of buildings, low lying along the edge of the Fraser, with, rising from their midst, the tall funnel-like burner bearing the circled F—the symbol of the Fraser Mills.

The marvel of the Fraser Mills lies not merely in the size of its buildings, nor in the up to dateness and efficiency of its wonderful machinery, but most of all in the great dimensions of the operations carried on there—in the immense total of the finished materials which pass out in a continuous stream from its doors. At all times the mill keeps on hand over forty million feet of stock—from heavy bridge materials to the most carefully-wrought and satin-smooth mouldings. During a ten-hour day it can turn out from 350,000 to 450,000 feet of all kinds of wooden building materials.

One of the philosophers has said that if a man is a master, even in the humblest trade, though he build his house in a wood, the world will make a beaten path to his door. And though the Fraser Mills have been built in a wood it is apparent that they have wrought well, for the great Blue Funnel and Australian liners cast anchor beside their docks; the Canadian Pacific Railway has built spur lines into their yards; while the British Columbia Electric Railway is preparing to do likewise; and surely there is some significance in the fact that the Canadian Northern Railway, after passing through hundreds of miles of treeless prairie, has chosen to make its western terminus on the banks of the Fraser directly opposite.

At first sight the most striking objects of the mill plant are the main three-storey building, the steel-jacketed burner 30 feet in diameter and 130 feet high where the surplus waste is consumed, and the long lumber alleys opening off the main plank roadway, where millions of feet of common lumber are piled to dry in the open air.

But we will do better to begin at the beginning just as did the kindly manager and mill-foreman the day they showed me over the plant. First we visited the heart of the establishment, the furnaces, boilers and engines, from which goes forth power to run the numberless saws which every day turn out enough lumber to build a four-foot plank walk all the way from New Westminster to the heart of Vancouver city.

The furnaces are fed automatically with sawdust and planer-shavings from the mill. These supply heat to sixteen tubular boilers using 18,000 gallons of water hourly during a ten-hour day. The engines are the best of their kind on the Coast. There are several steam engines producing 3,500 horse-power for the mill proper. The main drive belt is three ply, 60 inches wide and 172 feet long. All the machinery outside the sawmill itself is driven by electric power from a turbine generator producing 1,000 kilowatts or 1,300 horse-power. This machinery, generating in all 4,800 horse-power, moves with the smoothness and precision of a well-oiled sewing machine. There are no vibrations and no sound beyond a low continuous hum. This condition has been gained by basing the engine-room upon huge cement buttresses sunk deep in the earth.

Upstairs one gets a view of the machinery which all this power is made to turn. First there is the jack-ladder up which the

logs are carried from the log pond below to the log deck on the second storey. This ladder is hollowed out like a toboggan slide and is traversed by a 1¾ by 8-inch cable chain, on which a pair of projecting points, known as a saddle, is set every ten feet. The chain is 600 feet long and passes through a bull wheel fastened to the bed of the river 40 feet below the surface.

As the chain revolves the logs are thrust against it endwise. The saddles sink into the wood and the forest giants are dragged with much creaking and groaning up the ladder and through the open end of the mill on to the log deck. Here the end of the jack-ladder is like a deep trough down the centre of the building, and in it the log lies until thrown out by steam log-kickers, which shoot up diagonally from openings in the floor and then sink back again. The floor slopes both ways from the centre down to the log carriages on either side. The work is facilitated by other lever-like instruments, the log-loader and the log-turner, which rise up from the floor and seem to display human intelligence in the careful way in which they turn the huge log and place it in exactly the right position on the carriage. The log is then carried rapidly back and forth against bandsaws revolving at the rate of 10,500 feet per minute. Of these saws there are three, one large single cutting and two smaller ones double cutting. The large single-cutting bandsaws can handle a log eight feet in diameter and 140 feet long. Owing to the perfect grinding of the saws and the great velocity with which they revolve the cutting is extremely smooth and uniform.

The boards, slabs and squared timber turned out by the bandsaws fall upon swiftly revolving "live rollers" and are whisked away to the other end of the mill where they go through a variety of operations, according to their requirements. For cutting off the rough edges of the boards and slabs or for obtaining narrower widths there is a machine known as an edger. This is a series of circular saws at adjustable distances from each other through which the boards pass. The waste edges are carried off to one side, where they pass under a series of circular saws constituting what is known as a fuel slasher and drop into the conveyor to be carried off according to their size and quality to the lath mill, to the fuel house, to the furnace or to the burner.

From the squared timber, boards are cut by means of the Wickes gangsaw. This machine consists of 52 saws, and works exactly like that number of bucksaws set in a frame and moving up and down in unison. If fed to full capacity it can turn out fifty-two one-inch boards at one operation.

The boards from the gangsaw and the edger then pass through the trimmers. Of these there are two—one of twenty saws placed two feet apart and one of twenty-two saws at a similar distance. The saws are suspended side-by-side in a formidable row over a table set with parallel moving chains, which carry the boards along. The operator sits in an elevated position in full view of the table and as each board passes he lowers, by means of compressed-air lifts, whatever saws are necessary to trim off ragged ends or to cut out defective pieces. If a board is perfect it escapes intact. Sometimes only one saw is lowered. Again a dozen or so come down upon a luckless board, slashing it into firewood lengths which drop into the conveyor.

The heavier pieces are trimmed, not by the trimmer, but by the disappearing or "jump" saws—large circular saws which rise up mysteriously through long narrow slits in the floor. The mill foreman explained to me in matter-of-fact tones that one of these saws had once risen up unexpectedly while he was standing with a foot on either side of the opening. After that I walked with circumspection over all suspicious-looking crevices. There was little need, however, for all machinery is reasonably well protected, and accidents, I believe, are practically unknown in the Fraser Mills.

From the trimmers the boards pass on to the sorting table where they are marked with pencil, according to the shipments for which they are intended. Of the boards which pass over this table at one time some are destined to make a three-quarter circle of the globe on a Blue Funnel liner, others are bound for Eastern Canada, for Australia or for South America. A contem-

plation of this table is one of the very best exercises for the imagination.

After passing over the sorting table many of the boards are resawn to finer thickness. The common lumber receives its finish from machines known as sizers and matchers and is then piled in the yard, which has a capacity for fifty million feet. The upper grades of lumber all go to the dry kilns. It is at this stage that the lumber is touched for the first time with hands—all the previous operations having been carried on by machinery, most of it working automatically. In this vast establishment one sees not merely the passing of the horse, but, more significant still, the passing of man's muscular power as an economic factor. Muscular strength is dethroned, and in its place are set up brain capacity, nervous energy and endurance.

But to return to the kilns. We will not enter them, because we should find them uncomfortably warm. They are eight in number, 20x120 feet in size and have a capacity of 125,000 feet per day. The lumber remains there on an average of three days. The narrower widths are dried by radiation from steam pipes. From the wider pieces the moisture is sweated out by contact with superheated steam at a temperature of 250 degrees Fahr. From this kiln boards six feet in width come out dry as a bone, and without suggestion of either warping or checking. This is one of the operations upon which the mill justly prides itself.

After coming from the kilns the lumber goes to the planing-mill. Here is done some of the finest and most important work of the whole mill. Boards are planed, grooved, and so on, and a literally infinite variety of mouldings is turned out. The operations are too numerous to be described, but their perfection is shown in the exquisite satiny finish of the output. From the planing-mill the lumber, mouldings, etc., are sent to the storage shed, which has a capacity of seven million feet. Here the grades are sorted and finally loaded into cars on either side of the building.

One of the most exquisite pieces of machinery at Fraser Mills is the loading device—a travelling crane operated between the 1,200-ft. docks on one side and the car-loading tracks on the other. This arrangement consists of a large flat car, almost like a scow on wheels, running upon four standard-gauge tracks 1,200 feet long. A 100-ft. boom projects in front and is traversed throughout almost its entire length by a heavy hook to which bundles of lumber can be fastened. The whole device, it will be seen, has three motions: first, the motion of the hook along the length of the boom; second, the swinging of the boom upon its axis through more than two-thirds of a circle; and thirdly, the motion of the car itself along its 1,200 feet of track. Thus it will be seen that piles of lumber can be picked up or dropped anywhere within an area nearly 200 feet wide and over 1,200 feet long. This apparatus takes 110 horse-power from the turbine generator. It is operated by two men and does the work of eighteen men and one horse.

Considering that the Fraser Mills could, if circumstances permitted, illumine the Lower Fraser with one of the most gorgeous multi-million-dollar fires that has ever happened, one is not surprised to learn that the fire protection is very complete. Not only are there hydrants placed at frequent intervals in the yard, but the company's tugboat, the stern-wheeler Senator Jansen, passing to and fro on the waterfront, can throw out a stream of 1,000 gallons of water per minute over the mill building and into the yard beyond.

The town of Fraser Mills has a population of about 900 people, mostly French-Canadians, employed in the mill. They have been brought here from the province of Quebec by the Canadian Western Lumber Company, who appreciate the aptitude of these people for all kinds of camp and mill work. To every married French-Canadian the company gives an acre of land and sufficient lumber for building a house.

These people are the real "habitant" type. Standing on the station platform at Fraser Mills and listening to the conversations round about, one might imagine oneself waiting once more for a train in Farnham or St. Hyacinthe. It is with the sensation of recalling something once loved and long forgotten that one marks the peculiar drawls and intonations of the dialect one had first learned amongst the buckwheat-scented fields of the French parishes of Quebec.

The town is altogether a model one. Besides the offices of the company it boasts an hotel, a clubhouse, stores and a post office. The lighting and water systems are also the work of the company and are as efficient as those of large cities. No liquor is sold in the town.

Curiously enough the tall burner of the Fraser Mills is really a monument either to the abundance of the British Columbia fuel supply or to our heavy railway freight rates. I am inclined to think it is the latter.

"A tremendous amount of power goes to waste there," said the mill manager to me, looking at the matter from the sensible point of view of the manufacturer. "We can't ship away our surplus fuel because the returns would not pay even the freight charges." I thought of all the dinners that might be cooked and all the chilly fingers and toes that might be warmed by this heat which was passing off uselessly into the air, and reflected that this was only one of the many perverse conditions one finds in the world.

The impression left upon one by the Fraser Mills is that of a vast and world-wide reaching influence. The circled F of the Fraser Mills is seen on boxcars from ocean to ocean, and her products are carried on every sea. The story of her work is written not so much in the big mill plant as in the shipyards of the United Kingdom, in the large manufacturing shops of the East, and in the dwellings of South America, Australia and South Africa.

The Sermon on the Mount

By Garnett Weston

TEN miles horizontally, four thousand feet vertically—produce lines of these dimensions through the air to form a right angle. Then standing at the extremity of the ten-mile line, produce with your eyes a line joining the tips of the angle to form a right-angle triangle. Gaze along this line and you will see what Vancouver looks like from the summit of Grouse Mountain.

It was eight in the evening when we tumbled out of the Lonsdale avenue car with our packs and tramped up the road. It was almost nine when the camp fire lighted a great space with shivering edges on the upper side of the fire break. The yellow breakers of light washed up the stony slope and crumbled against the grey trunks of the pines. Below, the street lamps of Vancouver lined and cross-lined, stepping downward to the shore where the phantom vanguard of that gleaming host shadowed and drowned in the purple water. Almost at our feet shone the scattered lights of North Vancouver, as if some few had struggled through the dark Styx and emerged triumphant on the farther shore.

There were fifteen of us that gathered about the fire and waited with what patience we could muster for the commissariat commissioners to "come across." The fact that we dined of potato salad indicates that there were girls in the party.

Eleven o'clock came and we lay down under the bright stars wrapped in our blankets. The orange shadow-lights of the fire quivered into the solemn aisles of the pines and shrank and danced again until at last the timid night ran down the slope on dusky feet. Then the red coals grew hoary as the grey ash crept over them like the film of age.

Have you ever lain awake in the camp by night watching your companions, the trees and the cold stars? The shadows cling about each sleeper lying so still and quiet. The trees shiver whisperingly. The cold and dark are parts of the wilderness calm. The camp with its unconscious sleepers and ghostly outlines is like a half remembered dream.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when, the last pack rolled and strapped, we turned our faces to the trail and followed it into the waiting silences of the forest. The white sun had come up from the east with the grey foam and sombre cloud fragments of night clinging to it. As we turned our backs it shook itself free and sent its brassy lances through every opening in the forest's roof.

The straps settled into their places. We strung out along the trail, bending over it. The forest closed in around us. The trail with its promise of open spaces at the top, led us.

It is not a hard climb as mountain climbs go. There is really no "climb" in the true sense at all. The trail is a long earthern stairway, the steps winding upward through the trees. The birds and the spider webs of the sun's light keep you company. It would seem that Nature had placed an easily scaled mountain near Vancouver so that tourists might climb it.

A bottle of pure lemon juice, slightly sugared, has charms which appeal to the thirsty climber even more than those of water. The acid acts sharply. The taste in the mouth is keen and pleasant. Everyone chews gum. The trail is thick with Spearmint papers.

At nine o'clock someone shouted just above and a minute later we had scrambled around a great rock and stood on the summit of Grouse Mountain. The timbered slopes fell away sharply. Two hundred yards below, a woolly ocean of mist rolled silently against the rocks. It washed higher and higher, as if poured into the valley by a giant hand from a great jar.

When it reached us its chill was like the chill of the Dark River.

Once a rising wind wore a hole through it and we saw the harbor with the city on its peninsula behind. Then the curtain fell and we were alone again on an island rising from the great white sea.

We climbed over a ridge and went down to a little lake dreaming in a basin ringed with green trees, the grass rich with heather. The water was clear and cold, fed from the snowfields of Greater Grouse rising sullenly five hundred feet above. Wisps of cloud floated over the lake and clung to the pine tops like bits of down from a silver maple.

Our meals up to this point consisted of graphically described icecream sodas in fancy and pork and beans in fact. Here we varied a little with the aid of unsugared coffee, boiled corn and canned soups. A scientifically correct Nature supplied the drinking water, so there was nothing wrong with *that*.

When we had eaten all we could, and Hypo, the knowing bulldog, had cleared away everything that was left, we started on a long ramble. In the course of an hour we flung stones over a cliff two thousand feet high, pelted each other with snowballs and bathed our tired feet in the not unpleasantly cold water of the lake.

At three in the afternoon we once more rolled our packs, now much shrunken. We followed the old trail for a few moments, turned sharply to the right and emerged on a rocky knob fifty feet below the summit, where the last of our party were struggling into harness. A white sign on a tree read simply "To Capilano View Hotel." The trail led over the edge of a seemingly abrupt descent. We looked down thousands of feet to where the white roof of the hotel stood, apparently on the river's edge, though we knew it to be on the top of a cliff two hundred feet high. All this, the hotel, the bright river and the dull green sweep of the valley, we saw through a silver sheen of mist like the silken folds of a Spanish shawl. Then we lowered ourselves over the edge and began the descent of the splendid trail.

The way we had climbed in the morning lay under the pines, a cool hallway with rough carved pillars. The Capilano trail clings to the bare face of a stupendous cliff. The angle is not sharp enough to be dangerous, but enough to be exciting. In several places the descent is abrupt, and we were glad of the steel cables which are fastened to trees or rocks to help climbers over the steep places. Once we sent a loose rock over a ledge and heard it go crashing through the underbrush with a shower of smaller stones. Another time a stone of football size ricocheted from above and hurtled past within a foot of one of the girls. We waited breathless until it had gone harmlessly by. Then we laughed gaily, for in the great hills real dangers are soon forgotten. A few minutes later we dug our heels into soft gravel and tobogganed fifty feet over a sharp slope. Then we climbed down into the rock-strewn bed of what in spring time is a screaming torrent. Now it is a trough full of grey rocks, and bakes in the hot sun. A little thread of crystal trickles down the bottom with a sound like silver bells.

The trail runs down the bottom of this creek bed for several hundred yards, then climbs the left bank and leads through trees and bushes. From now on our progress was much impeded by the temptation to gather the luscious red huckleberries, salmonberries, and blackberries growing along the trail.

Soon we came to the black-browed arch of trees where the path became similar to that of the morning. Before we went down the steps into the darkening corridor of the pines, we stood looking up to the summit of the cliff from which we had come. There was no sign of the trail. The great wall seemed flat and impossible.

A mile farther on we came suddenly upon a ledge over a ploughed field lying just behind the Capilano View Hotel. There we cooked our last camp meal, gazing reminiscently the while at the mountains growing misty and faraway in the twilight.

Another half hour's tramp brought us to the Capilano car line terminus. There we crowded into a dimly lit stand smelling of stale chocolate, and ordered the long anticipated icecream sodas. When at last we flung our packs down on the deck of the ferry and looked back, we saw a shining spot of orange on the upper side of the fire break. We knew that other climbers were laying themselves down to sleep on the same uncompromising rocks where we had been the night before.

Builders by the Sea

By Bonnycastle Dale

(*From the "Canada Monthly"*)

ALL along the northern Pacific coast, where the tide sets in among the rocks and the seagulls breed among the seals, from the Columbia to the Aleutians, a curious race of Indians dwell. Evidently of Oriental extraction, the Kwakiutl—note the odd and characteristic click, so common in the dialects of the coast—pick up a precarious and, it must be admitted, odoriferous living along the shelving beaches and treacherous currents of the sea.

It was on one of these beaches, strewn with all the flotsam and jetsam of a thousand storms, that we met an old chief heroically wresting a canoe from a hard, red cedar log by means of a rasp rudely transformed into an adze. Great piles of logs from tempest scattered rafts surrounded him, lumber from deckloads listed in some heavy blow, timbers from the hulls of forgotten ships, laths, shingles, boxes, barrels, twisted scraps of iron once wrought with human hands, and at our feet as we walked, its delicate platinum wires still uninjured, its frail glass still unbroken, an electric light bulb. Yet there in the morning sunshine, among the wreck of the giants of the sea, the old man wrought at his slender craft, using a pattern that has been the same for perhaps a thousand years, and that will defy the Pacific rollers where their greater brethren head gladly in for shelter when the winds of the world are abroad. The sunlight flashed upon his muscled bronze arms, and sparkled on the rude blade. Fritz and I moved forward with a salutation.

Gradually we came to know him, and to have in somewise a friendship with him, though he spoke only the "old people's tongue" with a smattering of Chinook, the lingua-franca of the coast which is compounded of English, French and Spanish into a queer rattling jargon that serves the stray traveller when a meal or a direction is in question. He had put many weeks of labor on the canoe he was building, and looked forward to many more. Past his ninetieth year, verging well on the century mark, every blow counted, every stroke fell true. Each morning he began the day with a sunbath, ate a breakfast of fish or flesh, washed down with a drop of rancid whale or codfish oil, and accompanied with batter cakes baked in the white-hot sand. Then he trudged off with his adze, and slowly—oh, so slowly!—formed from that obstinate log the canoe his mind had designed. All day long he toiled without food or drink. At sunset his feet crossed the homeward trail; off fell the rude clothes, and the last rays flashed from his shoulders as he went out into the sea. After his dip he returned to his house for food and sleep. So his days passed, and daily before our eyes the canoe slowly grew.

To understand these coast tribes aright you must divide each tribe according to language, and then subdivide according to dialect. The unskilled lump everything with a red skin under the vulgar title of "siwash," which in the Chinook means simply "Indian." Chinook is the ordinary inter-tribal means of communication, but each subdivision has its own peculiar, clicking, deeply guttural language, and when the prospector or other traveller comes across an Indian who does not talk the Chinook, strange difficulties sometimes arise.

For instance, a prospector of my acquaintance making the inside route in his Fraser River boat came across a lonely Indian house in a little cove of an island. Anchoring and going ashore in his punt,

he shook the rude door, and was answered only by a faint crying, like that of a puppy. Opening the door and entering the dimly-lighted low-raftered room, he saw a boy lying beside the strangely contorted figure of an old man, and moaning softly.

"Chah-co-yah-wah?" he asked in Chinook.

"Cole! cole!" (cold) the lad, shy as a sick animal, moaned.

"Cold?" said the prospector. "Itamika cly—sick tum-tum?" (Why do you cry? Sick stomach?)

"Cole! cole!" the boy repeated. "Hyas kwass." (Very much frightened.)

"Yah-ka chope?" asked the prospector, questioning if the dead man were his grandfather.

"Na-wit-ka!" (Yes). "Cole! Hyas kwass!" cried the boy, and with that he broke into a torrent of frightened screams. No wonder the poor little mite was almost frenzied; the old man had been dead almost a week, and only the raw sea-lion meat beside the door had kept the child from starving; as it was, he had had to fight for even that with the rats.

The prospector dug a hasty grave. In an hour the old man was buried, and preparations were completed for their departure. Only one thing of value remained; an engraved and carved square of metal, a piece of copper, greatly prized by the tribesmen, who are organized into secret societies, whose sign of authority are these copper squares. The prospector picked up the metal, for which as many as five hundred pairs of blankets would be a fair exchange among the Indians, and said to the boy:

"Chaco!" (Come.)

But the boy would have none of him.

"Gok-watse-taglis!" he cried. "Gok-watse-taglis!"

Now, this was no Chinook, but one of these incomprehensible Indian tongues, and the prospector was at a loss. He could not understand the lad; and yet it was very evident that whatever "Gok-watse-taglis" was, it was something the boy considered indispensable. He tried signs, persuasion, and even laid hand on him, for time pressed, and he must go; also he must take the boy, for no one else might come for days, and there was no food. But the lad wriggled out of his grasp and ran frantically, pausing occasionally to repeat "Gok-watse-taglis" in distress and despair. The prospector had a nimble pair of legs, and finally ran him down, carrying him out to the Fraser boat in strong arms, and lashing him snugly with a rope to prevent his leaping overboard. It was not till months afterward that the prospector, having given the boy over to a male relative, and almost having forgotten the incident, learned what "Gok-watse-taglis" meant. It was a plea for the last tribal rites over the body of his dead grandfather. "Burn the house; burn the canoe; burn everything!" it meant, and who knows how much of a tragedy it may have been to the boy!

But to come back to our canoe-building chief. Slowly we learned, partly by speech, partly by observation and inference, something of his history, and one day he told us, in a swift, low current of Kwakiutl and Chinook and English, a curious tale. It is impossible to render it intelligibly with any reference to his manner of speech, therefore I translate into ordinary English the story of how he took the bear for his totem. Remember that while these tribes have no Manitou, they have for each family or clan a spirit, the representation of which is used as a crest on blankets, on totem-poles, in carvings on cedar chests, and the like. Also each man of a family may have his own private totem.

"Before you white men came here, and only your sick men are white men, my father and his father had a great village clan. It would take ten canoe builders ten years to build all the canoes we had on the beach. Our village broke up into many fishing villages, and my father wanted to get them all back. So he sent canoes far up the arms of the sea, up into the mountains, and he sent others to all the islands in the sea where my people dwelt. Then we made fine blankets of cedar bark, long ropes of cedar bark. Then we built a great potlatch house of cedar boards all split out with stone axes and bone wedges. We gathered berries and pressed them into cakes. We gathered much seaweed and dried it. We dried herrings' eggs, we dried clams and threaded them on thin cedar sticks. We dried salmon and squid" (the Devil Fish of the nature fakirs). "We made long lines of sea-lion sinews and we put bladders on them and harpooned many seals and sea-lions. Then we followed the

bladders and picked up the dead ones. We made mighty nets of deer sinews and kelp and cedar bark, and drove the elk and deer and bear into them and killed them with our stone axes and our mussel shell pointed harpoons. Our boys killed ducks and geese with blunted arrows. Our young men put up great nets and caught canoe loads of flying sea fowl. We caught great loads of oulican (candlefish) and dried these so that they would burn and give us much light. We filled the big wooden vessels of water and threw in hot stones and boiled the halibut and the cod and red fishes. With long rakes we took many canoe loads of herrings; these we dried in the sun and in the smoke houses. Then we soaked them in whale oil to make good food, all for the great feast of my gathering people.

"Now the women took feathers and hair and cedar bark and made many blankets. We killed nearly all the old dogs and put their hair in the blankets, too. Now great heaps of baskets were made out of willows and weeds, baskets that would hold water, cedar baskets to carry loads of food in. The young men carved with shell knives and knives of stone many food dishes and cedar food boxes. All the canoes were now away inviting all my people, and I went out to find my spirit.

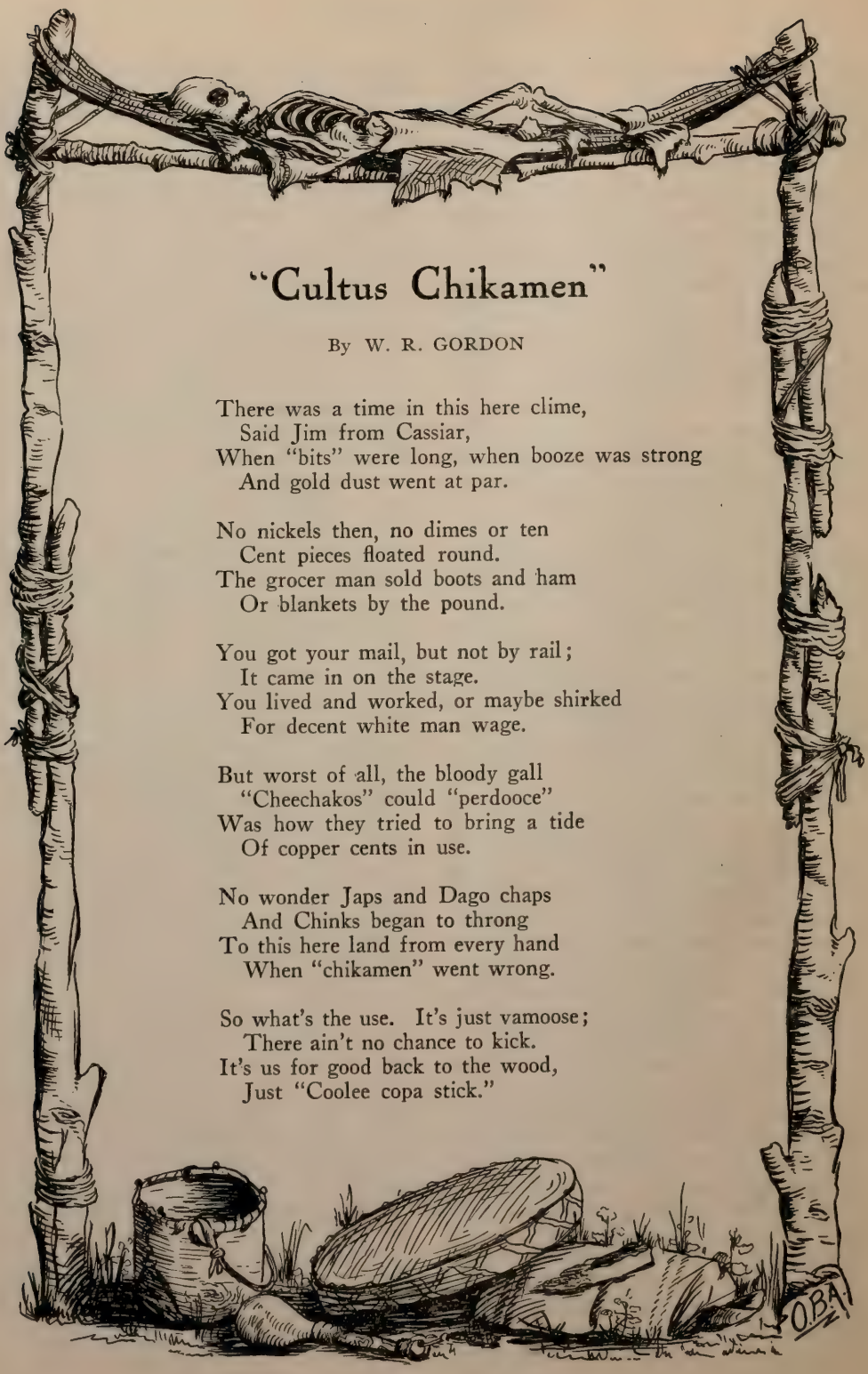
"I went out into the forest alone as far as I could go in one day. I had a kelp bulb of whale oil, a stone knife and a cedar stick. I threw my cedar blanket off and walked naked. Soon I saw a great eagle. It flew down into a low tree and put its open bill near my face. I ran about the tree. The bird stuck its bill through it. I wedged it there with the cedar stick and climbed on the eagle's back. I made it fly away with me to its nest, away up near the sun. I took of the feathers of the nest and the down of the young birds and made me a blanket, for I was cold. Soon the bear called up from the woods below for me to come down, as the eagle would tear me in bits to feed its young with. So I took the young by the neck and we fell slowly down to the woods. Now the old eagle followed me and I threw away the bulb of oil. It made a great lake, and the eagle had to fly around it. Soon I threw away the cedar stick, and it made a great woods to hide the bear in. Then I threw away the stone knife, and it made a great mountain for the eagle to fly over. Then I hid in the woods and rubbed myself with hemlock bark, and the bear taught me a dance and the song of the bear, and I learned it and went home and danced it around the fire in the big house before the old men; and then I was made a member of the secret society; and the bear was to be my totem, and the bear song was to be my song, and the bear dance my dance, and I have never again killed a bear. So all my people came from the big swift rivers of the mountains, from the islands of the sea, from the coves of the sea shore, and watched me dance the bear dance, and heard me sing the bear song."

The old sunken-cheeked chief sang again the refrain of his great life event—the choosing of his totem and the admittance into the secret society—"Nan-ulla lek lax-o" (In the magic of my body I found the bear).

That was the last we ever saw of him. With the conclusion of the tale we paddled away from the flotsam-strewn beaches, hearing the dull bite of the adze and the low rumble of his crooning voice humming the Song of the Bear. The great war canoes passed back and forth before us between the carcass of a stranded whale and the shore. The odor was almost unbearable to us, and yet in a canoe that passed us, laden with blubber, one little urchin in the bow was serenely resting on a pillow of the decayed meat, and cheerfully lunching off one end of it.

We looked back, pausing in our stroke. On the beach the old chief bent again over his task, his bronze arm rising and falling to the rude rhythm of the clumsy adze. Beside him, on a prostrate timber, sat his blue-handkerchiefed klootchman, or squaw, watching alternately the labor of her man and the departure of our canoe.

As we swung dippingly around a bend that shut off the ancient canoe maker from our view, we saw, resting on the top of an isolated rock, the last chapter of the story—a weather-rotted skeleton canoe, containing bleached and rotting bones.



"Cultus Chikamen"

By W. R. GORDON

There was a time in this here clime,
  Said Jim from Cassiar,
When "bits" were long, when booze was strong
  And gold dust went at par.

No nickels then, no dimes or ten
  Cent pieces floated round.
The grocer man sold boots and ham
  Or blankets by the pound.

You got your mail, but not by rail;
  It came in on the stage.
You lived and worked, or maybe shirked
  For decent white man wage.

But worst of all, the bloody gall
  "Cheechakos" could "perdooce"
Was how they tried to bring a tide
  Of copper cents in use.

No wonder Japs and Dago chaps
  And Chinks began to throng
To this here land from every hand
  When "chikamen" went wrong.

So what's the use. It's just vamoose;
  There ain't no chance to kick.
It's us for good back to the wood,
  Just "Coolee copa stick."

Texada Island

By Orville Deville

COME with me for a trip to Texada Island. Starting from the Yachting Club waters at Vancouver, we can use either yacht or launch; but to do the trip in correct, leisurely fashion we will take an auxiliary yacht. Those in a hurry can buy tickets at the Union Steamship wharf. For the sum of four dollars and fifty cents you get a return ticket for Van Anda, the port of call for the island. We will have a most delightful trip up the north coast, striking the southernmost point of Texada about thirty-five miles from Vancouver city, and then passing on either the east or west coast of the island for about thirty miles, we will land either at the port of Van Anda or Marble Bay. So you see that Texada Island is practically within the future limits of greater Vancouver—the Vancouver we all dream about.

When the rock gangs were drifting through the bluffs at Prince Rupert in 1907, and the place was mostly an aggregation of shacks and tents, J. Pecaut, a Frenchman, was running excursions to Porcher Island in his little twenty-six foot Columbia river boat. Excitement often welled high when new crowds left quietly for the island, and as quietly returned (often as quietly left the place), without giving an expression of opinion or impression of the merits or demerits of Porcher. Young men outfitted in numbers, and had the genial Pecaut land them on Welcome Bay to loneliness and contemplation, only to be forced to eventually abandon the island altogether.

Is it not then incomprehensible that such a place as Texada Island should have remained comparatively unknown all these years, and yet be but a few hours' sail from Vancouver city?

Porcher Island was advertised. The newspapers gave it mention, and it was only a few hours' sail from Prince Rupert —about the same distance as Texada from Vancouver.

Texada has never been brought into the limelight of newspaper and magazine notice; and although one acre is worth more than the whole of Porcher Island (agriculturally), there has been no Pecaut with his little boat to tell the glad news of spreading acres open for the taking.

Texada Island has three classes of soil fitted to the different requirements of farming. There is the alder land, a deep red soil streaked with a dark loam; the beaver meadows, a vegetable decay resembling a highly fertilized black loam; the highlands, a gravel soil that is pre-eminently suited to the culture of fruits and roots, and no doubt capable of producing almost everything when subjected to proper tillage. The growth of these lands is phenomenal. The alder flats and highlands are oceans of waving ferns during the months of June, July and August. These ferns—where the clearing allows the sun to penetrate—are often in great tracts and over six feet in height. A veritable jungle of verdure: as Dr. Gaetz says, "As if the giant Nature were airing carpets from the summits of the hills." They could be likened to an English hunting park seen from the distance.

There is a lamentable dearth of information regarding Texada. Even in Van Anda there was, until the last few months, a most surprising ignorance of the interior of the island; and those who did know were astonishingly silent.

It has often been said that mining and lumbering interests do not encourage settlement, and that seems to fit the case. The writer was told by a mining man of Van Anda that no settler could hold a pre-emption down over six months, which assertion is not only wrong but positively misleading. As might be expected, Texada soil is in the sour state a bush land is

bound to be, and only clearing and cultivation will bring it into luxuriant productiveness. Vancouver city site thirty-five years ago was only fit for cutting cordwood on. The scriptural mandate to till the soil, with results following the sweat of the brow, is applicable today as centuries ago, and British Columbia bush land is not exempted.

When we land at Van Anda we will be in a mining town. It is situated about six miles from the northern point of the island, rock-clad and sombre in appearance during a portion of the year, but when the rejuvenating influence of early summer waves its magic wand the barrenness disappears, the orchards are a profusion of blossoms exuding sweet freshness, and even the wild roses assist with their Gibson Girl blushes to dispel any lingering memory of bleakness. It is a town of about four hundred inhabitants, boasting all the modern conveniences of sewerage and waterworks.

Blubber Bay is about five miles north of Van Anda, and here the local lime kiln is situated.

Powell River, the site of the great pulp mills, is just across the channel from Van Anda, and when your steamer arrives at night time you will see a great string of electric jets in the distance, like twinkling stars welcoming you to contemplate this great industry. Powell River pulp mills afford employment for several hundred men.

You can either land at Van Anda or Marble Bay. It is said Marble Bay is the more secure landing point of the two. The Marble Bay copper mine is one of the most successful on the island. What the future may develop in mining here no one can say. There are properties as yet unknown on which development work alone has been done, and that only sufficient to fill the requirements of the mining law.

We will now turn south to the interior of the island. Just on our way another copper mine looms up—the Cornell—and from the size of that hill of crushed rock the output must be considerable. They have run a double shift in this and other Texada mines for years.

There is an old road running south from Van Anda into the interior, known as the Gillis Bay road as far as the bay, and from there on known as the Sumner extension—so named after the Sumner boys, as they were the first ranchers in the Gillis Bay district. This road follows the trend of the west coast, but the new road—now almost completed—is more central—in fact, will shortly be known as Central road. It follows the first bench of the chain of hills that run a centre parallel of the island length. This road will shorten the distance from Van Anda by almost a half, and is one of the best and most picturesque roads ever built on a British Columbia island. In following the trend of the hill benches the cruisers have established a grade on this new road that would otherwise have been impossible, and although the route is along the rocky hillside, it presents a catchy scene of creeks and canyons, timber and ferns. The tree-clad hills are the ideal home of the deer, which roam here in great numbers.

We will take the Gillis Bay route on our first trip. It is the old-established trail, and settlement and romance always follow the beaten track. It also leads to the bay, where we can view the big iron mine.

For a couple of miles on our way the same rocky formation is observed as around Van Anda, then the country takes on more the aspect of a farming district. The soil shows less and less rock; the creeks purl through small defiles, and in places lose themselves in the dank grass of the beaver meadows—to appear again in a short distance over pebbly bottom.

Along the creeks wild roses and elder bushes brace shoulders with the salmonberry bush, and wild strawberries and raspberries are fairly plentiful.

Open tracts of meadow land, sometimes ten or fifteen acres in extent, fern-clad and level as a table, relieve the monotony of continuous bush; and in places the large fir, hemlock and cedar trees give place to great stretches of alder, which any British Columbia farmer knows is a sure indication of the best of soils. The undulating nature of the northern part becomes less pronounced, while large tracts of beautifully level land opens to view, with just a moderate covering of large timber.

Heretofore settlement duties were not rigorously enforced, and many settlers secured their holdings by simply building a shack and fencing their meadow lands.

The consequence was, very few attempted to live out the requirements of the law, but lived and worked in town. That day is past. They must prove up now, but the fact accounts for so many tenantless houses in the past years.

The beaver meadows are great hay fields and afford pasturage for the new settler. All that is required to subdue them into producing timothy and other grasses is drainage. You simply sow the seed broadcast in the wet season, and a bountiful crop is the result if properly drained. These are the natural basins for the winter floods, and until drained are often under water. Tillage and drainage would make them blossom as the rose, as they are already sufficiently fertile.

Along the Gillis Bay road there are a number of small lakes where trout abound; and even in the small creeks it is no feat to hook fifty or sixty of the finny tribe.

It may be worthy of mention to say there are no snakes on the island, except a few garter snakes, and no depradatory animals that will even interfere with a deer. It has been claimed that in the rocky part of the island to the north there is a small grey snake of a combative nature, but only one man has seen it as far as the writer can ascertain.

Gillis Bay is about ten miles south of Van Anda by road, and to anyone with a facile pen would present a picture of such beauty and restfulness as would invoke unstinted praise. It is situated on the west coast and will be the future metropolis of Texada, unless vested interests force the development to Shelter Point—a couple of miles south of the bay—where the installation of a cement plant is now under way.

Just north of the bay a great hill, tree and fern clad, looms like a giant sentinel defying the elements to molest the tranquillity of the waters of the bay, while across the channel the snow-clad mountains of Vancouver Island mark the skyline. Within the crust of that great hill is hidden the iron ore that lately passed into the hands of a syndicate of Canadian and American financiers for the sum of one and one-half millions of dollars. It is a big and stately hill, and gives the impression of security to which the world could anchor its faith. We all like good, big, solid things, so this will be to the liking

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of one and all. The iron sample is said to rival that of Sweden. There are untold quantities of ore in sight—sufficient, it is said, to run the mine night and day for a hundred years at a phenomenal output. What, then, is to be hoped from development?

Let us give rein to reasonable fancy for a few seconds and realize what this denotes: a beehive of industry where hundreds of men are daily employed; a thriving town and a thriving district; a port of call—yea, a commercial port where other mines will track and ship their output; where the farmers will transact their business, load their timber and produce; a townsite where the things enumerated are all in sight, with lots of the unexpected to develop, as is always the case. Here the land situation is almost ideal. A level tract lies butting against the very waters, while both north and south a gentle incline sweeps away into the distance. This land is the property of the iron mine, timber licensees and purchasers. Timber licensees? No, they do not own the surface rights; they own the timber when they have paid the royalty, and that ownership is no Christmas-box, as the timber here is "konky," and generally admitted to be unworthy of removal. But even though the licensees do not own the surface rights, and practically have no value in the timber, they are keeping settlers from acquiring the land, which is most fertile, and as far as the writer could find they are benefiting in nothing by so doing.

It is the intention of the settlers to fight this matter to the floor of the Provincial House if necessary; but first the licensees will be persuaded to make a personal inspection, which, if successfully carried out, will be sufficient to settle the matter; this failing, the Minister of Lands will be approached in a friendly way, but in the case of silk gloves over an iron mitt.

A petition from the settlers here to the Minister of Lands, asking that no more lands on the island be offered for sale, has met with courteous treatment, and it is now determined to force the issue on timber holdings, it being specifically charged that there are no merchantable timber limits on the island. The local mill at Van Anda does not cut local timber: "konky" is the reason given. The camp at Shelter Point was a flat failure, as the timber did not pay for removal.

If the settlers properly organize and first approach the licensees, the movement will no doubt be successful, as the licensees would, without doubt, decide to put no more good money into a losing proposition.

Great tracts of white pine have been killed off by the pine tree beetle, and are dead sea fruit to either a timber licensee or a settler; but the beetles have not interfered with any other species of timber.

Along both the east and west coast of the island timber licensees hold the coast frontage, and so far have failed to utilize the timber, though so convenient to the Vancouver market. It is plainly stated here that they will never utilize it, as it will never pay for removal. Why, then, not have it cancelled and thrown open to preemption at once? Hundreds of prospective settlers are turned away from our land offices annually because there is nothing open.

Let us give these progressive settlers our moral support in their fight to colonize our fair British Columbia province. "Let us fight it out on these lines if it takes all winter."

Beyond Gillis Bay a range of hills skirt the east coast, while on the summits the deer have park-like retreats, with well-defined trails and sleeping grounds, which have the appearance of being daily picnicked upon by whole communities of school children; while along the ravines small meadows appear at intervals, through which creeks meander along to tumble over the last hill bench with the roar of a cataract during the rainy season. From the summits of these hills can be had a view of both coasts, and the smoke and general outlines of adjacent towns on Vancouver Island are plainly discerned.

In places the settlers' cabins and clearings are seen even along the hill range. In many instances the cabins are marvels of neatness, being made from peeled tamarac and floored and roofed with shakes made from the cedar trees, the settlers producing everything but the windows and nails.

We will select one of these settlers, whom we know to be gifted with a rude eloquence,

and glean his impressions of pioneering:

"Not one, but many sincere hard working-men are settled here, and it is not the present which holds them. It is their ability to look into the future and discern a new order of things.

"If but a short time was left to work out our foresight, I can see the fruition of our dreams; for today, as you know, the British Columbia Government is coming to our rescue in a princely manner, and a new road from Van Anda into this Gillis Bay district is almost completed.

"Yon iron mine is the future scene of great activity. Even should the reported deal for it with the capitalists of Eastern Canada and the States not materialize, it is only a matter of time till all of us will be proud to say we are residents of Gillis Bay.

"Further south the country is not so well known, by reason of there being no roads as yet; but even this, as I happen to know, is only a matter of months.

"Because this island is so near Vancouver it must be valuable. There is no better land in the province, and ignorance of this fact is attributable to design on the part of those who did know. Like the big cattlemen in the States some years ago, there may be some here who do not want the settler. But secrecy will be of no avail now. Men have come into this part who cannot be quieted nor bullied into another's way of thinking; nor can they be blinded in what they see.

"Live here? Yes. If hundreds of Vancouver people knew what a summer resort this was, they would be here in numbers every year."

Reasons for the Stability of Vancouver

By James J. Hunter

IF we may judge by the investments of really big men and corporations who invest hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly in Vancouver, it would seem a waste of time commenting on the stability of the city; but in view of certain statements published by uninformed, or, probably better, incorrectly informed, papers in Eastern Canada, a few remarks may not be amiss.

Whether the spirit of jealousy or simply careless editorial censure is responsible for these provincial papers publishing disparaging items on things Western would be hard to decide, but it would be infinitely better for the papers themselves and the general moral tone of the community in which they circulate if more care was taken to verify statements of a defamatory character concerning section as well as person.

The points at issue were divided into two classes: one real-estate and the other labor.

In dealing with the subject I offer no apology to or for those misguided people who would buy 33-foot lots three miles behind Grouse Mountain because they seemed cheap and the terms were easy. These unfortunates will show up in any thriving town north, south, east or west, and while deserving moral censure, are really to be pitied. (For the benefit of readers not familiar with local geography, Grouse Mountain is the high mountain far behind the flourishing city of North Vancouver. I am not aware of anything being put on the market as described, but

certainly the point is quite obvious.) Generally speaking, property in Vancouver is high-priced compared with Eastern values, as is the case in every Western community. In some cases, no doubt, it seems beyond the bounds of conservative investment in the same comparison. But why is this? If it was caused by the booming of prices it could not have kept up as it has done for the past eight or ten years and longer, with still no probability or sign of reaction. We must look for other causes. I am not sufficient of a student of ancient history or the classics to venture a statement as to when the old axiom was first recorded laying down that "Prices are subject to the law of supply and demand," but here is the key to the situation. The demand for Vancouver property has been enormous and reasonably steady. There are seasons when business is quiet in all sections. So here, but seldom, and the supply is only according to taste.

Why is the demand so great? I often used to try to reason it out for myself, and one of the results of my endeavors was in formulating the question, "How would I like to live in the Eastern provinces again?" There is something in the spirit of the West that holds people. I do not believe that one person (under the age of thirty years) in a thousand would, after having lived here a year, answer in favor of the East. The rate in favor would be greater as the age increases. Older people do not get the spirit as readily, and usually have associations of a lifetime to break away from.

The spirit must have its cause. The climatic conditions in Vancouver are, to say the least, pleasant. True, we have rain in plenty, but the temperature is moderate in summer as well as winter. The mainstay of Vancouver's prosperity, however, is in its commercial potentialities. British Columbia, and in fact Western Canada, covers a much vaster territory than even we, here watching it expand, realize, and the lion's portion of the trade of the country will centralize in Vancouver and immediate vicinity. That may sound an extravagant statement, but when we consider our harbor facilities, our relative geographical position, and the great advantages of our open-all-the-year-round-deep-sea port, it must, even to the casual observer, convey some definite prospects of future greatness.

Confining ourselves for a moment to the present conditions of British Columbia trade, let us survey the activities. The fisheries are producing millions of dollars annually. The lumber and allied manufactories are working to utmost capacity and supplying a world market. The agriculture is forging rapidly ahead and will soon be on a general wealth-producing basis, it being noted that the chief branch of agriculture practised in British Columbia is horticulture, and it takes time to be developed. The provincial government deserve much praise for the way they have taken up, demonstrated and otherwise encouraged fruit-growing and marketing. The mineral wealth, always to a more or less extent an unknown quantity, is yearly becoming better known, and some excellent properties are being developed and worked on a large scale. The best ones are seldom reported on in the press or advertised in any way, while the work goes steadily on.

The great need in developing the hinterland is transportation. This need is now being partially supplied through a progressive railway-assistance policy adopted by the provincial government and well supported by the people. Still more needs to be done. Unfortunately, in the heat of the last provincial election campaign, statesmanship was forgotten for a moment, and statements were made on the public platform and in the press ridiculing the possibility of connecting the southern inland portions of the province with the Coast *via* Hope. I have been told, directly, by a very eminent railway engineer that this route was quite feasible, though costly. Probably the time was not ripe for the proposal, but no good could come of depreciating the route in the way it was done during that election campaign. This direct connection would also shorten the route to Southern Alberta.

British Columbia is a mountainous country, and seems at first sight scarcely capable of supporting a railway at all; but in the fertile valleys the country is being developed by intensive cultivation of small holdings. Where a man in the East has 100, 160 or 320 acres, a man in British Columbia has 5 or 10 acres. This is the logical

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So much for present conditions. The future has exceptionally bright aspects. What will the completion of the Panama Canal mean in this connection? Time is the great item in trade, and every week clipped off a voyage without breaking cargo means much to commerce. The grain from the prairie, as well as our own products, will find easy, quick and cheap passage to the markets of the world *via* Vancouver. So also will the goods from domestic and foreign ports find passage to the consumers in our hinterland. This all means local business, and local business means population.

There is one thing lacking to make the setting for our future complete, and that is more manufactories. These will come.

In the meantime, as in all centres, we have a large, what might be called floating, but not idle, population. (It seemed absurd to see the statement that 15,000 men were idle and roaming the streets as a result of the strike, while as a matter of fact the labor unions only claimed some 4,000, and in all probability there were not more than 3,000 after the first week of the strike. Not only this, but almost concurrently came the despatch that the Canadian Northern people wished the immigration barriers raised so that they could get men to work near Vancouver.) There come periods in all ages when certain lines of business, especially those connected with the building trades, become quiet, and idle men appear without work in sight. When these days come we should be ready for them, and not dependent so largely on floating work. There are many young industries here capable of economic expansion. These have orders for products which they can-

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not fill, owing to the demand increasing faster than their capital for output.

A number of people think the banks should finance these concerns, and get very strong in their denunciations of the Canadian banking system when they find it is contrary to the policy of the banks to go into partnership, even on a preferred basis. Banks seldom reply to their critics, and, no doubt, it is a wise policy, since they hold the confidence of the people in general. These critics, who are generally borrowers —seldom depositors—and think they are competent to judge the proper functions of a bank, forget that any false move on the part of the banks would soon destroy the confidence of the depositors, whose money is practically payable on demand, and the result would be very serious to the country at large. The funds of a bank are held in trust, and of necessity have to be dealt in with caution, otherwise losses would be numerous, thereby hazarding the security to the depositor. Which is in the better position to judge the policy of an institution—those who have made it a life study and have ages of experience and history to draw from, or the man who perpetually or even occasionally requires a loan?

The charge that Canadian banks use funds of the Canadian public in foreign markets to the detriment of the home market, and (or) in one section of the home country to the detriment of another, is a popular fallacy, as any keen student of economics will know from observation. The foreign aspect has been very reasonably answered at various times by such able men as Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., and Sir Edmund Walker. It is quite true that large amounts may be used on the prairie in moving the crop, but what would be the result if this was not allowable? There is no question that our greatness depends on our natural resources, and anything that would hamper the development of these would soon react ruinously on the country at large.

This gets somewhat away from the subject, but it shows that we must not look upon the banks as partner institutions to be drawn on continually for funds to be permanently used. Funds of this nature must come from private investors, and the banks are generally in a position and always willing to see to our temporary needs.

The moral is that it behoves every citizen to consider the necessity of keeping a watchful eye for legitimate industries, and show confidence in the city by taking a material interest in it. This can be done if proper discrimination is used, to the profit of the individual and city.

In September

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1906	10,163.38	" "	846.94
1907	16,366.96	" "	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	" "	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	" "	2,807.90
1910	47,419.75	" "	3,951.64

Bank Clearings—

	Total for Year		MAY	JUNE	JULY
1910	$444,988,818	1911	$46,522,543	$45,557,790	$43,239,102
1909	287,529,994	1910	35,786,494	37,092,464	37,630,303
1908	183,083,446	1909	20,715,736	22,073,266	22,963,715

Land Registry—

	Total for Year		MAY	JUNE	JULY
1910	$223,179.20	1911	$25,819.39	$23,000.00	$21,000.00
1909	148,145.17	1910	18,617.00	17,407.00	14,604.84

Customs—

	Total
Fiscal Year ending Apr 1, 1911	$6,231,604.64
" " " " 1, 1910	3,932,338.35
Increase	$2,299,266.29

	MAY	JUNE	JULY
1911	$649,552.99	$630,050.00	$621,273.94
1910	470,000.00	541,000.00	446,529.67

Building Permits—

MAY	1911	$2,488,050	JUNE	1911	$ 882,356	JULY 1911 $1,108,378
	1910	941,570		1910	1,163,140	1910 639,530

	1909	1910	1911
First 5 months	$2,836,165	$5,722,940	$8,281,700
" 6 "	3,493,185	6,885,800	9,164,056
" 7 "	4,042,292	7,425,410	10,296,784
" 8 "	4,883,430	8,270,645	
" 9 "	5,647,960	9,011,360	
" 10 "	6,135,575	10,298,355	
" 11 "	6,745,764	12,196,240	
For 12 "	7,258,565	13,150,365	

Total 1910	$13,150,365
" 1909	7,258,565
Increase	$ 5,891,800

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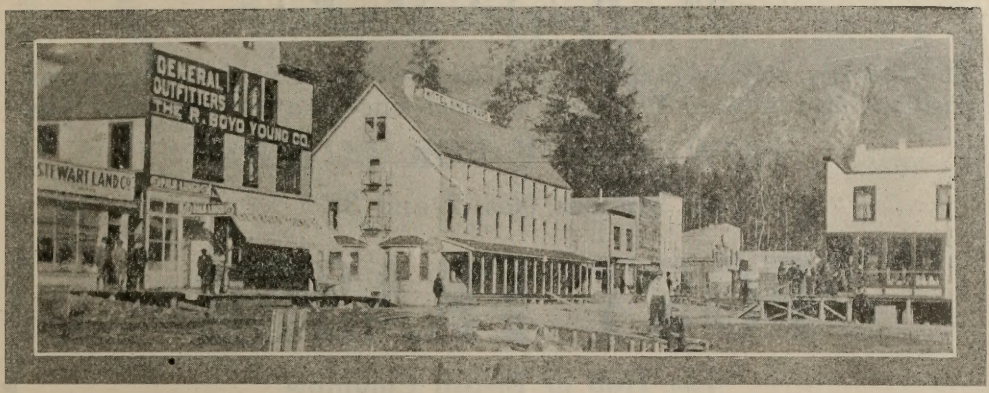

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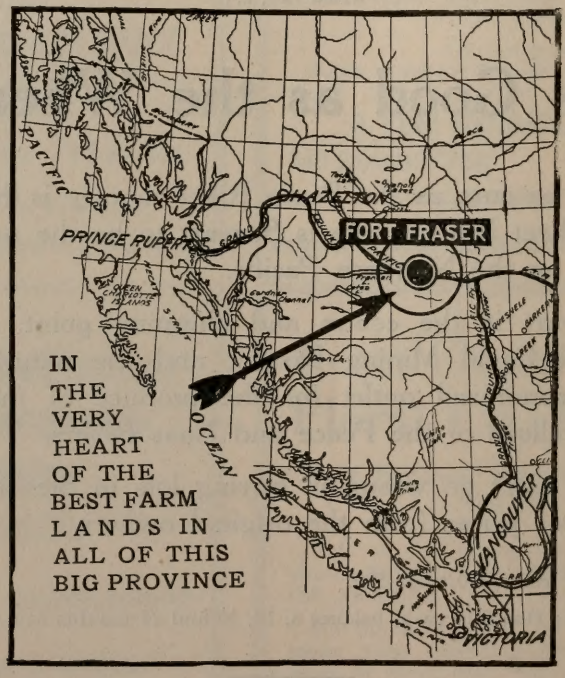

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